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NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE



MARCH

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New England Magazine

An Illustrated Monthly

NEW SERIES, VOLUME XLVII

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE CO., Publishers

FREDERICK W. BURROWS, Editor

Pope Building, Boston, Massachusetts

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MARCH

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Beautiful New England

STUDIES OF THE DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF NEW ENGLAND LANDSCAPE

I. THE BIRCH

THE BIRCH in New England is a hillside or upland tree, and belongs rather to the interior than to the coast. It attains to its ideal in the white or paper birch, and other varieties give an impression of decadence from this more perfect form.

The white birch enters beautifully into composition with boulders, especially on the banks of small lakes and brooks. It is an intimate element of woodland pathways and is very graceful in composition with old and ruined buildings. Seen in winter against a background of snow it becomes a veritable kaleidoscope of reflected color, while its out lines are exquisitely etched in gray, violet or umber according as the sky is more or less overcast.

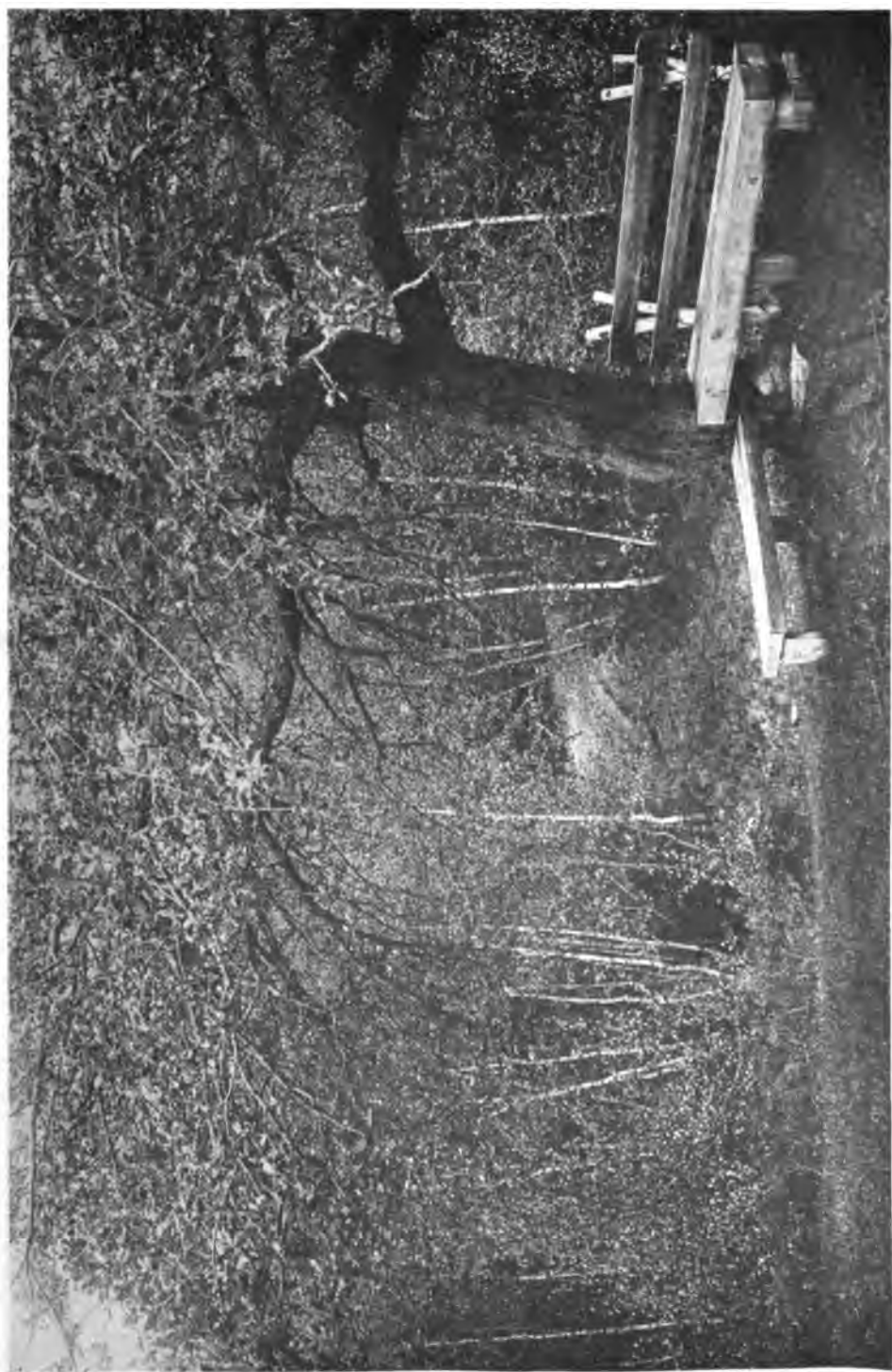
In distant masses the birch is less effective (save in the spring, for its young green) having none of that billowy abundance of foliage that gives such nobility and breadth to masses of oaks or maples. Such beauty as it has in mass comes rather from stem than foliage. It casts, however, a much less somber shadow than other trees and lends always a cheerful but never a strong or grand touch to the landscape.



"AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF SNOW"



"GRACEFUL IN COMPOSITION WITH OLD AND RUINED BUILDINGS"



"AN INTIMATE ELEMENT OF WOODLAND PATHWAYS"



COL. E. LEROY SWEETSER, WHOSE EFFICIENT WORK AT LAWRENCE HAS BEEN
A FEATURE OF THE SITUATION

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. XLVI

MARCH, 1912

NUMBER 1

THE LAWRENCE REVOLUTION

By WALTER MERRIAM PRATT

LAWRENCE in Massachusetts has been the scene of a small sized Civil War the past two months. Insignificant as it is, this is really what the great textile strike amounts to. And many students of social and civic conditions fear that it is the beginning of a wage war, which will spread throughout the country. The conditions which exist in this New England city to-day are largely the result of our emigration laws. For years the off-scourings of Southern Europe have been pouring into the city, and working for wages which Americans could not compete with. They will not be assimilated, have no sympathy with our institutions, skimp, scrape, starve themselves to save a little pile of money and then hurry back from whence they came. Their presence here is often due to the avarice of their employers, who are bound to sooner or later reap what they sow.

Socialism has long had a firm grip on Lawrence and for years a struggle between the "Haves" and the "Have-Nots" has been smouldering. Of late it has been getting much keener and

both sides have resorted to more desperate methods with less fear of consequences. The masses have seen the trusts and large corporations, both in and out of court, show their utter contempt for the law and those who would enforce it, and have been actuated by it. The spark which set off this smouldering struggle was the signing of the "Fifty-four hour bill" by Governor Foss. This bill went into effect January 1, 1912, and when the first pay day came around the mill employee found pay for fifty-four hours instead of for fifty-six as the politicians had told them would be the case, and the great strike throwing 25,000 persons out of employment was the result. The strikers made no definite demands and at first no one seemed to know just what this strike was about. Failure to get just the same pay as before was the real reason. Once out on the street the strikers greatly amplified their demands.

A large majority of these strikers were Italians, Poles, Greeks, Syrians or other untutored people. These poor people did not understand the

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Walter Merriam Pratt, who contributes this article on the strike situation in Lawrence is a First Lieutenant of the Eighth Regiment and Battalion Adjutant on Colonel Sweetser's staff. He went to Lawrence the day the trouble broke out and remained on duty until relieved at the end of twenty-six days.

Mr. Pratt's new book, "Tin Soldiers," which deals with the militia, from various standpoints, is in the hands of the printer at the present time and will be out the last of March.

economic situation; they did not even understand English and were an easy prey to the agitation. About this time Joseph J. Ettor appeared upon the scene. Ettor is only twenty-six years of age but has been a leader in frightful outbreaks in Brooklyn and Patterson and prominent in the bloody riots of Schoenville, Pa. He is a man of unlimited physical vitality and wonderful capacity for leadership and a pronounced Socialist. In a few days he had become the idol of the workers of all the races, who believed every word of his incendiary speeches. He even fooled the general public and until he advocated the use of violence, which resulted in bloodshed he had the majority of the people with him. His misstatements were so cleverly made that at first they were believed. And it was generally taken for granted that the mill operatives were a much trodden, badly treated and under paid lot of people. This is not a fact. Instead of receiving five dollars a week as has been stated, the average wage, not including the higher officials, is between nine and ten dollars and it is largely a man's own fault if he receives only the average wage. Any intelligent person may become a skilled weaver and receive twenty to twenty-five dollars. The conditions under which the operators work are pleasant and everything possible is done to protect their health and bodies. Most of the mills are new and of modern construction and no expense has been spared to make the ventilation, light and sanitary condition the best. Some of the mills have escalators to the top floor and restaurants where an ample dinner may be purchased for ten cents, while most of the mills have shower baths. The American Woollen Company has built some two hundred houses, each seven rooms and bath, which rent for eighteen dollars per month. The un-Americanized foreign element, however, are not educated up to things of this kind and if their pay was many times what it is they unquestionably would prefer to live as they do. Half

a dozen families in one small tenement, eight or ten people in a room wallowed in dirt.

The strike started when the mills closed Saturday, January 13. The strikers gathered at their various meeting places during Sunday and listened to inflammatory speeches by the imported strike agitators. The outlook by sunset was so serious that the three local militia companies were called to the Armory, where they spent the night ready for any emergency.

The mills were enveloped in a blinding snow storm when the trouble started in the darkness of Monday morning. The starting time was 6.40 o'clock but it found only a small percentage of the help present. Outside thousands shouted, hissed and booed. The Prospect mill on the South Lawrence side was the first to have its windows smashed. A crowd of perhaps a thousand gathered in front of it and contented itself with throwing ice and rock at it. One shot was fired and Corporation Detective Flynn promptly nabbed the man who fired it and who when searched, was found to have a pistol, twenty-two cartridges and two stilettos on him. While this was taking place about a thousand strikers entered the Wood Mill and rushed into the workrooms waving red handkerchiefs as flags, cut the belts of the machinery, shut off the power, dragged the women operators from their benches, and beat them with clubs, and after smashing everything in sight drove all hands from the mill with pistols and knives. Meanwhile several thousand men and women rushed the Pacific Mills on the North Lawrence side, lines of hose were turned on them and forced them back. The pressure was so great that those in front were knocked down and went rolling over and over across the bridge. Those who succeeded in getting through the gates found themselves prisoners.

By 8.30 there had been cases of rioting in all parts of the city and yelling mobs openly paraded the

streets with clubs and revolvers, smashing windows at will. Mayor Scanlon appeared at the Armory about this time and signed the precepts calling out the militia and in a very few minutes the local companies were clearing the mill district, and the Adjutant General in Boston had been notified. By noon Colonel Sweetser and his staff of the Eighth Massachusetts Infantry and eight infantry companies, 502 men and officers were on the scene or had started for it, together with 20,000 rounds of ammunition. The worst mix-up took place in front of the Atlantic Mills, where a mob of five or six thousands were yelling, throwing ice or shooting revolvers at the mill. Into this crowd, amid a shower of missels the soldiers went, and the mob gave way before the butt ends and the bayonets. Another riot occurred in the afternoon near the city hall, and again the soldiers had to resort to their bayonets, but as night began to fall conditions became normal. During the day between forty and fifty arrests were made. Revolvers, knives or clubs were found on most of those arrested and one to two years was the sentence imposed by Judge Mahoney of the Municipal Court on most of them in an all night session. This prompt and fearless action of the judge, not only brought forth favorable comment throughout the country, but was a great assistance to the police and militia in keeping down further demonstrations. During this first day there were many broken heads and a number were badly injured by the bayonets. Several of the soldiers were bruised by being hit with flying missels, and one militiaman was twice stabbed in the arm.

In addition to the militia, Boston, Lynn, Haverhill, Salem, Lowell and Everett sent police officers who remained in Lawrence forty-eight hours. At the request of the mayor, Colonel Sweetser assumed the responsibility of the mill district, leaving the augmented police force to do patrol duty throughout the rest of the city.

He made the Armory his headquarters and divided the mill property into two districts. South of the Merrimac River, which included the Uswooco, Prospect, Duck, Ayer and Wood Mills, also E. Frank Lewis Wool Scouring Plant and the Merrimac Paper Co. was district number one. This was placed under command of Major Sweetser of the Sixth Regiment with Companies C, E, K, of the Sixth, and M of the Ninth. North of the Merrimac was district number two, under Major Sargent of the Field Artillery, with L and F of the Eighth, F of the Ninth and Battery C, Field Artillery, and guarded the Upper Pacific, Pacific Worsted Shed, Power Plant, Atlantic, Washington, Everett and Lower Pacific Mills, the Champion International Co. and the Arlington Mills, two miles away. The companies were quartered in different mills, each in touch with headquarters by telephone. Search lights, telephones, and sharpshooters were placed in the mill towers. Warm worsted caps, mittens, overshoes and cots were issued to the men, and a thousand and one little details had to be attended to the first night so that Colonel Sweetser and his staff did not get much sleep. The mayor and several city officials remained at the Armory. The tired sentries had to face a biting cold wind as they walked their post. They were sent out in pairs for safety and on three hour shifts this first night. The anticipated trouble at the opening of the mills did not occur. No gathering of any magnitude was permitted, the crowds were kept ceaselessly on the move. The mill district, surrounded by a cordon of soldiers, presented a greatly changed aspect from the day before. The stormy scenes which were the cause of the militia being called out were succeeded by a military system of order. The strikers and their sympathizers were plainly cowed by the show of arms. The glistening bayonets which had inflicted many wounds the day before seemed to particularly impress the crowds. Things were so

unusually quiet that there was a general feeling of suspicion and every one seemed to feel that it was the lull before the storm and that trouble was due at any moment. It came the next day, and Wednesday proved a lively, exciting fighting day. Ten thousand men and women marched through the streets, singing the "Marseillaise" and booing at the soldiers. Attempts were made to enter the mill districts and the strikers were stopped by the soldiers and many were badly hurt. One mob of several thousands attempted to march down Canal Street and were stopped by Battery C, armed with pistols and wagon wheel spokes. The strikers tried to force their way through and a hand to hand conflict ensued and many fell from blows on the head. Those in the rear threw missels while those in front used their fists. The soldiers drew their pistols and leveled them at the front rank of the strikers, but did not fire. It was a dangerous situation. A few minutes more and the soldiers must fire or fall back. Just in the nick of time a reserve company arrived on the double quick with bayonets fixed, and the strikers turned up a side street.

A number of times during this day, as was also true during the first two trying weeks, bloodshed was narrowly averted by the good judgment and patience of the militia officers.

The first two weeks parades and occasional clashes with the soldiers were daily events.

Colonel Sweetser proved himself the right man for the place. Instead of going at the affair in a slam-bang way, he felt his way along carefully and refused to be aggravated into any course until he saw his way clear. A judge, a successful lawyer and a soldier of experience, he was well fitted for the task set for him. The tools with which he had to work, were such that the slightest error in handling them might result in the most fateful consequences. But by his diplomacy, vigilance and military ability he soon won the confidence,

respect and thanks of not only the people of Lawrence but all New England. The militia itself proved an agreeable surprise to thousands of citizens who knew it in name only until now when dependent upon it for protection. There was no drinking and no disorder, the men did their duty under the most trying conditions. Long hours, hard work and terrible weather, did not dismay them. And the tin soldier idea many people had of them soon vanished when they saw them facing bricks and bullets in zero weather.

Colonel Sweetser listened to Ettor's side of the story and notified him that he would be held strictly responsible for any violence that occurred. He also issued a public warning through the newspapers to all women and children and those not mixed up in the affair to keep off the streets and away from the parades.

During the first week four additional companies of the Eighth Regiment, under Major Perry, arrived and were added to those already in district number two, making a little in excess of 800 men and officers. William D. Haywood, the man tried for the murder of Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho, a pronounced Socialist and one who openly declares for violence, arrived in the city with other well known agitators.

Quantities of dynamite were found in different parts of the city and seven arrests were made by the state police. The dynamite which was seventy per cent, was later proven to have been "plant" and the guilty parties have not yet been found.

Ettor, Haywood and the other agitators daily made revolutionary speeches to crowds estimated at from fifteen to twenty thousands, from the band stand on the Common. In the confusion of tongues these gatherings made a veritable Babel. Speeches were made in Syrian, Italian, Greek, Lithuanian, Armenian, French, Russian and other languages. And the excited masses would frequently burst



PARADE OF 15,000 STRIKERS
SOLDIERS FORCING STRIKERS
BACK OF THE DUCK BRIDGE



COMMON STREET NEAR THE STRIKERS' HEAD-
QUARTERS. A TYPICAL STREET SCENE DURING
THE FIRST TWO WEEKS OF THE STRIKE



SOLDIERS KEEPING ORDER ON PAY DAY
FRESH TROOPS ARRIVING AT ONE OF THE MILLS



**FIVE THOUSAND STRIKERS HELD
BACK BY A COMPANY OF MILITIA**

forth in noisy approval of the violent threats of the speakers.

The militia gave the strikers a great many privileges and allowed them much leniency the first two weeks, and apparently the strikers thought it indicated weaknesses. They forgot that the soldiers were present to shoot if necessary. The condition, therefore, reached an acute stage of development on Monday, the twenty-ninth. Between five and seven the city was the scene of the wildest disorder, car windows were smashed, wires cut, women knocked down and kicked and many people hurt by flying missils. The demonstration was participated in by several thousands of the strikers and was apparently well organized and seemingly had leaders. Most of the trouble occurred away from the mill district and the soldiers. Frequently, however, the mob made a demonstration against them, but the latter kept cool. The ice was pretty thin at times, however, and more than once a squad or company threw a cartridge from the magazine into the barrel of their rifles upon the command of the officer in charge. The click of the bolt as the cartridge was thrown into the chamber sounded so ominously significant to the mob that they each time backed away. Rioting continued throughout the day by the inflamed multitude of frenzied aliens, with blind fury. The soldiers, police and detectives had a hard time of it but by night had restored order. One woman had been shot and killed, a policeman stabbed and many injured, twenty-four electric cars demolished and many windows smashed and other property destroyed. It was a new experience for Massachusetts and public sentiment which up to now seemed to be with the strikers, changed abruptly and demanded that the enemies of the state be stamped out.

More troops were rushed to the city during the night, making twenty-two companies of infantry and two troops of cavalry, also fifty Metropolitan Police. Colonel Sweetser now took over the entire city and established the

nearest thing to Martial Law that is possible in Massachusetts without special legislation. He divided it into six military districts and announced that there would be no more parading or gatherings held in any part of the city. Three or more persons on the street would be considered a crowd and everyone was advised to keep off the streets unless on business. When the good and bad people of Lawrence awoke Tuesday morning they found a sentry on every corner and patrols on every street. The strikers resented this and trouble ensued. One crowd of several hundred gathered about five A. M. on White Street in the Syrian quarter. A squad of soldiers ordered them to disperse but instead of doing so they commenced throwing ice and rocks. Windows on both sides of the street were opened and a fusillade of coal, sticks, tin cans and even iron window weights reigned down upon the soldiers. Something had to be done, and done quick. The order to charge bayonets was given and into the crowd the little squad went. They drove back the crowd but in doing so one man was killed. The law was maintained and order was restored throughout the city. So well has the militia performed its duty that no outbreaks have since occurred. This is because the strikers have not had a chance to get together to start anything. Hundreds of operators began to return to work when they found it was safe to do so, and at the end of two weeks about one-half of the help were back in the mills.

During the fourth week of the strike four people were found murdered in a house on Valley street and no clue to the murder could be found. While these murders could in no way be traced to the strike it tends to show the lawlessness which existed in the city. On the same night a stick of sixty per cent dynamite with cap attached was hurled over a passing freight train at a squad of soldiers. The dynamite landed in a snow bank and did not explode.

The cost to the Commonwealth has

been great, the militia has cost in the vicinity of \$4,000 a day, but the fact that they succeeded in keeping down violence after they took over the entire city, thus saving millions of dollars' worth of property, indicates that the outlay is attaining its result. It is

hoped that a settlement may be reached before this article appears. Meanwhile the military force is gradually being reduced. At this writing, however, it is quite certain that if it were entirely withdrawn trouble would at once break out again.

RURAL WRECKAGE IN NEW ENGLAND

By REV. CLAYTON A. BURDICK

WHILE New England is full of the wreckage caused by the great wave of industrial activity that for nearly a century has been sweeping over our land, perhaps no part of it shows more of the destroying capacity of the wave, than that section bordering Long Island Sound on the north, Rhode Island and Connecticut.

Here, for various reasons, the flood reached its height in power and destroying capacity, and the whole of this part of the country is filled with the flotsam and jetsam caused by the tremendous energy put forth. The people began early to change from the agricultural to the industrial life. The inflow of foreigners was not great enough at the time to supply the demand for labor, and native help had to be used. The result was that the farms were left tenantless, while the people entered the villages close at hand.

It was not the large city that caused the country to change from a fairly comfortable rural settlement to desolation, but the hundreds of little villages that were formed. These grew up around every water site that could be found. The factories, which used the water not only for power, but for washing, shrinking and dyeing purposes, were not then, nor are they often now, located in the great towns. Taxes are too high and rents and building sites too steep to start a

concern unless it is highly financed. The smaller towns, moreover, desirous of an increase of population as well as a future increase of taxable property, offer special inducements to new industries in the shape of exemption from taxation for a period of years, usually ten.

For such reasons as these we find numerous small villages all over this section, from two to three miles apart; so near in fact, that at times it is impossible to tell where one ends and another begins. They are strung along the little streams which furnish the necessary water facilities. Take a start, for example, at Westerly, Rhode Island. Following the Pawcatuck to its junction with the smaller Ashaway, you have Stillmanville, White Rock and Potter Hill; along the latter you find Ashaway, Bethel, Clarks Falls and Laurel Glen, where you are near the source of the stream, and less than ten miles from your starting point. The mills located at these places are not all in active operation at present. The decay of the village, the result of a later development in the business situation, is something deserving a separate treatment.

In the early day the cost of living was so little that the mills were able to pay a wage, the margin for saving on which was so large that the farm could not duplicate it, considering that the factory offered employment to

every member of the family old enough to labor. The price of all farm products was low, and the amount of money that a farmer of average success was able to receive in a year did not compare with that which the family might take in through the mill. Instances are well known of men who, with others of the family, worked in the mill at the small wage of a dollar to a dollar and a quarter a day, later became the owners of the very mills in which they had labored. This is one of the reasons why the farm became a waste. Where one was not entirely deserted, the boys and girls went away from the home as soon as they were able, to the shop or mill, and those left could not keep the land under good tillage. The result was that the farm soon ran down, the end being the same as if the whole had been deserted at once. The writer knows of a farm that once was able to support a dairy of ten cows with all needed food for both summer and winter, which could not now support two in its state of tillage. This place of nearly two hundred acres was sold two or three years ago for three hundred dollars.

Of course the soil is very hard to cultivate. Whatever else this section of New England may lack, it does not lack stone. The granite ledges and boulders are everywhere in evidence, and when one goes into the woodlands he can not wonder that the land is never cleared, or if cleared, is allowed to drift back into a wilderness again. It requires a large amount of fertilizing to keep the soil in a condition to get good results. The outlay of money and labor was so great that only the most careful and successful could survive, and in only those sections where the soil was the best and the stone the scarcest. As in every part of the country, a great difference may be seen in the land only short distances apart. In the valleys and along the streams could be found soil fairly easy to till, and on such farmers were quite successful. Such farms were never deserted, and often the owners be-

came very well off in the goods of this world.

The result of all this is that you can pass through parts of the country for miles and miles and find very little evidence of cultivation or settlement. In many places there is nothing but a wilderness. In taking the less traveled roads, you will more than often come upon deserted buildings, falling to pieces year by year. It is a sad sight. It is bad enough to see the remains of a wrecked ship. We come upon these frequently along the shore. There they are, partly embedded in the sand, ribs of oak laid bare, forming a ghastly skeleton, nearly everything stripped except a few worm eaten planks, iron bolts eaten through by the action of the salt air, the whole decaying mass to be thrown about by the power of the sea in the next great storm that beats upon it. You wonder how it came there, what mighty tempest wrought its destruction. Was it accident or carelessness that caused its ruin? Were there many lives lost that dark time? Whatever we may imagine about it, we know that it was but a temporary dwelling place for those who were aboard. But these wrecks of houses one sees everywhere in this part of the world, on hill and in vale, and back only a few miles from the resorts of wealth and fashion, appear sadder still.

On the stocks where they were built they stand and decay. They were once homes where people dwelt. They sheltered them in storms and kept them warm in the winter's cold. They echoed to their laughter and their weeping. To some hearts there are many sacred spots about these buildings. There are memories of events that happened here that will never fade. Someone dear had been born there, or someone borne to their last resting place from out their doors. There were hearts made bitter because the old home went to wrack and ruin on the crest of that wave which brought prosperity to other homes and other sections of the land.

Some of these buildings are in the

most romantic places. In our ramblings about we found one in the midst of the deep wood, far from any other house. The old road through which we had been walking came suddenly to an end. There was a grass grown field of two or three acres in extent, with some buildings on the nearest side, a few apple and pear trees about, and an old well-curb was not far from the door. A little stream flowed near by. As we followed this into the forest, we came upon the ruins of an old saw-mill which had fallen entirely to pieces, the timber and boards being scattered over the rocks and water in great confusion. By little falls the stream found its way into a deep glen, dark with the shadow of great trees. It seemed as lovely a spot as could well be found, yet only strays like ourselves would ever look upon it. Many a time in our going about through the woods have we come upon similar scenes. Sad in a sense, as I have said, yet having something of wild weird beauty in them as ruins always have, whether of castle or of cot.

But, as in everything else, there is a swing to the pendulum of affairs in city and country. While there has not as yet been any great turn back to the farm and rural life, enough is going on to show the trend of things; and it may be expected that in a few years there will be a flow of the tide that way, bringing with it prosperity for the country.

It is not alone a love of out-door life that will bring this. That will have its influence. It will not be the chance for an independent life that will cause it to come to pass; although no man is more his own master than the one who runs the farm. It will be the same thing that took them away from the farm that will bring the people back to it again. Talk about the return to the common life is all very well, and the doctrines advanced in behalf of health are true. By them you may be able to induce some well-to-do people from the city to live a part of the year on estates removed

from the usual summer-resort attractions. But it would not attract many men who want to make a business of tilling the soil. The real farmer wants to get a fair return for his labor.

The man who can make money from the farm and what it will produce, is the man who is wanted to show the way to the return to rural life. He will open the road for a re-discovery of the country. There is bound to be a new settlement of the land. Congested cities will soon become a fact. The chance for success in their midst will become more difficult as the years go by. While the price of labor has increased much, it has hardly kept pace with the cost of rentals and food. The laws of the land preclude the employment of children, and they are an expense long after they would have been producers in the old days. These things give an advantage to the farm it did not formerly possess.

But a different kind of farming is demanded than that of the early times. Good markets for certain kinds of products are near now to what they can grow find a market close to his own door. Along the coast there has sprung up the summer colony. The people who live there part of the year want, and are willing to pay a fair price for fresh truck from the farms. This market is increasing year by year as new ones join the numerous body of cottagers. There is no part of the country where better prices can be found the season round than here. All kinds of products bring good returns to those who are willing to put forth the needed labor.

The raising of poultry is one of the things that the farmer of this section is making pay. Eggs sell at the top of the market the whole of the time. Chickens as broilers and roasters are in great demand at the summer-resort hotels and eating-houses during the season, and dressed fowls and chickens can always be disposed of to good advantage. People are finding this out and are making the most of their knowledge. This is to be one of the



A DESERTED HOMESTEAD
RUINS OF AN OLD MILL



most profitable of the many kinds of industry in which the farmer of this country can engage.

I have wondered why more did not try the raising of small fruits. The soil is especially adapted to this. It would cost no more to raise berries of different kinds here than anywhere else in the land. A price may be had for them, double that the farmer of the middle-west can get. It is a rare thing for berries to bring less than twelve or fifteen cents a box. It does seem as if many might make a good profit out of the land by taking up this kind of work.

That the farmer has not been equal to his opportunity is seen in the line of orchard fruits. There is no reason why this section of New England should not be on an equality with any other section in the flavor of its apples and in their cleanness and size. But the fact is that it is not. Nothing has been neglected to a greater degree than a reasonable care of the orchard. The result has been a worm-eaten production where there might have been as good as the best. There is coming a change here as in other things. We are confident that when there is good and wise care taken there will be surprises in the quality of the fruit grown in southern New England.

The reason I have for thinking that a return to farm life is at hand, is because there are already pioneers in the reclamation of the land. The Agricultural School is partly the cause of this. It is sending out a body of skilled workmen every year into the fields. These know the best methods and ought to realize the best results. They are the fore-runners of a new prosperity for the farm. They are to begin the building of an educated and powerful *agricola*. The best stock is to be reared and the best crops raised

because they know how, and because there is money in it. When men find that it is possible to build up the land so that it will produce with a good profit, the farms will be repopulated as fast as they were depopulated by the early industrial movement.

Already there are examples of what may be done with the land that are exciting much comment. A few years ago a young man who had learned the machinist's trade, found it necessary for his health to leave the shop and enter some other kind of business. He purchased a farm of about fifty acres, land that had grown up to shrubs and bushes. He cleared and cultivated. He enjoyed the work and things prospered in his hands. In his first season he had some three hundred baskets of tomatoes in the market before any other grower had one. Of course he received the highest price for his produce. Each year he has been early in the mart with whatever he has had to dispose of. He has put out orchard of peach, plum, pear and apple trees. These have made wonderful growth. We saw them while they were in blossom in the spring, and they were a beautiful sight. We saw them again in the fall, loaded to the ground with the finest fruit. The amount of melons and tomatoes grown on small tracts of this farm would surprise you. He is making a success in every way. He reads, thinks, and acts, and therefore accomplishes. Farmers nearby are watching with surprise his methods and are waking up. They see that farming can be made to pay, and as I have already said, when that is assured, there will be little trouble in reclaiming the land that has gone back into a wild state, such as covers quite a portion of the country from New London to Providence.



**A MODERN APPLE ORCHARD
HEAVY YIELD AND FINE FRUIT**

MARGARET RUTHVEN LANG

By ETHEL SYFORD

A SONG writer who would achieve a genuinely artistic result is burdened from the outset with a manifold duty. Since it is the words after all which prompted his imagination to activity he cannot but betray the quality and direction of his mind through the words which he has chosen,—these must make a vital appeal, either direct or suggestive, however few they may be.

Then again, melodically, the song must to a certain extent, carry of itself, it is true, but a composer may write a very ingenious melody,—one which “goes with” and even “sets off” the words very strikingly and yet be guilty of having wandered away from the atmosphere of the words in eager determination to write “effectively.” In such an instance an artistic song is not produced. It becomes, rather, dexterous exploitation of melody and good climax, etc.

The sincere composer realizes that there are words, thoughts to be enshrined in tones, that he must be a devout and humble listener, and that his mission is to beautify the glimpse which has already been caught for us in one form of expression. He knows that the genuine consummation will depend upon how sensitively attuned and harmonious, æsthetically speaking, the thought and the music have become. The composer has not worked sympathetically or genuinely if the music has pulled

away from the spirit of the words, if it is unfaithful to their message. The music of an artistic song must not only be faithful to the thought and mood expressed, but sufficiently so that the two elements may work together for the hearer, mentally and emotionally, for the attainment of the real significance of the idea.

If this be the composer's aim and his achievement, mention of his technique and melodic

power and ingenious invention, etc., are superfluous, for such artistic genuineness implies facility and ability to produce the proper tools. It is better to mark the occurrence of that which is impossible without that artistic sincerity,—the attainment of that decisive power which drives the song to the hearer with the full force with which it was born into the composer's imagination. The



MARGARET RUTHVEN LANG

song has but become a devout exaltation of the words. Its composer has seen a glimpse of beauty, has listened reverently and sympathetically to its every subtlety and—ever reverently—given it back to its own.

I know of no modern composer who is more loyal to this sincere attitude or who accomplishes that aim more genuinely than does Margaret Ruthven Lang. There are few composers who incessantly follow the light ever burning before them, which symbolizes only the best that they can do. It would be impossible for Miss Lang to do other than this. To write a

"successful" song, a song for effect, a "pot boiler" would not only be distasteful to her but impossible for her. That is why her songs have the hearty and unqualified recognition which is the most real success. Her whole concern is for perfecting her work. She is loth to feel sure that a song should leave her until she is confident that it has been given her most. And notwithstanding this conscientious ideal she has placed in the hands of her publishers over one hundred and twenty-five songs, among which are such well-known ones as "A Song of The Lilac"; "Day is Done"; "Summer Noon"; "Somewhere"; "Tryste Noel"; "A Thought"; "Irish Love Song"; three songs of the East—"Oriental Serenade," "Christmas Lullaby," "A Poet Gazes on the Moon"; Two Volumes of Nonsense Songs, being settings of Edward Lear's nonsense rhymes. These nonsense rhymes are the essence of refined wit, scintillating and inimitable humor, the best that America has ever produced in music.

There is ample reason to say that no modern writer has given us a *Te Deum* which so thoroughly holds to the churchly situation as does the *Te Deum* by Miss Lang. It never once relaxes from the mood of the church, never a moment of lassitude, of a lapsing from being the voice of the church into the customary inserts of saccharine beauty. It is one of the greatest church *Te Deums* in existence.

Miss Lang is a daughter of the late B. J. Lang. During her early years she studied piano, violin and theory, and studied for two years in Munich. She has since studied orchestration with Chadwick and with MacDowell. She has written much in the larger forms, several of her works having been performed by The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Nikisch, and by the Chicago Orchestra, under Theodore Thomas.

It would be useless to dwell here upon Miss Lang's individual gift for melody or even upon the enormous

popularity which her songs have for studio and concert use. Perhaps the most remarkable quality which we can note concerning her is the way she insists upon striding on beyond her former self, the unfailing growth which she constantly works for and demands of herself. With her it is a question of on and on, ever reaching for one more last word of light and truth. It is an attitude of high seriousness as regards her demands upon herself. She makes no effort to make an "effect" to gain for herself quick, warm response. She has thrown that to the winds and follows the mood, the truth of the words; is faithful to the moods of the words and devoutly aims to make her music as beautifully a servant of the truth of those words as she can. This means the bigger suggestion because it is the more spiritual suggestion which leaves to us who listen room to get our own out of it. It is a going beyond the obvious definite incidents, a going beyond the temporary shape of a great truth to a suggestion of the truth itself. It is the more spiritual, the bigger way. The words by John Vance Cheney, which Miss Lang has used for "My Song," are significant:

"My song, you need be neither long nor loud,
If only love and beauty's own you are;
It is the one breath stirs the leaf and cloud,
The one life lights the daisy and the star."

Also, her "Song in the Songless" (words by George Meredith), which is one of the most beautiful and poetic songs which we have:

"They have no song, the sedges dry,
And still they sing.
It is within my breast they sing
As I pass by.
Within my breast they touch a spring,
They wake a sigh.
There is but sound of sedges dry;
In me they sing."

It is the realer poetry which appeals to Miss Lang. It is the more sensitively poetic truth and beauty which she strives for and attains, and it is this unfailing quality which makes her songs of a higher order than those produced by any other American composer.

FOR PLAYGOERS AND MUSIC LOVERS

§ The Boston Music Co. have secured the publishing rights of a new operatic work of great interest,—an opera of Neapolitan life, in three acts, written by Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, and entitled “The Jewels of the Madonna.” This composer has already established a reputation through his previously published operas, and is unexcelled as a tone-poet of inspiration and elegance. “The Jewels of the Madonna” reaches a higher emotional level both in conception and development than anything he has thus far written.

The plot and music are by Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari and the verse by Zangarini and Golisciani, and the English version is by Charles Aveling. The libretto sells for thirty-five cents, and is worth reading for its own sake. It presents in a modern picturesque setting, a frankly direct, emotionally highly-colored drama of primal passions. It is a drama of the rivalry of the Camorrist leader, Rafaele, and the blacksmith, Gennaro, for the love of the handsome Maliella. The situation develops a climax of ironic tragedy of sacrilege and suicide, and is overpowering in its effect. The opera has been presented with the greatest success in the New Kurfürsten Opera in Berlin, in December of 1911. It was given for the first time in America at the Auditorium Theater, in Chicago, by the Chicago Grand Opera Company. The style and subject differ from anything which the composer has hitherto written.

Le Donne Curiose, by Wolf-Ferrari, an exquisite opera-bouffe, was presented at the Metropolitan Opera last month. The cast included Geraldine Farrar and Jadlowker.

The distinctive character of the music, its unassuming freshness spontaneity of invention and clever harking back to a truly Mozartean clarity

and beauty of melodic interest, were largely responsible for the emphatic favor with which the opera was received. Its two-year run at the *Theater des Westens* in Berlin is a favorable augury for its retention as a standard repertory number of the local operatic stage. Mr. Wolf-Ferrari's score made great demands on the singers, and the finished and artistic performance of the work stood for weeks of conscientious advance rehearsal. As to the music itself, its charm was heightened by the merriment and wit of the jolly lyric comedy into which Goldoni's old play had been made over, the droll situations, the amusing by-play and the cleverly introduced love-interest. The shifting moods of the text were brought out by singers and orchestra with spontaneous effect and climaxed in an eminently happy ending with a wild Venetian dance, the *furlana*.

The Boston Music Co. have just issued Three Bohemian Folk-Songs by Rudolph Friml. Both English and Bohemian text are given. The titles of the songs are “Betty of the Rosy Lips”; “Where, oh where has Johnny gone?”; “Bygone Days.” The songs are all written for medium voice. They are typical melodies of the Bohemian peasantry, whose simple distinction and direct beauty will recommend them more strongly than any amount of mere historical association ever could. In “Betty of the Rosy Lips,” a dainty love-song in three-quarter time, there runs a perceptible undercurrent of pathos, though the lyric is written in a major key. “Where, oh where has Johnny gone?” in the same rhythm is far brighter in mood and has all the marks of its naive village origin. “Bygone Days” is a love-plaint honestly and tenderly pathetic. The songs are

especially singable and will undoubtedly become very popular.

The Boston Music Co. have published recently six violin pieces by the distinguished violin virtuoso, Jaroslav Kocian. The composer reveals a most fluent imagination and able control of the multitudinous shades of expression. The themes are distinctive in their melodic outlines and they are harmonized in a manner which brings out their artistic and expressive value to the best advantage. They are valuable to violinists because they are written by an artist who understands the possibilities and power and limitations of the instrument. The titles of the pieces are, *Meditation du Soir*; *Intermezzo Pittoresque*; *Hymne au Printemps*; *Melodie*; *Chanson Primanière* and *Lullaby*.

There is little written for little folks that is of a nature entirely sympathetic with their little mind workings. There is plenty of music that is *good* for them and plenty that is excellent training of one sort or another, but songs in their own mode, so to speak, are few.

Toy Tunes (verses and music by Harvey Worthington Loomis) is a volume for the little tots which has just been issued by Carl Fischer (Boston and New York). Mr. Burgstaller of the Boston house spoke of the popularity of these musical ditties and it is easy to find the reason. There is not one of the little pieces which is beyond the imagination of the juvenile mind; also the lilt of the rhythm is thoroughly in the mood of the words. Any little boy could not help feeling sure that he had killed at least a dozen men after the two stanzas of "Wild Indians." Here are the words:

"Here we come
Feathers on our pantaloons,
Hunting rabbits, chasing coons.
Yah, yah, yah, yah!

Bang the drum!
Try to make a cheerful sound
While the arrows whizzy round.
How, how, how, how!
Ki yi!

For the little girls there is a beautiful tune for "Mud Pies," whose words read:

Six little mud pies baking in the sun;
I wonder if they'll ever be done;
They were brown as gingerbread, last night,
And now in the sun they've turned all white!

There are twenty-five of these toy tunes and they are among the best children's music on the market.

Carl Fischer has recently published the best edition of *Fifty Selected Songs* by Franz Schubert to be had in English. The work is edited and annotated by Max Heinrich, who is the best authority upon Schubert that we have in the vocal world. There is no more supreme master of the art of diction and of expressive interpretation — especially as concerns Schubert — than Max Heinrich.

The work is prepared by two forewords, — a sketch upon Franz Schubert and *His Songs*, and some very valuable remarks upon the art of *Lieder Singing*.

Mr. Heinrich says, "The singer who does not fully grasp the deeper meaning of the poem which, in reality, first created the musical conception in the mind of the composer, must necessarily miss the "atmosphere" intended by the poet and musician, therefore, to be fully appreciated, these songs should be sung in the language familiar to the singer and his audience. Hence, it is essential that the American or English singer have a good translation, and I believe in this volume are presented far better English versions of the German poems than have ever before been published." The songs are marked with interpretative markings. The accompanist will find useful advice with respect to playing a satisfactory accompaniment in the special remarks added to each song. Mr. Heinrich has set

down for the singer everything that he could possibly need for knowing the principle necessary to artistic interpretation of the song.

The translations are by Miss Alice Matullah and are the most poetic English version of these German poems to be found, and the translator has most ably chosen words which are more "singable," according to the exigencies of the rhythm and melody, than is usually found in English words applied in translation.

The songs are set for high and low voice, and are to be had at the house of Carl Fischer Co., 380-382 Boylston St., Boston.

With the interest in the folksong as the medium which psychologically reveals the attitude and characteristics of a race,—and the interest does not seem to wane but to increase,—the advent of a volume of "One Hundred Folksongs of All Nations" would no more be announced than seized upon by the many who are ever searching and hungry for new folk material. When such a volume appears as the result of research and editing and even reconstruction by such an able hand as that of Granville Bantock, we cannot but accord our more serious praise and support. Oliver Ditson and Company (Boston) have recently issued "One Hundred Folksongs of All Nations" for medium voice, edited by Granville Bantock, as the most recent number of The Musician's Library. The editor has selected treasures from among the European, Asiatic, African and American races. It is a valuable and unique collection and comprehensive to a degree. In fact, it is in many ways the most comprehensive edition of folksongs extant. Forty-six nations or races are represented in this collection, and many of them could be found nowhere else.

The index is a classified one. Then follows nineteen pages of Notes on the Songs. These notes contain knowledge which is invaluable because

of Mr. Bantock's unquestionable authority upon such matters. The notes are complete and discuss the song historically, interpretatively (in some cases) and constructively. The nine pages of bibliography as to sources, etc., show the care and effort which Mr. Bantock put into the exhausting of every channel of approach to these unconscious revelations of racial characteristics and moods. In this bibliography Mr. Bantock has listed four hundred and thirty-six sources.

The accompaniments are musical and characteristic and in addition to the original language or dialect an excellent English translation is in all cases given. The collection, aside from its value as a volume of folksongs, contains many gems, rare and curious and meaningful, which would enrich the most artistic program. Being the expression of a people, they cannot help but weave an atmosphere when artistically done, and in most of them considerable of a vision into a nation's soul is revealed.

This addition to The Musician's Library met with an instant success, and the first edition was soon exhausted. It is bound in paper with cloth back or in full cloth, gilt. A short sketch in regard to Mr. Bantock may be of interest:

Miss Katherine Goodson, the distinguished and interesting pianist, whose appearances as soloist with Boston Symphony Orchestra have made her visits to America anticipated with much pleasure, will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall on the afternoon of March eighteenth. Miss Goodson is a sincere and clever pianist and it is a piece of good fortune that we are to have a recital from her.

Mail orders should be addressed to Mr. L. H. Mudgett.

John MacCormick, the famous Irish tenor, will give a song recital in Symphony Hall on the evening of March seventeenth.



MISS KATHERINE GOODSON, THE ENGLISH
PIANIST, AND MR. WILHELM BACKHAUS, THE
GERMAN PIANIST, BOTH OF WHOM APPEAR
WITH BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA





MISS VIOLET HEMING IN "THE DEEP
PURPLE," AT THE PLYMOUTH THEATER



MISS HELEN HILTON IN "THE COUNTRY BOY" AT THE
PARK THEATER, AND MISS IZETTA JEWEL IN "THE
GRAIN OF DUST" AT THE HOLLIS STREET THEATER



MISS MARGUERITA SYLVA AT THE TRE-
MONT THEATER IN "GYPSY LOVE."

THE CHANCE

By MARJORIE HAYES

"YES, yes, I certainly think it would do the boy good to sit up tomorrow."

The doctor spoke with an air of weary patience. He had already told Abby Ann the same thing five times. It began at the head of the stairs where she herself had made the suggestion. Then all the way down and through the yard to the gate she had been assailed by doubts as to her wisdom.

"P'raps we'd better wait a while. He's been orful sick," she pondered. "You know I always want to do the right thing, Doctor—" she left her sentence suspended interrogatively.

This time the doctor did not trust himself to reply but climbed into the buggy and gathered up the reins.

"Goodnight!" he called to the woman at the gate.

He chirped to the horse and leaned back with a sigh of relief. Abby Ann was always like this he knew. He ought to be used to her by now. She had been just so with John and Luther, and Jimmy was the apple of her eye: but *measles*, good Lord!

"Well, Tony Abbot, you're getting to be an irritable old codger," he said to himself with a grin. "There was young Mrs. Smith and her nerves this morning!"

Then suddenly he realized how tired he was, mentally and bodily. He had worked harder than usual the past winter and now the langorous spring air made life a burden. He thought ruthfully of the epidemic of diphtheria that was breaking out in the mill section, and the inoculant with which he must experiment.

The horse, who had quickened his pace as he realized he was homeward bound, now trotted briskly into the yard and

stopped at the front porch. His master jumped out, set his bag down on the steps and whistled for the stable man. At the sound of the whistle a small boy came running around the corner of the house. The doctor's tired face brightened at sight of him.

"Oh, let me take him, Daddy," he called, tumbling into the buggy quite out of breath.

"All right, Rex," answered the father, with a backward glance of pleasure at the boy's brown healthy face. He was still hunting for his key when his wife opened the door.

"No calls yet, Tony!" she said, smiling up at him as she helped him off with his coat.

She was a small slight woman with vivid Italian coloring; soft dark eyes, crimson cheeks, and beautiful dusky hair. His "gypsy maid," the doctor called her, and she had merited the name when they had met at her college "prom" twelve years before. Soon after their marriage, however, a fall from a runaway horse had twisted her foot so cruelly that the gypsy had perforce become "The Lady of the House," as she herself quaintly expressed it.

It had almost broken Tony's heart at first to see her limping about, but she had consoled him. "Perhaps it's better this way," she said. "You know I never would have settled down. I was such a wild thing, and now somehow I'm so glad I'm still here I'm perfectly content to be mending the lad's stockings or entertaining the Ladies' Aid!"

With every inch of her vivid little personality she adored her husband. She was immensely proud of him, too, and indeed she had reason to be, for though he was not yet thirty-five, he was already well known in his profession. In the little

New England city where he was born and bred he had set up his shingle and was steadily working his way upward.

He was one of those men who are born to achieve success. Young in heart always, fresh and active, with mind eager to master the hardest problems, he brought a wonderful store of enthusiasm into everything that he undertook.

It was having such a home that helped a man, he often said. "I feel that I can do anything through the day, knowing I shall come back to you at night," he once told his wife.

Her loving eyes noticed now how wearily he sank into his chair. She went softly across to the piano and sat for a long time playing his favorite airs, a way she had of resting her "boys."

After dinner Rex brought his school books up to the library table ready for his mother's help. She was lighting the lamp when she saw the doctor crossing the hall to his office.

"You're not going to work to-night, Tony!" she exclaimed.

"I must for a little while on that inoculant, dear. I'm all rested now," he answered as he closed the door.

He turned on the light, found the book he wanted and sat down with pencil and pad in his easy chair.

"In 1898 Dr. Zembrel introduced themethod," he read busily for a time. "Zembrel suggested that.....be used, hum-m—"

He threw down the book in desperation and rubbed his eyes. The dull heavy pain in his head was getting unbearable and the words were a meaningless jumble. He shook himself together, got up and opened the window, but the warm lifeless air brought no relief.

"I *must* work it out!" he groaned. "What is the matter with me? Greenough said I was the one to do it and now's the time. The disease is gaining on us every day. It means life perhaps to those poor people!"

With quick decision he turned to his medicine case, took out the hypodermic syringe and bared his arm to the tiny needle.

"It's got to be done somehow," he

reflected doggedly as he sat down and took up his book again. For a long while he did nothing but stare at the page before him. Then gradually the pain in his head lightened, his vision cleared and he worked with feverish intensity far into the night.

There was great excitement among the medical fraternity round about at Dr. Abbot's discovery. It was a long uphill fight, however, against the dread disease that flourishes so hideously among "the other half," and the doctor more than once in those weary nights had recourse to the soothing little needle, so subtle in its poison.

In those busy days Caroline Abbot saw little of her husband. Late at night he would come up to bed, and in the morning hurry off after an early breakfast. But as the weeks went by it became evident to her that something was wrong. His pallor, and his alternating moods of nervousness and depression filled her with vague alarm.

"I'm sure you are ill, Tony!" she exclaimed one morning as he sat listlessly fingering his coffee-cup.

"What's that? Nonsense!" was the almost sharp response, and Caroline said no more though surer than ever that something was wrong.

It was not long before she was enlightened. It was a warm evening early in June, and Tony, who had been called to the city for a consultation had come home with a raging headache. He lay in the hammock for a time while Caroline made much of him and the boy kept them laughing at the description of the circus parade he had seen that day. Presently the doctor roused himself.

"I must go in now," he said. "I've some letters that must go to-night. I won't be long."

The boy's bedtime came soon after and Caroline sat alone on the porch, listening to a whip-poor-will singing somewhere in the garden. The fire-flies flitted to and fro in such numbers the darkness seemed to radiate fire. "What bewildering little elves they are!" she thought. "No wonder they could make a traveller lose his way!"

Her musing was suddenly disturbed by someone coming up the front walk at a run. Caroline got up quickly and went around to the steps.

"Why Jakey, what's the matter?" she exclaimed, as she recognized her wash-woman's eldest boy.

"Cut me two fingers most off, ma'am," he panted. "Ma, she was out an' I run here to Doctor fast's I could. I'm a holdin' 'em together!" he announced proudly.

Caroline sickened at the display of bloody handkerchief.

"You poor thing!" she cried. "Come into the sitting room and I'll get the doctor."

She hurried to the office door and knocked loudly as she opened it.

"Oh, Tony!" she called, "Come quickly! Jakey,—why, he's asleep!"

She shook him by the arm.

"Tony, wake up! wake up!"

He did not stir and she was horribly frightened. At first she thought he was dead, but when she bent over him she could hear his slow heavy breathing. As she stood so, her eyes fell upon the hypodermic syringe on the office table and Tony's left arm, from which the sleeve had been pushed back, resting beside it.

"Oh, Tony, how *could* you!" she moaned, twisting her hands together in dismay. Then she remembered her errand and poor Jakey.

There was no time to lose. She snatched up a roll of bandage and a bottle of adrenaline and hurried out, shutting the door carefully behind her. She went first to the kitchen and sent Thomas, whom she found dozing there out to harness the horse; then back to Jakey.

She set about to lessen the bleeding as she had seen Tony do, talking cheerfully the while.

"The doctor has gone out after all," she told him. "He must have been called suddenly. Thomas is going to drive you to Dr. Benson's. It's only a little way and then he'll take you home. Now sit still and hold your arm so," she cautioned him.

When she had finished, she brought a

glass of whiskey and water for her patient. "Drink this now, Jakey," she commanded. "It will keep up your strength."

But the boy pushed the glass away. "Thank you ma'am, but it'll take more than me two fingers to make me break the pledge. I'm thinkin'," he announced with a comical grin, "a glass of water would be doin' as well."

Caroline went obediently to fetch it, proud of the lad's bravery. When she had seen him drive off with Thomas, she locked the house and crept up to her room. She did not turn on the light but knelt down by the open window and laid her hot face on the sill. Now that the need for action was past, her strength deserted her and she could only sit realizing helplessly the horror of this thing which confronted her. She felt so utterly helpless, that was the worst of it, she who had always leaned so confidently on her husband's strength. Her love which she had given so freely had not sufficed to prevent him; of what use then to plead with him for her sake? It would only lead to bitterness between them.

The hot tears fell fast for a while. Then she heard Thomas drive into the yard and thought of little Jakey and his pluck. "There's a lesson for me, surely," she thought. "Well, I won't give way again. There's work for me to do and I'll do it. I'll save him somehow. I *must*—but God help us all!" she whispered, as she looked out into the dark.

She got into bed after a time but stayed awake listening till hours afterward she heard Tony's heavy step on the stairs, and afterwards she slept but fitfully. She had hurried about so that her foot pained her and she lay thinking and planning through the weary night.

The next day Caroline went up to Boston, ostensibly on a shopping tour, in reality to see a cousin of hers who was a doctor. Going to Boston was considered worthy of explanation, as it was nearly a two hours' ride.

To her great relief, she found her cousin alone in his office. Quite customary with young doctors, "I believe,"

he assured her as he beamed down on her. He was a very long, very thin young man with pleasant dark eyes behind bright spectacles; "a chap with a brilliant career before him," a famous surgeon had once been heard to say.

"Well, Carol, this is good of you!" he exclaimed. "How's the Doc?"

"Oh, Bob, I'm dreadfully worried about him and I want you to help me."

"Help you, Carol? Just as though I wouldn't do anything for either of you!"

"Well, then, listen!" she said, smiling in spite of herself at the fervor of his tone. She laid everything before him in her clear intelligent way, sparing no details that might help in dealing with the case. The young doctor's face paled, he breathed hard and gripped the arms of his chair as the soft voice went on with its horrid disclosures.

That was a painful hour for both but Caroline went away much encouraged. She had shared her burden with another and in that alone was relief. And then Bob had by no means been niggardly of hope. They would bring him through, he was sure. He was so young and strong and it could not have been going on long. If something would only happen to bring him to a realization of what he was doing,—something acute, vital, that would shake the very foundations of his being,—that was the chance. They must watch for it. Meantime he must have a rest from his work and be made as happy as possible. "And don't you give up, Carol, but just keep on hoping, that's the way!" were his parting words.

The following week found Tony, Caroline and the boy settled at Squamset for the summer. Squamset is a little village near the end of the Cape, boasting beside its regular inhabitants a small colony of summer people at "the neck," a narrow strip of land running out into the bay. Here is good fishing and sailing and quiet enough to satisfy even the most jaded city dweller. Tony had spent all his boyhood vacations in the town with his grandfather, the village parson, and dearly loved the quaint old place.

After the first week of out-door life, he became quite his old self again and

Caroline wrote enthusiastic letters to Bob of his improvement. It proved but a flash in the pan, however, for relieved of his practice and with the necessity for effort gone, Tony became more and more enslaved to the habit which was ruining him. Caroline grew secretly alarmed at his increasing listlessness, but did her best to keep him occupied and happy.

July passed and the hot sultry weeks of August were nearly over. There came a day presaging of autumn when the sky was grey and overcast and the wind blew cold. The boy, who had been ailing, overdoing in the heat the doctor thought, grew feverish toward evening and went to bed early. Bob had been spending his short vacation with them, but had gone up to town the day before, and both Tony and Caroline missed his gay sallies as they sat alone by the fire.

It was a wild night. The wind which had been blowing in intermittent gusts all day, now came straight from the sea, and like a hord of drunken pirates shrieked and clamored about the house, shaking the doors and windows in its insane fury. Above it could be heard the incessant thunder of the sea, pounding on the beach below and after a time the rain sweeping across the neck in torrents. The strife outside filled Caroline with a nameless feeling of uneasiness and dread and it was long after going to bed before she could compose herself to sleep.

In a few minutes as it seemed, she was awakened suddenly by someone shaking her. She opened her eyes to find Tony bending over her, his face showing white and frightened by the light of the lamp he held.

"Rex is ill, Carol," he whispered hoarsely, "and I'm afraid it's appendicitis. Put on something and come as quickly as you can. I'm going to call Mary."

Wide awake in a second Caroline threw on a wrapper and hurried into the boy's room. He lay tossing and moaning with pain, his small face white and spent.

"Oh, Mother, I'm so glad you've come!" he cried as Caroline knelt beside him. "What is it? Did Daddy say?"

"He doesn't know for sure yet, dearest," she answered, "but he'll soon make you all right."

"Yes, he put on an ice poultice and it feels some better now; Daddy can do anything!" he exclaimed proudly, forgetting the pain in his enthusiasm for his idol.

Caroline, glancing up at Tony, who had come in and was standing at the foot of the bed, saw him cover his face with his hands and turn away with a quick exclamation at the boy's words. He had recovered himself in a second and tried to speak calmly.

"I want Mother to help me get some things now, son," he said. "Will you be a brave lad and let her go? Mary will stay with you."

"Yes, if she won't be long!"

Caroline kissed him tenderly and went quickly back to her room where Tony was waiting, searching his medicine bag nervously.

"Are you *sure* it's appendicitis?" she asked, and he nodded gloomily.

"It's bad too; as bad as I ever saw. I don't see why I didn't suspect it yesterday, but I suppose no one could have told sooner. It's one of those sudden acute cases. It will have to be operated on inside of two hours or I won't answer for the consequences."

Caroline leaned against the table for support. "Shall you—do it now? Do you want me—"

"That's just it!" he interrupted. "*Someone* has got to operate but not I—I'm not fit,—look at that!"

He held up his right hand, that firm, long-fingered, capable hand, and it was shaking like an old man's.

Caroline stared at him with frightened eyes. "Is it because it's Rex? You're afraid?"

"It's cocaine! I took a dose before I went to bed; I can't seem to sleep without it, and it always leaves me like this now. Good God, Caroline!" he cried, "don't look at me like that! We must think of the boy! There's no need of my doing it anyway. I'm not the only doctor in the world!"

"Yes, Tony, I—" Caroline began, sum-

moning all her will to her aid. "What do you want me to do?"

"Go down and telephone Davis and ask him to come at once. He ought to be here in half an hour. We can use the dining-room table, the lights are best. I'll get everything ready."

"Yes, Tony," Caroline stumbled from the room and groped her way down stairs. She went into the room where the telephone stood and sat down before the instrument, but she did not take down the receiver; she wanted to think. Half dazed still from her sudden awakening and her anxiety for the child, her thoughts somehow focused on her talk with Bob and his parting words, "If something would only happen—something acute, vital, that would shake the very foundation of his being, that is the chance!"

Well, it had come, but would it be enough? Suppose she called Dr. Davis and he responded? Doubtless, Rex would be safe in his hands, as she had often heard Tony remark on his skill as beyond that of the average country physician. After all nothing would depend on Tony. He could even give the excuse of a sprained wrist and the other doctor need not know. It would be quickly over and perhaps as quickly forgotten.

She leaned her aching head in her hands, trying to think clearly. Outside the storm still shrieked exultingly as though the battling elements mocked the strife of the frail human soul. But Caroline was not heeding the elements save as allies to her rapidly forming resolution. Suddenly she bent her head lower, breathing a little prayer for help from the Being of Peace beyond the storm; then without taking down the receiver, rose, and went swiftly back upstairs.

"Did you get him all right?" Tony asked, without turning around as she opened the door.

thoughts somehow focused on her talk up to Boston late in the afternoon, she said, and telephoned later to say he'd stay all night on account of the storm."

Tony dropped the bottle he was holding and stared at her in blank dismay.

"What—shall—you—do?" whispered Caroline.

"God knows! There are doctors of some sort in L— I suppose, but it's an hour's ride on the train besides the drive over the neck in the storm."

"Then—you'll have to do it?"

"Yes,—there's not a chance in a hundred if it's left two hours longer. I'll begin at once for I'll have to work slowly."

He gave her some quick directions and hurried out. In the present crisis they forgot all personal considerations and were simply as two soldiers on the eve of battle. The seconds seemed years to Caroline as she went about, preparing the table and doing the thousand and one things allotted to her as nurse. She tried not to think, a full realization of the consequences of the thing she had done would have been overpowering.

But when at last everything was ready and she stooped over the boy with the ether cone in her hand, her self-control gave way and she sank down by the bed, gathering him in her arms as though she would never let him go, though she strove to appear calm to the frightened child. He was her only little one, her son, and never had he seemed so precious as now when she had perhaps sacrificed him for his father's sake. A word from Tony recalled her and with all the feelings of an executioner she dropped the cone in place and steadied herself for the ordeal to come.

The next quarter of an hour was unspeakably awful for husband and wife. The old Hebrew maxim, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life," kept singing itself over and over in Caroline's brain as she stood by the table watching the trembling hand begin the incision. Great beads of perspiration stood out on Tony's forehead and his breath came in gasps like a runner's. Suppose the knife should slip? a fraction of an inch too far!

* * * * *

An hour later, Caroline, leaving Mary beside the sleeping child, crept down stairs. The storm had passed, the wind was still and the gray light of dawn filled the quiet room where Tony sat by the table, his face buried in his hands. Caroline knelt beside him and laid her head on his breast.

"Can you ever forgive me?" he whispered. "I don't deserve it, but see, I have trodden the enemy under foot!" and with a half smile he pointed to the hypodermic syringe lying in a thousand pieces at his feet.

"It is you who must forgive me, Tony," and she told him what she had done.

He listened in incredulous wonder. "You knew all the time?—And you—would have given the lad for me!—Good God! Caroline. I—I—*how* I love you!" he cried, holding her close, "God help me to be worthy of you!"





THE GUARDIAN*

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER IV.

JULIE MAKES A DISCOVERY.

Immediately after supper Julie lighted her kerosene lamp and bade the Millers good-night. She wished to be alone. The episode of the afternoon was still on her nerves. She hurried up the narrow uncarpeted stairs, along the bare hall, and closed the door behind her with a sense of relief. She placed the lamp on the table by the window, and for a minute stood before the small mirror on her bureau tucking back into place loose wisps of hair. Every motion of her arms was made with unconscious grace.

The room in which she stood was bare to the point of crudeness. The wall paper had been faded these

twenty years, the white curtains at the two windows had been patched over and over again, the floor was scantily covered with rag rugs. The only furnishings were a cheap painted bed, a yellow bureau, a washstand, and two wooden chairs. A worsted panel bearing the inscription "God bless our Home" and a cluster of varnished autumn leaves, relics of the artistic taste of some deceased Miller relative, were the only concessions made to anything except utility. And yet in the six months she had occupied it Julie had made this distinctly her room and distinctly a maiden's room. Her personality had refined it. It was difficult to say where and how, but the result was as marked as the perfume of unseen wild flowers in a somber

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grove. A man would have known in an instant that these four walls had been sweetened by the presence of a young woman. There was something girlish about the hang of the curtains; something maidenly about the precise arrangement of the few of Julie's personal belongings which could be seen. And then from ceiling to floor every

clear sky, changed her mind. Curtains here were purely a convention, and she craved just now the fellowship of the stars. She seated herself by the lamp and picked up a book with a decision that expressed determination rather than interest.

She had taken this school, after graduating from the village academy,



GOING INTO THE WOODS

nook and corner was as immaculately spotless as a nun's cell. She feminized everything with which she came in contact. She imparted sex to her gloves, to her letter paper, even to her books.

Julie gave a single swift look of approbation at herself and crossing to the windows started to pull down the shades, but catching a glimpse of the

in something the spirit of adventure. Her father, though the owner of a prosperous farm at St. Croix fifteen miles from here, had not objected, but her mother had looked upon the scheme with disapproval. The latter's French blood revealed itself in a desire to have her daughter remain at home and play the belle she undeniably might have been. When a girl hap-

pened to be straight and slim, when she had the deep coloring of a red rose, when she combined the hot beauty of France with something of the sober balance of New England, Mrs. Moulton believed with some commonsense that she could use these graces to better purpose than in teaching a district school on the fringe of a wilderness. The trouble was that Julie had no idea of using her graces at all. She had too much energy to do nothing, however, and so had accepted the only opportunity for seeing life which had offered itself. At first the monotony of her work had been broken by her over-Sunday visits at home, but of late she was half ashamed to admit that these visits were the only monotonous feature of the whole week.

Her book dropped into her lap. With a puzzled, anxious frown she leaned forward, elbow on knee, and gave up the attempt to interest herself in the story. The eyes which smiled back at her from the printed page were not the creations of any author's brain; the voice which haunted her ears came from no greater distance than the winding country road which ran beneath her windows.

'Gene had been the source of a series of surprises to her on that walk up the hill this afternoon. He had never seemed so much a boy nor ever so much a man. The combination was bewildering. Her breath even now came faster at the memory of it. The uncertainty of the relation between them, whether that of boy and girl, or man and woman, had left them both free to venture further than either would have dared had it been definitely established either way. The situation was as piquant as it was dangerous. She felt like one who though on neutral ground runs the constant danger of overstepping an unmarked dead line and finding herself in the enemy's territory.

Even now, while smiling at some boyish sally of 'Gene's, she found herself perplexed over the question of why she need fear him even as a man.

There was a tremendous amount in him that appealed to her. She had never seen a man who physically was so attractive. She withdrew instinctively from contact with most men, but she could hardly keep her hands away from 'Gene's silky blond hair. She never tired of watching his clear blue eyes with the touch of devilry in the back of them. For the rest he was so strong-muscled and big-chested that at times he overpowered her with an attraction such as tempts some people to the dizzy edge of great heights.

She was not offended by 'Gene's crudities of speech and manner. They did not seem to matter. Back of them there was a power that made one forget. Nor did she class him as her mental inferior in spite of his laboring efforts in many of the simple studies she taught him. A dozen times a day he showed flashes of imagination that left her feeling the pupil. He seemed to grasp intuitively many things that she was unable to understand by study.

Moreover, all these details were trivialities in the face of the deeper attraction he had for her at times. Whatever this was, both defied and scorned analysis. It simply was. It was absurd to ask why, when in talking he leaned towards her, she felt herself powerless to move. It was absurd to ask any one to explain, much less herself, why at times the blood leaped to the tingling roots of her hair at a glance from him. The phenomenon frightened her, yet she never felt like running. There was a touch of the brute in him, and she was no different from most women in admiring that so long as she was safe from it. With the world still protecting her, it smacked only of the masterful. Twice this afternoon she had glimpsed that side of him, and now in recalling it safe in the shelter of her room she felt a sharp yearning for the boy. The room suddenly grew tight and close. She rose, blew out her light, and throwing a wrap over her

shoulders opened the window and leaned out.

'Gene had talked to her about the ocean and the lands over the seas. He said he wished to see the world a bit before he died. She had smiled at that. It was impossible to think of any one so brimful of life as 'Gene ever dying. It was as impossible as to think of herself as dying. But he had looked very wise and serious and declared that you can never tell when your time is coming. She could have patted his arm at that, as one might comfort a small boy lost in a vast grove of oaks within earshot of the house. He had written, he said, to a cousin who was a sea-captain, and as soon as he heard from him would be off. Probably he would sail around the world. He certainly would go to Rio de Janeiro and possibly he might venture into Africa.

She had looked worried at mention of Rio de Janeiro. She had smiled the next second when he talked of Africa. Then he spoke so soberly of his wild plans that she found herself not only believing them but thrilling with them. It wasn't necessary for him actually to have hairbreadth 'scapes on sea and land; it was enough to take one's breath to hear him talk about them in prospect. Unconsciously he swaggered about as manfully as though it all had been and he had just returned with the tan of sea winds on his face and the smell of salt in his clothes. Ah, well, he had looked very handsome.

In leaving her he had taken her hand.

"Come along with me!" he had exclaimed.

He was just the schoolboy again.

"If I were a man, I would," she had laughed back. Now she raised her eyes with a mischievous smile at memory of it. As she did so, she caught sight of a shadowy figure standing in the road staring up at her window. She knew it was 'Gene, and with a startled cry withdrew in the hope that she had not been seen. She

waited in the dark, not daring to move. Then she heard his voice.

"Julie."

She did not answer.

"Julie, come to the window a second."

She shrank still farther back. She was both frightened and angered. He had no right to do such a thing as this. It was a schoolboy trick and she was ashamed of him for it.

She heard below a scraping sound. She held her breath. As she listened, she caught the crack of small branches and the rustle of leaves. It was evident that he was climbing the small maple which grew near her window. It was almost unbelievable. She stood transfixed. She wasn't considering the consequences of his detection by a passer-by; she was gripped by a feeling of her own helplessness. She heard the branches rustle higher and higher; she heard his steady breathing as he lifted himself nearer and nearer. Finally the limbs which brushed her window-sill began to swish. For a second she had the impulse to run forward, close the window, and crouch back again in her corner. But only for a second. If she did that, she was afraid of what he might attempt next.

When she heard his voice again, it sounded as though it were in the room. She blushed hotly, trembling from head to foot.

"Julie," he whispered.

Still she could not move her lips. She thought she heard him laugh.

"I know you're there," he persisted. "Do you want me to come in and find ye?"

She stumbled forward at that.

"Go away," she commanded.

"Listen a jiffy," he pleaded.

"I won't listen! 'Gene Page, go this minute."

"I'm goin'," he interrupted. "And maybe it's for good. I got my letter."

"Letter?"

She was standing by the window now, and her eyes met his. She saw them plainly. They were not two feet from hers.

"From the captain. He says I can come."

"He says you can come?"

She knew he wasn't joking. He was in earnest. And yet she couldn't make it seem quite real that 'Gene was going away.

"Can't you come out a minute and let me tell you about it?"

"No, no," she answered quickly.

"Tell me to-morrow."

She forced her eyes from his. She hoped and prayed that he would not insist that she come out.

"To-morrow maybe I'll be gone," he answered.

"Why, you can't go as soon as that!" she exclaimed.

She was thoroughly surprised at herself. This seemed like a very serious matter—quite the most serious she had ever faced. Suddenly it appeared quite impossible that he should leave. In her bewilderment she said the only thing she could think of for the moment.

"You can't leave until the end of school."

He laughed softly at this.

"Come on out, Julie," he whispered. "They've all gone to bed."

"I can't! I can't!"

"Please."

"Don't ask me—again," she pleaded.

He was silent for a moment. Then he said:

"All right, Julie. But ye'll shake hands afore I go?"

He edged dangerously far out on the sagging limb, holding on with his left hand and reaching towards her with his right.

"'Gene," she faltered, "don't go to-morrow."

"I'll just have time to reach the boat if I start in the mornin'," he answered.

"It sails from Boston to-morrow night."

She came nearer and gave him her hand. He seized it in a rough tight grip. It burned like fire within his.

"You must come out," he insisted.

"I can't go away perhaps forever without seein' more of you than this.

You needn't stay only a minute. But I've got to see you a minute."

She closed her eyes and tried to withdraw her hand. He held it tight.

"Only a minute an' I won't bother you ag'in. I'd have gone to-night if it hadn't been for you. Hurry and say you will."

He spoke feverishly and with a passion she could no longer resist. Against her best judgment, against her will, she nodded.

"Let me go. I'll come as far as the door."

He released her hand instantly.

"You're good, Julie. I'll wait there for ye."

As he lowered himself out of sight, she closed the window. She bolted it and drew the curtain. She did not know what made her do this. It was instinctive. Then for a moment she sat down on the edge of the bed and pressed her hot hands to her temples. She knew that she was going down to meet 'Gene; she knew that doubtless she would have gone just the same even if he had not pleaded with her. She was sane enough to realize this just as she was sane enough to realize she was unwise in going. Before 'Gene came she had already crossed the neutral zone. The point was that she must hold tight to that fact and keep herself on guard. Against what? She had no definite idea. Against herself perhaps more than anything else.

As she passed her bureau, she caught the scent of Nat's Mayflowers. She paused. The thought of Nat suddenly steadied her. She buried her nose in the cool pure fragrance of the pink petals. Her face was still scarlet as she raised her head, but her knees no longer failed her. The mere fact that she was now able to associate 'Gene with his brother gave her the confidence which she had not found even in her muttered prayers. She thrust the flowers into her waist and crossed without fear to the door.

As she stole along the hall and down the squeaky stairs, she stopped a dozen times with her heart in her mouth, and each time she grew more ashamed.

She didn't like this position in which she found herself. She had never in her life done anything surreptitiously. She was really more of a girl than 'Gene was a boy. Her training and her instincts were for innocence of act as well as thought. By the time she had turned the key in the lower door she was thoroughly determined to fulfill the letter of her promise to 'Gene and then hurry back. 'Gene reached forward and took her hand.

"We can't talk here," he warned in a low whisper.

"I don't want to talk," she answered soberly. "I want to say good-by. I—"

"Come on," he pleaded, "just to the road. The Deacon has ears like a rabbit. He's up to-night—praying."

Before she could object he had closed the door behind her and was leading her towards the road. Now that she was forced she went not unwillingly. It was natural enough for her to wish to hear something of his plans. It might even be her duty to persuade him out of them. He was young and reckless and perhaps foolhardy.

Hand in hand, they hurried across the yard and down the hill out of sight of the house. Here she made him stop.

"I won't go any farther," she declared.

She drew her wrap more closely about her slight shoulders and removed her hand from his. He towered above her like a giant. The moonlight softened all his features and made him look more a boy than ever. But the moonlight also made her feel very much alone with him. It was not long after eight, but here the whole world went to sleep at dark. She saw in the valley below her acre after acre of sleeping land and forest. The houses on the hill were as dark as though it were midnight. Back of this towered Eagle—a black pile. They two stood here alone, and this fact in itself threw her into a more intimate relationship with a man than she had ever known. Never before had she been so con-

scious of her sex. She somehow felt upon her shoulders the responsibility of all womankind. 'Gene tried to regain her hand, but she repulsed him sharply.

"No, no. Tell me—tell me what you are going to do."

"I've told ye all that," he answered sulkily.

"You've only told me that you were going."

"To-morrow mornin'. The ship sails to-morrow night for India or somewhere."

"For India?" she exclaimed.

The very word seemed to clothe him in romance. It associated him with silks and spices and warm winds and princes. She raised her eyes to his and saw a prince in him.

"Maybe I'll bring ye back a tiger skin," he said.

She shuddered.

"Thank you, 'Gene," she faltered, "but I guess I don't want a tiger skin."

"You're afraid I'll be killed?" he asked eagerly.

"I'd rather you wouldn't be killed," she admitted.

"I guess if ye wanted a tiger skin or an elephant skin I'd bring ye a dozen," he avowed.

She believed him. As he threw back his big shoulders, it seemed probable that he could capture one alive if she wished it.

"I'd rather have a parrot," she hastened to assure him.

"Then I'll bring ye back a parrot," he agreed. "I'll bring ye back twenty."

He stepped nearer.

"Julie, there's nothin' ye say I won't bring back to ye."

She laughed shyly. Surely a woman can hear nothing finer than the whole-souled promises of a big adventurer bound for India. And standing in the sheltered silence of these quiet New England hills, where life ordinarily went its uneventful way among sheep and grazing kine, it seemed doubly grand.

"One parrot w'll be enough," she said.



"SHE SAW IN THE VALLEY BELOW ACRE AFTER ACRE OF SLEEPING LAND AND FOREST"

"An' I'll bring ye silks and pearls," he promised hotly.

He lowered his voice and reached for her hand.

"For I'm goin' out there for you. I'm goin' out to make a fortune for you, Julie! Julie!"

She felt him drawing her into his arms. With a wild, blind struggle she fought her way free—that time. She had to fight not only him but herself. Every drop of red blood in her veins responded to his touch. Her freedom left her aching for the arms he still held out towards her. She covered her eyes with her hands.

"'Gene," she gasped, "please don't do—like that."

"I can't help it," he answered. "I can't help it. Don't cover up your eyes. I want to see you."

"Please," she moaned.

"I'm goin' away to-morrow," he ran on, as though he would make this his excuse. "Maybe I won't come back ag'in. Afore I go I've got to tell ye.

I love you, Julie. I've loved you all along."

She uncovered her eyes.

"Love me?" she gasped.

Love! It came to her as fresh as a new-coined word. She had not thought of love. Even during her struggle with him she had not thought of that. And yet—and yet this explained it all. To her great relief it explained it all. He was pressing close to her again, and she stared at him big-eyed.

"An' you—you love me a little, Julie?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I can't tell."

"But you do! You must!" he insisted.

"I don't know," she answered weakly.

"Then you do!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "If you didn't love me, you'd know it!"

She was still staring at him big-eyed.

"Would I, 'Gene?" she trembled.

"You'd hate me," he declared.

She thought over this a second. Yes, she thought she would hate any other man but 'Gene who laid hands upon her as he had. She clung to this idea in defense of her self-respect. But why had she waited for him to tell her? And how did it happen that he was so much wiser than she in these matters? And why even now was she not quite convinced?

His arms were still straining towards her, but she was stronger now to resist them.

"I—I can't, 'Gene," she whispered.

"Don't be offish," he exclaimed impatiently.

"You must give me a little time to think," she answered.

"What's the use of thinkin'?" he protested. "After to-morrow ye'll have a year or so to think."

"A year or so?" she demanded with startled eyes.

"It takes a l ng time to go to India," he hastened to explain. It was the Now with which he was concerned, but he caught an expression in her face which disturbed him. Her eyes were dwelling more on the Future. Women seemed always to be doing that. He believed in letting the future take care of itself.

"But a year or so," she repeated.

"It'll soon be gone," he assured her. "An' I'll write 'most every day."

"Oh, you *will* write, 'Gene?" she pleaded.

"'Most every day. So now let me hold ye just a minute."

She hung her head. It seemed a small favor to grant. If at that moment he had seized her, she would not have cared, for with that word love ringing in her ears she was in a more sober mood. But he waited, and as he waited she caught once more the perfume of the Mayflowers in her waist. She lifted her head as if she heard a voice, Nat's voice. She drew back guiltily.

"No," she answered, shaking her head, "not until I'm sure, 'Gene."

For a moment he watched her uncertainly. She was very beautiful. With her face flushed, her hair a trifle dishevelled from her struggle, her bosom rising and falling with her quick deep breathing, she was more tempting than he had ever seen her. His own dry lips receded from his irregular teeth. What held him in check he did not know, but he turned away angrily.

"All right," he said, "I guess you don't care."

"But I do care," she answered quickly. "It's because I care that I



"IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SLEEPING WORLD"



"THE PERFUME OF MAY FLOWERS"

must be sure. There's mother and father and—"

He faced her fiercely.

"What do they count? What does any one count but you and me?"

"I'd have to ask them," she faltered.

"You haven't got to ask no one. I'm not goin' to sea for them; I'm goin' for you. An' I'd go if every man an' woman in the State of Maine told me not to. What do I care for them alongside o' you? What do I care what people say?"

He looked so very much like a prince as he said this that she began to sob lightly because she had hurt him. No one really did seem to count but just they two—there in the middle of this sleeping world. No one seemed to care except—the Mayflowers. She ceased her sobbing.

"Good-by, 'Gene," she said quickly. "I must go in. I—I'll write to you and—"

"Write!" he exclaimed.

"As soon as I've had time to think."

"An' ye won't let me kiss you once?"

"How can I? Why, how can I, 'Gene, when I don't know?"

"All right," he nodded. "Then ye needn't take the trouble to write."

"But I want to do that. I want to let you know before you reach India—and the tigers."

"I guess I'll be glad enough of tigers when I get there," he hinted darkly.

"But, 'Gene—"

"Good-by," he answered.

And before her astonished eyes he began to mount the hill. She watched him in a daze. He never turned. Before she recovered herself he was almost opposite the Miller house. Then she called:

"'Gene!"

He did not hear.

She ran a few steps towards him, still calling.

He did not turn.

Sinking down by the side of the road, she began to sob. And her aching heart poured out words of love for the man who had gone and could not hear.

(To be continued)



EBEN D. JORDAN, ESQ.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL CLUB

By FREDERICK W. BURROWS

As on all subjects of public importance to New England, the New England Magazine seeks in this number to present vital and first hand information concerning the remarkable developments in Lawrence. The situations closely resembled those that we are accustomed to identify with the old world—and it became correspondingly necessary to resort to old world methods of police and military repression. The most difficult situation of all was that arising from the shipment of children to New York and Philadelphia for the purpose of exciting sympathy. The intelligent public was justly incensed at this callous exploitation of helpless suffering. To find a legal pretext for stopping it was more difficult, and it is to be hoped that no mistake was made by the police in the arrests that were made, and no excuse given for further opposition. The entire incident of this peculiarly lawless and ugly strike emphasizes the necessity of speedily finding a way out of the present high-cost of living situation. The discontent of labor is world wide and most threatening. To me it seems that its seriousness is much under estimated. We cannot feel too much sympathy for the suffering and degradation of poverty. But poverty is a relative term. I am not sure but that the unwholesome conditions that prevail are caused by too high rather than too low wages. The exactions of the unions have increased the cost of production out of proportion to the benefits derived and have enormously increased the difficulties of the lower orders of their own fraternity. The discontent that prevails will manifest itself in demands for higher wages,

but the indicated cure is a lower wage scale all along the line.

Is is the high cost of labor that renders the agricultural problem in our country so difficult to solve. The only possible solution lies in enormously increased efficiency. The problem of making two stalks of corn grow where one grew before is the fundamental problem of our complex civilization. Double the agricultural wealth of New England in proportion to its inhabitants, and you will have solved her gravest problems. For every pound of butter now made, let us secure two. For every quart of milk, let there be two. For every potato, every apple, every bushel of corn, let two be produced, and the tension will relax. Reason will take the place of blind rage. Our institutions will be generously supported. Our rural banks will be lending freely and relieving the pressure on the great city institutions, and a cheerful tone will replace the present querulous restlessness. "Twice one is two" should be our slogan. Two potatoes are not sold for the price of one, but each is sold somewhat cheaper than the one, so that both producer and consumer are benefitted. Two beef-cattle for one will not reduce thirty cent steaks to fifteen cents, but it will cut the price to twenty odd cents and benefit everyone concerned. The man of the hour in New England is the man who can make the hens lay and increase the number of cattle that can be supported on a given acreage. That is the kind of men that our agricultural colleges are turning out, and inside of twenty years they will, in numbers of distinguished living alumni,

give our more academic colleges a good run for their money. I can remember when agricultural colleges were smiled at. They are coming fast to-day. The men that they turn out are the men that New England needs.

Senator Lodge is to be admired for his frank and manly regard for the long relationship of friendship between himself and Colonel Roosevelt. It is an age in which such considerations are too little regarded, and the type of manhood that we need is the type to which such considerations have an inviolable sanctity. The Uncommercial Club has a very warm feeling for the attitude assumed by the senior senator from Massachusetts in this respect. At the same time, it is to be remembered that the presidency of the United States is not a personal question. The question of who shall be entrusted with the highest political office in the country (perhaps in the world) is one involving the vital interests of millions of people and the welfare of the nation. The individual citizen's attitude on the question should be based on the profoundest convictions and fundamental ethical considerations. A man need not hesitate to vote against and work against his own flesh and blood on such an issue. The senator has asserted his acknowledgement of the claims of friendship in a touching and convincingly sincere manner. Now let him act according to his convictions with his customary vigor and ability. If Colonel Roosevelt is not a large enough man to meet such an attitude half way and retain unbroken his friendship for a man who cannot act with him politically, he is not a man of the calibre needed in the White House.

Mr. Eben D. Jordan requests the community to share with him the expense of Grand Opera in Boston. The request is justified, broadly speaking, by the fact that Grand Opera is for the enjoyment of all and is a public asset, and by the further fact that

Mr. Jordan personally, has gone as far in bearing the burden of its maintenance as any community has a right to ask of a private benefactor.

The production of Grand Opera is a complicated business and supports in the community many musicians of the highest ability, mechanical experts, producers of stage scenery, dancers, composers, writers, teachers, stage managers, schools—in fact an entire community of persons engaged in artistic production. The expense is necessarily enormous, and especially so in America and England, where the personnel of this community must be, practically without exception, imported, and must be entirely supported out of the funds of the Opera Company. We cannot, or imagine that we cannot, draw from our own community the services of persons who receive a portion of their support from other activities. Apparently, we have no competent source of this kind, in spite of our schools more elaborately endowed than any in the world and our eager interest in all matters pertaining to the stage.

Grand Opera in Boston has therefore brought among us a Latin community the members of which are not particularly modest in their conception of the value of their own services. There are rumors that in another sense of the word modesty has not been their predominant trait. There has been more than one sharp clash between the exotic Latin temperament and Boston puritanism. A wide-spread feeling exists that Mr. Jordan has been unmercifully "bled" by the organization. If all this is true, Mr. Jordan has himself accepted the matter in the most philosophical spirit and has not allowed it to blind him as to the main issues or to turn him aside from the main purpose. And this is indeed admirable. It is announced that the present management will be continued and that Mr. Russell's services have been engaged for a period of three years. This means that Mr. Jordan and the directors of the company who are certainly

closest to the "inside facts," are satisfied that the best possible is being done. Such questions are matters of detail. It must be obvious to any thinking person that the maintenance of such an institution as the Boston Opera House, and the support of a sufficient community of highgrade imported talent to produce continuous Grand Opera through a long season, requires more money than can reasonably be expected from the receipts of the public performances. Quality cannot be sacrificed. It is obvious that only by the development among us of a native population of sufficient talent to supply a ready and abundant source for all the requirements of Grand Opera production, can the expense be materially lowered.

As to an increase of attendance, it is my belief that that is a mere question of advertising. The whole question narrows itself down to this: Is the maintenance of Grand Opera in Boston desirable? If so, the community should not ask or expect one man to bear the expense of it, simply because his public spirit and enthusiasm has led him to take the initiative and bear the first and heaviest expense. Neither should it be expected that tendencies that are world-wide in their operation will be reversed by two short seasons of opera in Boston. Grand Opera must be produced in Boston, if at all, under the conditions that control its production elsewhere. That spells deficit for many years to come.

MARCH IN NEW ENGLAND HISTORY

By GRACE AGNES THOMPSON

PERHAPS it has not occurred to many readers to note whether, in the light of history, one month may be accounted a more eventful group of days than any other month out of the year; or further, whether in the same light the events of each month have varied in type sufficiently to give it distinctive character. In looking over old annals, chronologies, and files of newspapers, one comes to realize the fact that for New England, at least, March has been Fate's own time since the day in 1602 when Bartholomew Gosnold sailed from Falmouth in England upon that voyage which brought him to Monhigan Island, the first white man to behold our coast of whose landing we have any exact record. Even long before that day,—for it was on March 5, 1496, that King Henry VIII. signed the commission of John Cabot "to make discoveries and to take possession of lands for the English flag." No day

in the history of the New World was more important, declares Ridpath.

It appears that there is indeed a real, if sometimes vague, classification of the kind of events that happen month by month. The antiquarian, the historian, the seeker after scientific curios, may write learned treatises about such matters; let who will arrange and discuss what mighty influences and effects have wrought in the wide continents beyond, we, within the confines of our own little community of New England, may pursue the topic through the year with interest as a mental recreation.

We think of March as a season of blustering transition; from a winter to a spring solstice; from an old political era to a new one. The reputation is just. With relief from the stern rigors of winter arousing the stoic New England system and the first hopeful, vibrant harmony of spring-time quickening the firm pulsations of New England blood, it has usually

been in March that efforts for the betterment of New England people were set in motion. In March, too, in the old days, that the crafty Indian, having brooded all winter over the loss of his hunting and fishing grounds, chose to attack his white brethren at the moment of their greatest weakness when the stock of provisions and ammunition was waxing very low, and yet while the frozen snow would make ambuscade easy.

Tradition has it that on March 17, old time, 1621, the first white man walked along the marshy shores of Dorchester bay. A small party from the little colony at Plymouth, having heard that there were excellent lands somewhat further north where one might settle, rowed up the coast in boats and landed, probably on what is now Charlestown Neck, and "explored carefully along the river Charles and by the bay." It is said that certain venturesome ones settled there during the few years directly following, but this is not yet proved. On March 4, 1629, however, the patent was granted by King Charles I. to the Council of Plymouth which led to the departure of the next expedition a twelve month later; but on the 17th of that month other pioneers from Plymouth took up a home around the peninsula of Shawmut, so that the Puritans found a welcome when they arrived.

The Pilgrims, sending up their earnest hymns amid the echoes of a "stern and rock-bound" wilderness were not quite alone of European hearts. Miles away, on Mt. Desert Island was a tiny group of huts where some French fishermen had undertaken to plant a colony. It was thither that twenty-five other plucky French families hasted in March, 1613, out of the stormy seas, and established the village called St. Saviour. On March 16, 1621, Samoset, the kindly Indian chief to whom we may feel we owe our country since he made it possible

for the first settlers to gain a foothold here, visited the new white brothers at Plymouth, and greeted them in very good English acquired from earlier voyagers: "Welcome, Englishmen," and through his good offices the colonists were able six days later to make a treaty with the great Massasoit which was faithfully kept for fifty-five years.

March, in the decade of 1630, was quite eventful. On March 19, 1631, "all that part of New England west of the Narragansett River" was granted by Robert, Earl of Warwick, to Lords Say and Seal and eleven other persons, among whom were John Hampden and John Pym. On March 28, 1636, the first court was opened in the territory of Maine and the first government there organized by William, son of Gorges, who had been sent over for the purpose by the Plymouth council. On March 24, 1638, Roger Williams got his first big grant of lands from the Narragansett Indians and founded that fine colony, to which, on March 13, 1644, the general court gave the name of Isles of Rhodes, or Rhode Island, as a change from the original Indian title, Aquedneck. During the same March, of 1638, Mrs. Anne Hutchinson was excommunicated by the Puritan church of Plymouth and fled to the haven by the Bay of Narragansett, whither her husband had already gone. Next year, during the March of 1639, the first printing press established in America was set up at Cambridge by Stephen Daye and a trial edition of "Freeman's Oath," run off. Last, and more interesting still, Harvard College was founded upon the thirteenth of that same March.

The next year, on March 10, the waters of the Cochituate River were turned into the new aqueduct at Clinton, thus beginning the first section of that mighty metropolitan water system which now supplies greater Boston and whose reservoir is one of the largest in the world.

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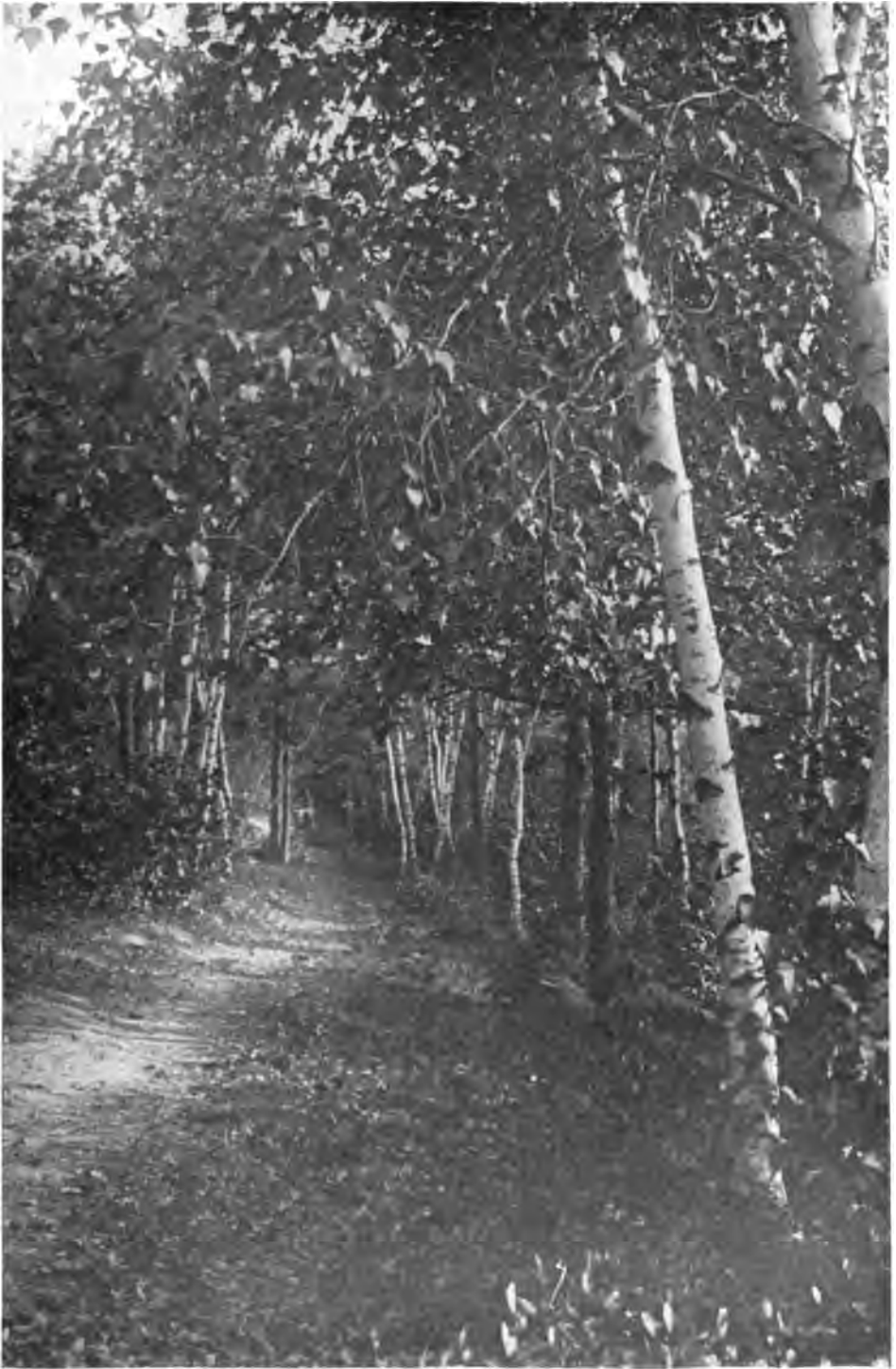
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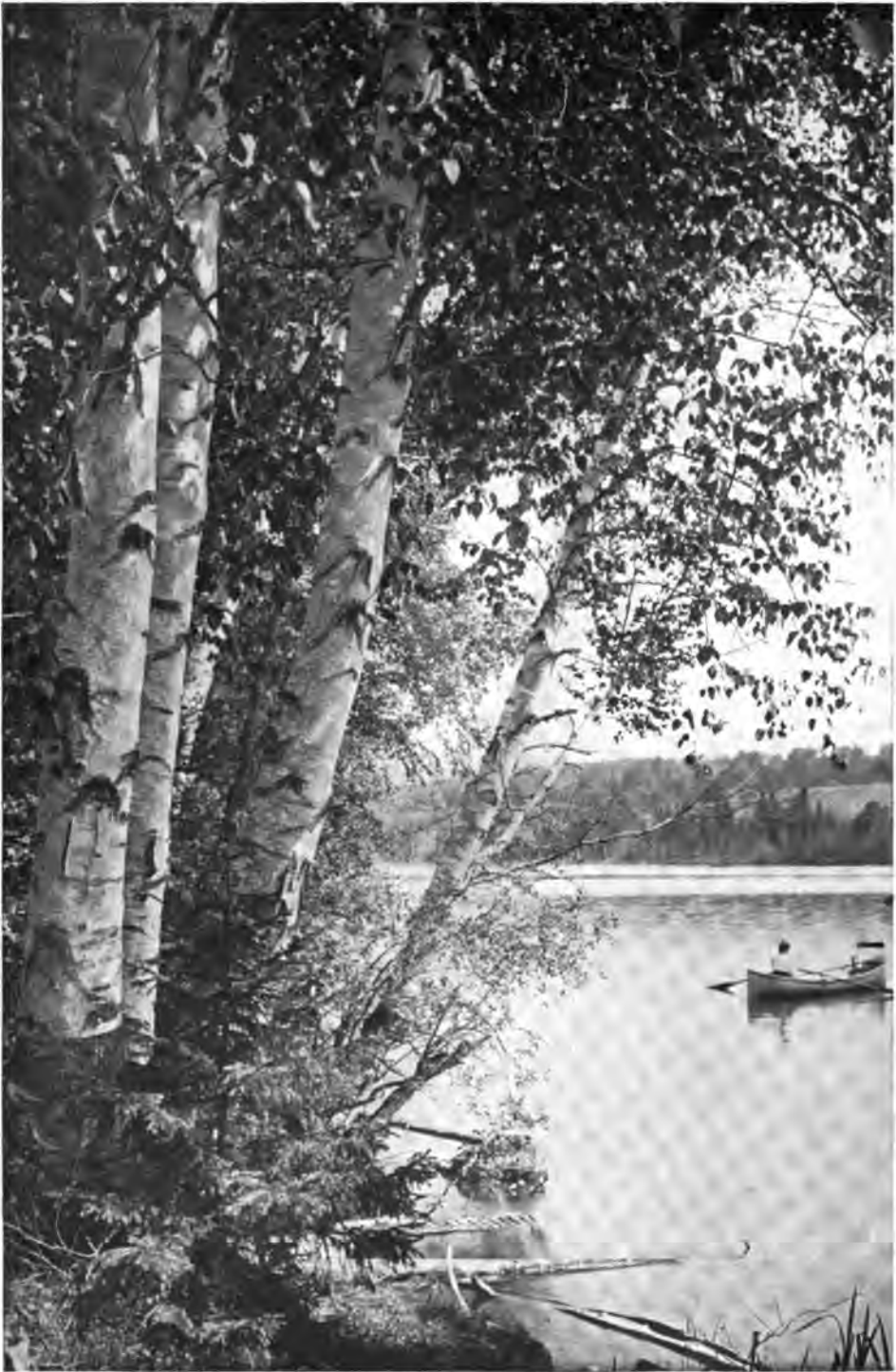
STUDIES OF THE DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF NEW ENGLAND LANDSCAPE

II. Second-Growth Timber

THE untilled lands of New England, such as the shores of ponds, thin-soiled hill-tops, and old roadways, are being rapidly reforested by natural causes. Here and there towers a giant of old, spared by the woodman, but only to emphasize the youthfulness of the new growth, consisting of birches, aspens, poplars, chestnuts, and spruces. The young spruce springs up readily, under the protection of the birches, and the combination of the two is one of nature's happiest effects. Gradually the lighter timber becomes decrepit and the more sturdy stocks begin to dominate, their strong, straight boles contrasting with the weakening of their neighbors. This now far-advanced rejuvenation of the odd corners, the shores, hill-tops, and by-ways of New England is a characteristic of the scenery to-day, and gives to the land something of that impression of adaptation to human life which so strongly impresses us in European landscape. Second-growth timber is characterized by a somewhat light foliage and a superabundance of straight, upshooting stems. Yet the coloring is verdant and never somber, for what these young trees lack in weight of head and foliage masses they, to some extent, repair by the small, leaf-bearing stems that carry the foliage almost or quite to the ground. The lightness of the upper foliage allows the light to sift through, and there is no more charming variety of greens and golds than those of a New England pond shore, or old, retimbered roadside, and he who would paint a New England hilltop must key his palette to its highest color possibilities.



"LEAF-BEARING STEMS CARRY THE FOLIAGE ALMOST OR QUITE TO THE GROUND"



"YOUNG SPRUCES SPRING UP READILY IN THE PROTECTION OF THE BIRCHES"



"THE MORE STURDY STOCKS BEGIN TO DOMINATE"



SPRING IN NEW ENGLAND

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

By PAYNE SPENCER

[This letter to the people of New England, by a typical western business man, appears to us to merit careful attention in the interest of mutual understanding. There is much in the standpoint that is novel, and its reiterated emphasis on sincerity is worthy of careful thought. We will endeavor to persuade some equally honest New Englander to reply.]

SINCE the beginning of the United States government twenty-six men have held the office of Vice-President, and of this number eight, or nearly one-third, have succeeded to the presidency, either by the death of the President or by subsequent election. Of the others, at least seven have made for themselves a place in history by strong individuality of character and corresponding influence in political affairs. The comparative indifference of the people to this distinguished office is somewhat difficult to understand, when these facts are considered. New England people in particular should honor the office, for the men of this section who have held it have been among our most distinguished citizens. John Adams, Elbridge Gerry, Hannibal Hamlin, and Henry Wilson, were men who left their mark for good.

The lack of important administrative duties and the tendency of the populace to despise position devoid of authority, have often combined to turn the incumbency of the "tail of the ticket" into a by-word of impotence. The supposed use of

the lure of the position by politicians to finance the campaign has also been greedily seized upon by a public ever eager for the detraction of any success short of supreme primacy. In much the same spirit as the wash-lady despises the millionaire, who is only that, and not a multi-millionaire, people who ought to know better smile with an air of amused contempt at the vice-presidency. It is an attitude that may have momentous consequences in the present political struggle. It is not at all impossible that the prosperity of this country and its progress in sound government and constructive social organization may depend more upon who is elected Vice-President than upon the "head of the ticket." Far be it from us to prognosticate an early demise for any of the distinguished candidates for the presidency! But it is the height of folly to ignore that possibility and, as has been done before, for the sake of a supposititious strengthening of the ticket, nominate for the vice-presidency a man of wholly different political tendencies from the President. In spite of this, abuse of the position

and the territorial considerations that have been a prominent factor in making the selection, more than once the Vice-President has been a man of much greater ability and of more commanding personality than his chief. This was notably true of John C. Calhoun, who was surely a far abler man and a more astute statesman than Jackson, and although the nation may not be ecstatically proud of either John C. Breckinridge or Millard Fillmore, they were at least men of more fibre and capacity than James Buchanan or old Zachary Taylor.

The absence of definite administrative, or executive duties, which may have arisen from oversight in the original formulation of the constitution, might well have been the result of the profoundest political wisdom. For in the event of the Vice-President's sudden promotion to the presidency, it is far better that he should enter upon the office as free as possible from any entanglements arising from his activities in the secondary position. And as an actual fact it has happened that in those instances where the Vice-President has been suddenly elevated the administration has by no means suffered. Often faced with appalling difficulties, these men have unified the party and saved the administration in a way that would scarcely have been possible to a man embroiled in executive difficulties. It seems strange to be arguing for the importance of the vice-presidency. We are not concerned with the politicians. The office is important to them from their own standpoint, as all offices are. But the importance to the people arises from a different source than that of sectional vote-getting or well-supplied "barrels."

In behalf of the people we would remind the politicians that the nation will not be convinced of the sincerity of a ticket in which the President and Vice-President are men of radically differing political ideals. They are not minded to accept the vice-presidency as a sop. The present situation calls for an unequivocal platform and for a man in both presidential and vice-presidential position that are warmly and sincerely in favor of the policy which the platform enunciates. Here in the West we are doing a little thinking about that matter of the vice-presidency. Apparently you Easterners are shrugging your shoulders and leaving that question to the "pols." Here in the West we are going to ask of Taft, of Roosevelt, of Clark, of Wilson, or whoever it may be, "who is to be your running mate?" And we are going to form some opinions on the answer to that question. Some of us are even thinking that it is a mistake for the conventions to treat the two names separately. The ticket as a ticket should come up for approval in the convention as it will before the people on election day.

Remember that you in the East are much more academic than we, and give weight to considerations that with us in the West are rather meaningless. On the other hand some facts are plain to us that you do not appear to consider at all. You are surfeited with gazing at great manufacturing plants and communities humming with industry, and gaze with complacency upon the conditions that combine them into even larger and larger units. You swallow manufactured statistics without a question, and accept the most involved and aca-

demic explanations of the high cost of living. Here in the West we do not understand your talk. We do not follow your arguments, nor consider them material. We are convinced that the causes of the present high cost of living are neither complicated nor hard to seek. We flatly deny some of the statistics that are urged as to the reduction in the production of raw materials relative to the population. We are raising more cattle, more corn, more wheat, more everything here in the West than ever. Yet up, up, up, soar the prices, not to the producer, but to the consumer. We have been told that high tariffs create competition at home, and almost in the same breath that the stifling of home competition by great combinations of interests cuts out waste and economizes production and distributions. Both processes have had much their own way, and up, up, up, go the prices.

We behold ever more vast accumulations of banking capital and ever fewer men who can benefit by it. We insist that one of two things must be done — the tariff as a protective measure must go, or competition, stifling combinations must be wiped out. The tariff is built frankly and squarely on the competitive system of

industrial organization. Combination is justified by the argument that competition is wasteful. One or the other must go. If we cannot prevent combination, if it is unwise to do so, and against the spirit of the age, retrogressive, and all that, then down with the tariff to a revenue basis. What the West wants is sincerity. And that is why all this connects up with the vice-presidential issue as well as with the presidential issue. We will scarcely believe in the sincerity of a ticket that carries one kind of man at its head, and another kind of man in the second place. You in the East like to go slow. That is terribly irksome to us, but we might endure the sweating under the collar and tugging against the brakes, if we can be convinced that you are sincere. We will not bolt your man if you give him the right running mate and campaign them both on the right platform. If you are not sincere, and are going to leave the matter to the "pols" to fix up, you may not find us with you. Do you realize that that little matter of the vice-presidency is a crucial test? I may be talking for myself alone, but I believe that I have the spirit of this section of the country pretty well soaked into my system.



PROVINCETOWN

By EVERETT LADD CLARKE

Photographs by THOMPSON AND THOMPSON

TO the student of American history, Provincetown is known as the first landing place of the Pilgrims, the sacred spot where the famous compact was signed. To the tourist it is the quaint and picturesque terminus of one of the most delightful sea-trips out of Boston; to the artist it is a sketcher's paradise, with its white sands and blue sea and scant and twisted vegetation of dark and glossy leaves, its old sail-lofts, tar-coated dories and long nets stretched for the mender on wharves, beneath which the lazy shadows creep in and out among great, moss-covered piles. To the story-writer, the little city at the end of the Cape is replete with color and incident, the tragedy and the comedy of life; to commerce it is known as an important fishing port; to the railroad and steamboat man as a name with which to conjure up tourists, but in its own proper capacity as a thriving and striving community, it is all too little known or understood.

The town is indeed unique, with its narrow main street following the line of the bay for several miles, east and west, and its narrow lanes, with their cozy homes huddled beneath the protection of the great sand hills, from the top of the highest of which rises the majestic tower of the Pilgrim monument. "Up along" and "down along" Commercial street runs the busy tide of life. Native fishermen, brisk townsmen, old "captains," natty man-of-war's men, summer butterflies, artists loaded with paraphernalia.

The steamer from Boston arrives and the wharf becomes black with humanity; hotels and cafes are crowded to their utmost capacity, automobiles

and "accommodations" push their way along the little thread and needle of a street — all is life, brilliant and vivacious as the blue waters of the bay that its fair shores encircle. Winter sets in, and all this has fled. In grim and deadly earnest the little town settles down to its life or death struggle with the sea. The air is accustomed to rumors of tragedy, and to their sad confirmation; to dripping forms brought in and whispered names of those that will never return. They are justified who seek it for its romance and for its unique, old-world flavor, yes, and for its quaint types and characters not to be found elsewhere. Artist, story-teller and tourist are all justified in their estimates, and yet, as we have intimated, none of this is more than a phase of the real Provincetown. It is all to be found there, but none of it is representative of the prevailing tone and spirit of the town. That is to be found by quite another approach and one seldom achieved by these searchers for the ultra and the unique.

Provincetown is an American community contributing by its fisheries to the national food supply; by its harbor to the safety and convenience of the coasting trade, and by its salubrity, beauty and opportunities of recreation to the health and enjoyment of thousands of tourists annually. Of late years the summer practice of the Atlantic Squadron of the United States Navy has been conducted from this most eligible point.

The population of some five thousand persons is partly of old English Puritan and partly of Portuguese stock, the latter, attracted by the fisheries a generation or two ago, are now



THE ARRIVAL OF THE BOSTON BOAT
PROVINCETOWN FROM THE WHARF



COMMERCIAL STREET
WARSHIPS IN THE HARBOR





THE BOARD OF TRADE BUILD-
ING AND PILGRIM MONUMENT



ONE OF PROVINCETOWN'S MANY QUAIN
AND ATTRACTIVE CROSS-STREETS

thoroughly American, although intermarriage with the English-American stock is not common, so that in physical appearance the national characteristics of the more southern race are well preserved. In spirit and life all are alike American, so that the community displays those qualities of earnestness and enterprise that have contributed so abundantly to the development of our country.

The problems that confront Provincetown are those that arise from its physical geography and from the development of its principal industries, and of its attractiveness as a summer resort. These are what we are accustomed to call "material" problems, but they are the fundamental ones as cultural development follows easily and naturally in the wake of their successful solution.

The surrounding country is a sandy waste covered in places by a thin coating of soil, for the highlands of Cape Cod end somewhat abruptly at High Head, in the township of Truro. From this point to the end of the Cape is a strip of dunes and beaches that so curves in upon itself as to form an enclosed and beautiful harbor at its farthest extremity. The action of wave and tide rolls up the sands, first into bars that later become beaches, and lastly, as they are in turn protected by new bars and new beaches, into sand dunes. Between these wave-like ridges of sand are hollows often containing freshwater ponds. The abundant moisture produces a surprising amount of vegetation, and the falling and decaying leaves contribute a gradual covering of soil which, however, is at present rarely over three or four inches in depth. About the ponds is a beautiful growth of tupelo, sweet azalea, clethra, etc., while in the shelter of the ridges and sometimes even on their crests will be found oaks, maples, beeches and pitch pines. Willows and "silver leaf" a local name for a species of poplar, grow readily in the thin soil and the alternating wet and dry of the underlying sand. As

on the sea, of which it is so intimate a part, the gentler winds bring its principal blessings and the storms are its scourge. When the winds are north and the sands are dry, as they are likeliest to be at that season when north winds prevail, the sand "comes in" in great quantities, the soil is covered, the hills cut and carved into strange shapes, and the contours of the shore gradually changed. One gentleman relates how a cargo of hard pine, having been wrecked and driven ashore, was carted a little inland for protection. This was in December. In the spring the salvors went for their prize, but from that day to this it has never been found, so deeply was it covered with sand.

When the Old Colony Railroad was constructed, ashes and similar debris were found to afford excellent protection for the underlying sand. In spite of all this, the tip end of Cape Cod is more covered with verdure than almost any other portion of the Cape. Unquestionably, by judicious planting and protection from winds, a soil can be developed that will produce staple crops where now nothing but beach plums and candle-berry thrive. And this is a work worthy of the state and even of the national government. There have been several investigations, at least by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, but little has been done. A park reservation, so located and planted as to act as an effective barrier to the more disastrous winds, would more than return the amount of the investment in the improvement of land and the increase of its taxable value.

Industrially, Provincetown is dependent upon the sea, and it is of considerable importance as a fishing port, although its once famous whaling fleet has dwindled to three vessels. The fishing fleet, April 1, 1911, consisted of sixty-three vessels, and the business has been somewhat improved of late by the addition of cold storage plants for handling fresh fish. These plants were erected entirely by local capital and are well managed and ex-

tremely profitable. Salt, smoked and pickled fish are also prepared, and several of the best known brands are those of Provincetown packers.

Few indeed, relatively speaking, are the residents of Provincetown that are not connected with the fishing industry. It receives the zealous care of the Board of Trade, an organization founded in 1897 under the title of the Maritime Exchange. After the usual struggling beginning, this organization, in 1908, merged itself into a newly organized Board of Trade, which has ever since been a thriving institution, having the good of the community at heart, and affording a social center as well as a basis of co-operation for public enterprises. An attractive clubhouse, located on the water front, is one of the first objects that greets the traveler arriving by boat, and it extends its cheery welcome to all that stands for progress and the public welfare. The present officers of the association are D. F. Small, president; M. N. Gifford, vice-president; and J. F. Snow, secretary and treasurer. The attention of the Board of Trade is by no means confined to the fishing business, although it can have no more important concern. The dangers and hazards of that life, and the hardihood demanded of those who engage in it, as well as the importance of the product as a considerable and most valuable contribution to the national food supply, are among the things that most highly commend the community and its interests to the fostering care of the nation. For the development of this industry this town has a natural advantage of situation, as a convenient point for the outfitting of vessels, a safe and commodious harbor, and a hardy population trained to the pursuit. The fleet at present engaged in the industry includes some of the finest vessels afloat, beautifully modeled, speedy and staunch.

The cod fishers usually sail in April or May and return in September, but those engaged in the fresh fish industry go out winter as well as summer.

These last are principally manned by Portuguese fishermen. One of the most astonishing feats of a Provincetown fisherman was that of the Julia Costa, Captain Costa, which left port at six in the morning, sailed to the fishing grounds fifteen miles northeast of Highland Light, caught fifteen thousand pounds of codfish and was in Boston at the wharf at eleven o'clock that night having sailed about one hundred miles. But at other times vessels have returned with gloomy and disheartened crews from voyages of months, and scarce fish enough to pay for the wear and tear on the outfit. Fishing for mackerel appears to be the most uncertain, but there is an excitement about it and a speculative chance for a big strike that ensures there always being a number of "mackelers" in pursuit of that elusive quarry. There are bad years when fish do nothing that they are supposed to do, and good years when they step up to the lines and beg to be caught. But on the whole, when one considers the chances of wind and wave, and of the unseen creatures with their strange habits, the industry is astonishingly even and stable. It is so, however, because skill, endurance and courage make it so. When the fish are not to be found in one place, men go to another, braving the dangers of the distant voyage and unknown shores. No industry is more deserving of the fostering care of the government. The fish caught are alike the rich man's delicacy and the poor man's most available meat. Call it, if you will, the bounty of the sea, it is a harvest that is reaped only with toil and danger.

Although fishing is and, so far as can be seen, must remain, the principal industry of the place, there is no good reason why some other industrial employment should not be encouraged to undertake a location in Provincetown. The advantages of water transportation may at least neutralize the isolation of the location, and, in a growing population there must always be a proportion who have no taste

for the sea. To find such congenial and remunerative employment as will keep these at home is a part of the Provincetown problem. Sooner or later it will be solved.

The "summer business," that is, the entertainment of tourists and temporary summer residents, is an important source of income to Provincetown, and one that bids fair to grow to much larger proportions. Its greatest impetus has come from the use of the harbor in late years by the navy for summer practice, a use likely to be long continued because of the many advantages which the harbor offers. The excellent order kept by the sailors while on shore has made them great favorites with the people, who receive them with the utmost hospitality. All that is possible is done to make their stay enjoyable, and while some of the enlisted men might prefer the attractions of a larger city for the enjoyment of their shore leave, all appreciate the fine athletic field and the headquarters in the town hall offered by the people of Provincetown, while the officers are saved from the anxieties and troubles that are unavoidable accompaniments of shore leave in the larger cities. Gun practice may be indulged within a much shorter distance of harbor than is usually possible, and Boston and the Charlestown navy yard afford accessible advantages. Altogether, there is good reason to suppose that the presence of the great ships may be looked for as an annual feature of Provincetown life.

The spectacle is always an interesting one. The great ships swinging at anchor or going and coming on their mysterious errands in response to the unending signals, brilliant with lights at night, or sharply outlined against the blue waters by day, hold the attention tirelessly for hours. Add to this the music, the coming and going of the uniformed men, the athletic diversions, and the innumerable minor incidents of the day and the presence of the navy can readily be seen to be a dominant and ever attractive feature.

But Provincetown has much beside

to offer to the summer visitor. Nowhere can the pastimes of boating and fishing be indulged to greater advantage. The bathing is delightful, with its choice of the surf of the ocean side or the quieter and warmer waters of the bay. Walks, revealing glimpses of such scenery as no other locality can offer for its strange, memory-haunting forms, end at lighthouses or life-saving stations, or old wrecks on the beach on the top of some wind-carved sand dune, from which stretches a panorama of sea and shore. And no wonder all this is much habited by artists. Scores of them on almost any fair day, may be seen planting their easels in front of some entrancing bit or bribing a little Portuguese boy or dark-curved girl or some adorable old captain to pose for a sunlight portrait. Here flourishes the Cape Cod School of Art, under the instruction of Mr. Charles W. Hawthorne, the New York artist. A large studio situated on one of the dunes, overlooking the town and harbor, affords every convenience for the work of the school, which is patronized by scores of earnest and enthusiastic workers. Cottages are also becoming increasingly popular, and new sections are being opened to meet the demand for this popular form of vacation life. The most important of these is Pilgrim Heights, beautifully situated on high ground and fronted by a long, curving beach. This interesting development is certain to add much to the summer population of Provincetown. The daily excursions of the Boston and Provincetown boat are also a feature of the very greatest importance. There is no more beautiful trip out of Boston. The boat is large, safe, speedy and well appointed, and the ride is of sufficient length to give the excursionist a full taste of the revitalizing air of the sea. Time for dinner is allowed at Provincetown before the home trip. This time might be lengthened to the great advantage of all, as excursionists would appreciate a longer sojourn ashore. Both the town and its guests would

profit by the extension of time between the arrival and departure of the Boston boat. The summer business would also be much improved by the erection of a larger hotel than any now existing. While the small hotels and boarding houses are inexpensive and excellently conducted, it can hardly be expected to accommodate in that manner alone the guests that might readily be attracted to a great summer hotel.

In the matter of public improvements Provincetown has made much progress of a sound and substantial character. The town owns its own excellent water supply and is well lighted by electricity. The school system receives careful attention and is in charge of men of up-to-date pedagogic ideals. The following quotation from the superintendent's last report is worthy of the important position which he occupies: "A teacher who can keep an orderly, industrious, contented school, as the majority of our teachers do, without noise or friction, has exceptional ability and should receive the benefit of it in increased pay. The refining influence of a cultured, magnanimous person for nearly a thousand hours a year for thirteen years is inestimable as an educational uplift, just as the same number of hours with a bitter, vindictive character is hopelessly warping and depraving every effort, remunerative and otherwise, should be exerted to make our schools excel in this particular."

Nearly one-third of the total amount raised by taxation in Provincetown is expended for schools, a fact which speaks volumes for the progress of civilization in the past half century, and that means incalculably more for the progress of civilization in the coming generation.

Two excellent local papers, the *Advocate* and the *Beacon*, assist the town crier in the dissemination of news. Financial interests are cared for by the First National Bank of Provincetown, a strong, conservative institution, with a capital stock of \$50,000. The President is Moses N.

Gifford, and the cashier, Joseph H. Dyer. The Seaman's Savings Bank was incorporated in 1851, and has retained its importance as a factor in the thrift and prosperity of the town. The officers are: Lysander N. Paine, President; A. Louis Putnam, Vice-President, and William H. Young, Treasurer.

The Public Library, consisting of some fourteen thousand volumes, is somewhat cramped for space, and calls for more ample provision to meet its opportunities of usefulness. Here is an open door for generously disposed friends of the town. I know of no community in Massachusetts where a modern public library would be likely to meet so rewarding a use. Nowhere will there be found a higher percentage remaining of the old New England genius than in the hardy population of this ancient maritime town, where the amenities of life are bought with a price. As a proposition in sociology, it would be good economy for some of our strong institutions of higher education, through their local alumni, to establish scholarship funds for the special use of Provincetown boys and girls. From no source is leadership and genius more likely to spring. The writer of the present article would like to see the following things done for Provincetown: (1) Active government effort put forth to conserve the soil-building process which nature so bountifully begins. This means the establishment and maintenance of plantations of trees so located in belts as to effectively break the sweep of the dry-season winds. (2) The permanent establishment in that port of a naval headquarters. (3) The erection of a substantial and commodious summer hotel. (4) The substantial enlargement and improvement of the public library. (5) The establishment of some industry that will furnish employment to those unattracted by or unfitted for the fisheries. Some of these things call for outside assistance, but most of them lie within the reach of Provincetown thrift and enterprise.

We cannot undertake in this place to write the history of Provincetown. It is for the most part the story of the fluctuations of the fishing industry. It was first settled about 1680, and in 1714 became a precinct of Truro. By 1727 it had assumed sufficient importance to merit a separate charter and was set apart under the name of Province town, the boundary line beginning "at a jawbone of a whale set in the ground." But, as the historian says, "owing to some forgotten cause," the town was rapidly depleted by emigration, and in 1748 only two or three families remained. The unknown cause probably had to do with the vicissitudes of the fisheries. A revival followed, and at the opening of the Revolutionary War the town numbered about two hundred souls. The royal navy, driven from Boston, frequently anchored in Provincetown harbor and levied a ruthless tax for provisions on the struggling community. In spite of this fact, a lively trade sprang up, daring seizure and confiscation, with markets as far distant as the West Indies, but principally with New York, by running



SAILORS IN FRONT OF TOWN HALL

the blockade, a profitable, though dangerous enterprise. The first meetinghouse was erected in 1763, and the Rev. Samuel Parker was appointed by the Plymouth government to minister to the flock. This outside authority was apparently not much relished, for, upon the death of this pastor, the town took a vote to "raise by a tax to defray town charges for the present year, three hundred dollars for the town's expenses, beside the state and county tax, and no part shall go to pay any ministerer whatsoever." That this action did not proceed from irreligious motives is evidenced by the fact that in 1793 a Methodist minister named Humbard, who chanced to be on board a wind-bound vessel that took refuge in the harbor, coming ashore and preaching, succeeded in establishing a church of that denomination, under the ministry of Rev. George Cannon. This accidental or providential event set the pot a-boiling, apparently, for in 1795 it was "Voted that any that will not pay the standing ministers' rate shall have his interest Sessed. Voted that there shall not Be a Methodes meetin-



THE TOWN CRIER

house bilt in this town." But most of the early records have to do with maritime affairs. The most interesting and historically significant of these is the petition of the selectmen of Provincetown to the President of the United States to remove the embargo of 1808. This interesting document reads as follows:

"To the President of the United States. The inhabitants of the town of Provincetown, in legal town meeting assembled, beg leave to respectfully represent:

"That they have severely suffered from the operation of the laws laying and enforcing an embargo on all ships and vessels in the ports and harbors of the United States, not only in common with their fellow citizens throughout the union, but particularly from their local and peculiar situation, their interest being almost totally in fish and vessels. The perishable nature of fish and the sale of it depending solely upon a forren market, together with the barrenness of their soil not admitting of cultivation leaving them no resource but the fisheries. They flatter themselves that they are and ever will be ready to manifest their patriotism in making every necessary sacrifice for the good of their country and to these laws they have yielded unlimited respect and submission, not a single instance of an evasion or violation has

taken place among them but so distressing are the embarrassments produced by the embargo that they cannot contemplate its continuance without serious and alarming apprehensions. It is needless to detail to your Excellency the various evils that must result from a total suspension of their business. having been long habituated to a maritime employment, and whose resources have solely depended upon the Ocean whose shipping and fish thus left to waste and perish on their hands not only to the loss of their property, but in some instances of health and life. Feeling as your petitioners do, the accumulating pressure of these Evils and Confident that your Excellency is disposed so far as you are constitutionally authorized to grant them relief, they are happy to find that by the laws of the United States it appears to be within your power to Suspend the Embargo in whole or in part whenever Events in Europe may in your opinion render it safe and Expedient, your petitioners rejoice in the belief and trust that Such Events have now taken place. They therefore pray that the Embargo in Whole or in part may be suspended according to the powers vested in the president by the Congress of the U. S. And if any doubts Should Exist of the competency of those powers they would humbly request that Congress might be convened as early as possible."



A PROVINCETOWN LANE

Easter

ZITELLA COCKE.

O dreary, weary was the earth,
And sad and sore of winter's
pain.

The trees lifted their leafless
boughs

In prayer, and prayer was all
in vain.

Stillness of death in field and
wood,

The stream in bondage piti-
less,

The sod, bereft of life and joy,
Lay sullen in its hopelessness.

There was no pity in the sky,
There was no mercy in the air,
No radiance in the sunset cloud,
But gloom and menace every-
where;

When, hark!—a bird-note, sweet
and clear,

The prophet robin calls in glee
To stream and field and wood-
land drear

The miracle, so soon to be!

And lo, the dead old earth
awakes,

And every root and bough and
bole

Thrills with a new life's ecstasy,
And pulses with a throb of
soul;

And shall it be denied to man
To rise from gloom of death's
dark night,

When nature beckons year by
year

To Resurrection, Life and
Light!





A NORTH WOODS LUMBERJACK

THE GUARDIAN*

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER V.

"MY BULLY BOYS—HO!"

In a tremor of excitement Julie found her way back to her room. The moment she admitted her love for 'Gene she had been seized by a passion that knew no control. The full flood of her wild young nature swept over all bounds and left her merely a creature of emotions. Nothing counted now against the on sweep of this new love—not even the Mayflowers. She snatched them from her bosom and threw them across the room. She gave herself up utterly, without fear and without shame. The mere fact that the realization had come so suddenly, like flood water before decent channels can be made for it, left her passion free to run riot and overwhelm all barriers. Her mother and her father were mere shadows. She would have braved the scorn of all the women in the world now for 'Gene. Had he come back and taken her hand, she would have walked by his side until she dropped, knowing his arms would be waiting for her. The fact that he was going on the morrow gave both false courage and false ardor. So far as she was concerned he had already gone, and this added further fuel to the fire. It furnished her a lurking sense of safety which she herself did not at all recognize, but which did away with the last vestige of restraint based upon the instinctive necessity of self-protection.

She threw herself upon her knees by her bed moaning 'Gene's name in an agony of reproach at the way she had allowed him to go. He had been such a big romantic figure striding off in the moonlight on his way to the ship that was to carry him to India—per-

haps to his death in search of a tiger skin for her. His blond hair hung about his head like an aura. His blue eyes had been as deep as the Indian Ocean itself. She had been cruel—merciless to her gallant knight. If only he had turned when she had called, she would have gone gladly into his arms—she would have given him a hundred kisses. Now, even now, kneeling there in the dark, she gave him all, freely and unabashed.

"'Gene," she murmured, "'Gene, come back to me. Come back for only a moment."

She thought she heard his voice calling to her again from the road. She crossed the room and threw up the window. An hour ago she had been afraid and terror-stricken at his approach. Now she stood at this same window ready to welcome him, her eyes as eager as his had lately been. But he was nowhere to be seen. The tree branches rustled against the house, but they were not moved by his weight. The road was deserted. It was deserted as though it began nowhere and ended nowhere. It was a dead, barren road. She shuddered back from it and closing the window lighted her lamp.

Her heart was overflowing with things she wished to say to him but the chance had gone to tell them with his blue eyes resting upon her. Nothing was left now but ink and cold white paper. She seized her pen and began to write. She began simply,

"'Gene Dear,—Why didn't you turn round when I called you? I wanted you so much. But I know you didn't hear or you would have come back, wouldn't you? I tried to catch you but you walked so fast I couldn't. I felt so weak I couldn't run very fast. I ran as fast as I could, 'Gene, but some-

thing took all the strength out of me so that I could only sit down and cry. I wanted you and I want you now. I don't know how to tell you what I want to tell you. It is hard to say it here—alone. It would have been much easier—when you asked me. But I didn't know then, 'Gene. 'Gene dearest, I didn't know then, so you can't blame me, can you? But if you were standing here now and you asked me that question, I should have to say Yes."

She stopped and bending over the letter shyly kissed it at this place. She was very glad and simple-hearted about it. Now that she had begun to write she was finding some relief for her pent-up emotions. She lost herself completely in the joy of talking to him again. She was not conscious of being in her room. She was again in the road and she saw him listening. She scribbled on, her thoughts moving so fast her pen could scarcely keep pace with them.

"And if you asked me now to do what you asked me before, I couldn't help giving in. I like to be very honest with you, dear, and so I'm going to tell you that I probably wouldn't want to do it, but that I wouldn't be able to help it. I'd rather kiss you than any one, 'Gene, but I feel that kisses should only be for husbands."

She blushed at this word. She hurried on past it.

"But I'd just as soon right here. So here is one for you and here is another."

She made two very small crosses. It didn't seem a silly thing to do.

"So now I hope you'll forgive me if you thought I was cross with you. 'Gene, dear, there are so many things—new things that I never thought of until this minute—that I want to say to you."

She puckered up her brows and considered hard a moment. She didn't wish to hurt him with suspicions and yet her mother heart drove her on. He was going away from home among strange men, and perhaps some of them would not be good men. He

was such a boy that he needed a warning. She didn't know about what exactly, but every one agreed that a boy in going out into the world was sure to be tempted by many things. Perhaps, if she said just a word, it might help him.

She began again,

"'Gene, dear, I want you to be a good boy. I know you will, but I thought, perhaps, if you knew that I particularly wanted you to be, it might help. If you just remember that wherever you are or whatever you are doing I shall be very near you. Let me go with you everywhere you go. And if you have storms at sea I'd like to be in them too. No matter how hard the winds blow or how big the waves are I'd like to be holding onto your arm. You won't mind, will you? I feel that I'll always be safe everywhere if only I can hold onto your arm."

"It seems queer to be saying these things to you. Yet when I'm writing them they don't seem queer. Only yesterday you were just 'Gene Page and to-day—why, you are 'Gene, my 'Gene! Yesterday I thought of you every now and then as just a boy. Now you aren't a boy any more—except my boy. And that's a different kind somehow. Your mother must be very proud of you, 'Gene. I shall go over and see her just as soon as I can. She will miss you too, I suppose, and we can talk about you. You mustn't forget to write to her. If you write to me every day, you ought to write to her at least once a week. Now please remember this."

"I wish you could find time to go on with your studies. You were doing very well in your English and pretty well lately in your algebra. It would help you a lot when you get to be captain to know about those things. Won't it be fun when you come back in charge of your own ship? Will you wear a uniform? I think you would look very handsome in a uniform. But when you're a captain I shall go with you. And you will take me first to Rio de Janeiro. I shall follow you

in the geography everywhere you go.

"And now I'll say good-night to you. I've always thought of you a little bit before going to sleep, but now I shall put you in my prayers. I hope you will get this before the ship sails for —"

She paused. Why, 'Gene had forgotten to give her his address! When he had walked away, he had said she needn't write to him. Her heart sank. She could never write him if she didn't know the name of his ship. The world went blank for a moment, and then her lips came together. She must catch him in the morning on his way to the station. She did not know when the train left, but she would get up very early and meet him on the road. After all, why hadn't she thought of this before? She could even walk a little way with him. She could give him the letter herself and tell him not to open it until he reached Boston. At the possibility of seeing him again something of her old timidity returned. She was glad that she had thought of this, but on the whole she would rather he didn't know all that she had said in this letter until he was in Boston. He would need it more then and it would come to him as a big surprise.

She scratched out the last half-finished line and closed the letter briefly.

"Now I'm going to sleep and when I wake up it will be to see you for a moment. God bless you, dear 'Gene.

"Your Julie.

"P. S. I do! I do! I do!

"J. M."

She undressed quickly, blew out her light, and climbed into bed. For a few minutes her thoughts ran wild, but she was very tired after the strain of the last few hours and very happy over its outcome. Her eyes soon closed and she slept.

When she awoke, it was dawn. For a moment she lay with her eyes open and with the feeling that this new day was of deep importance to her without being able to recall how or why. Then,

like sun through clouds, 'Gene's name came to her lips. She said it over and over again:

"'Gene, 'Gene, 'Gene."

Her eyes grew bigger and bigger as she realized all it meant to her. She was glad that as yet the room was dim. She needed the cool and the silence and the gray to calm her pounding heart. She lay very still, not daring to move, feeling herself some new creature. Three times a woman thrills with new birth—once when she awakes to the knowledge of her love, once to the knowledge of her wifehood, once to the knowledge of her motherhood. Three times the world stands new created to her.

To Julie this realization came with virginal freshness. She had had no schooling in love. There had been no preparation even with 'Gene. It had come like a revelation. Even in the occasional queries she had put to herself during the winter she had not thought of love. Even when he had appeared at her window she had not thought of love. It was not until he himself had spoken the word, not until he had walked away from her, that she had grasped its meaning. Then and then alone had the many mysteries of the last few months been made clear.

The wizard of the East transmuted in his melting-pot the silver of the Orient to gold. A long yellow band lay along the horizon line. A light breeze rustled through the trees, making them sound as though they were shaking out their clothes. Then sleepily and hoarsely a cock tried his voice in the barnyard. It was answered by a low moo from the cows, a stamping from the horses, and a howl from a distant dog. For a few minutes then the world again relapsed into sleepy silence. Julie rose to her elbow. The room was cold, but she did not feel the cold. It seemed broad day to her. As the cock gave his second call, she sprang from bed. She dressed herself hastily, but gave some care to her hair, laughing and blushing at herself in the mirror. By the time this was done the sky was gaudy with greens and trem-

bling pinks, the barnyard was abroad, and the robins chirping busily.

She picked up her letter, hesitated a moment, and then without reading it thrust it into an envelope and marked it simply, "For 'Gene.'" She threw a cape over her shoulders and crept down the hall and out the door. She heard the covers of the stove rattling in the kitchen and knew the Millers were up. But good fortune was with her and she escaped without being seen. By the time she made the road the sun was above the horizon and the dew over the valley below was rising to meet it. She hurried down the road and paused at the spot where she had stood with 'Gene last night.

She did not have long to wait. In a few minutes 'Gene came down the hill, but before he reached the Miller house he swung off the road into the field as though anxious not to be seen. She watched him keep behind the fringe of trees until well below the house and then come again into the road only a few yards above her. He was dressed in a blue suit, wore a cap, and carried his baggage over his shoulder in an ordinary mealbag. He looked even bigger and stronger than last night. She saw him turn once or twice and glance back towards her room. She laughed softly to herself. Then suddenly she sprang out at him—like a tiger.

'Gene dropped his bag with as startled an expression as though she had really been a tiger.

"Julie!" he exclaimed.

She met his eyes without embarrassment. She met his eyes with the whole-hearted joy of a child.

"You didn't expect me, 'Gene?"

"Expect you?" he faltered. "I should say not." He stared at her as though he could not as yet realize her presence.

"You're glad to see me, 'Gene?"

"Glad? Why, Julie, I couldn't sleep all night thinkin' o' you."

"Oh, 'Gene!" she cried.

Then with lowered eyes she confessed:

"And thinking of you I slept soundly all night."

"Girls is diff'rent, I guess," he answered.

She was all huddled up in her cape, trying her best to breathe normally, trying her best to think clearly. But it was difficult to talk or even think in the joy of being near him again.

"You came to say good-by to me?" he asked.

"Yes, 'Gene."

Uncertainly he took a step nearer. She did not move. He took another. She raised her head with a smile. He seized her in his big arms.

"Julie! Julie, you *do* love me?"

"Yes, 'Gene," she answered.

"Oh, Lord, why didn't you tell me last night?"

"I—I didn't know until after you'd gone."

"And now you tell me just when I can't stop."

Her head was nestling against his coat. He stepped back so that he could see her eyes. They made him dizzy.

"I've half a mind to miss the boat for you," he said hoarsely.

"No! No!" she protested.

The thought made her half afraid again. Her courage seemed dependent upon his going.

"I—I mustn't stop you," she hurried on. "Here, 'Gene. This is for you."

She thrust the letter into his hand and looked about to run. He took the letter, but with it he took her again.

"It doesn't seem as though I *could* go now. I don't want to go to sea now."

She drew away in wonder.

"Don't want to go to sea?" she exclaimed.

"I want to stay here."

"But you want to go to India and to Rio—"

"I don't care a hang about India now."

"Why, 'Gene!" she cried.

For a second the cloak of romance with which she enveloped him dropped. She saw him as plain 'Gene Page

again. It was as though she had awakened from a dream.

He sensed the change. He drew her to him passionately.

"Of course I really want to go. But you—"

He pressed her head back by main strength and kissed her lips. For a moment she stood trembling beneath the embrace, her eyes closed. When at length he freed her, she was moaning.

She covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, 'Gene! 'Gene!" she whispered.

"I couldn't help it, could I? We're engaged now, Julie. Just as soon 's I come back we'll be married. You'll wait, you'll wait for me?"

She lifted her eyes again to his.

"Why, of course," she answered.

"I b'lieve you. I wouldn't b'lieve another girl on earth, but I b'lieve *you*."

"You'd believe any girl after that, wouldn't you?"

"I dunno 's I would," he laughed uneasily.

"And now," she urged him, "you must hurry. Oh, 'Gene, somehow I feel that I want to see your mother. As soon as you go I think I'll go back to her."

"Mother?" he exclaimed, not understanding.

"I must tell her right away."

He frowned.

"See here, Julie," he answered, "let's keep this a secret. Let's not tell any one."

"Not tell?"

"I'd feel better if you didn't."

"But why, 'Gene?"

"Just to please me. Won't you promise?"

"You really want me to promise that?"

"Yes," he answered determinedly.

"All right," she answered soberly, "I'll promise."

"It 'll save you a lot of questions," he reassured her. "And now—"

He tried to kiss her again, but she held her head away.

"No, 'Gene. Not again until you come back."

"You're queer," he answered. "Can I shake hands with you before I get back?"

She held out her hand, and as he took it she placed her other above his.

"God bless you, 'Gene" she said.

"God bless you, 'Gene, and keep you a good boy."

He seized her roughly and kissed her again and again. She began to cry.

He picked up his bag and for a second stood before her.

"Go," she pleaded, "go now, please."

"Good-by, Julie," he answered lightly.

So he went down into the morning mist of the valley and she climbed back to the sun on the hilltop.

(To be continued)



ARTHUR FOOTE

By ETHEL SYFORD

THERE are several reasons for saying that the term American composer has a realer and more telling significance when applied to Mr. Arthur Foote than it usually has among us. Mr. Foote's entire preparatory equipment came from American tutelage with the exception of some study which he carried on with Stephen Heller during a sojourn at Neuilly.

The sin of imitation is to be credited to many of the best-known names in the field of American composition. The form of the sin and its extent varies. It is a significant fact because it is indicative of some degree of insincerity.

In most cases it becomes a mannerism. In all cases it is quite actively responsible for the fact that out of the quasi-apparent "successful" composers we have not so many, after all,

who hold out to us, consistently and with strength, the ideals of absolute music. In his incessant accomplishment of this genuine aim he has not only incidentally called forth "suc-

cess," but he has led us over some very firm ground. I do not believe that the works in totale of any other American composer have as thoroughly seeped into the very fibre of musical instruction all over America. This is especially true of work for the pianoforte. The list is a long one. Among the most popular are the "Suite in D minor," Op. 15; "Zweite Suite in C minor," Op. 30; "Five Poems (after

Omar Khayyam), Op. 41; "Two Pedal Studies"; "Nine Etudes for Musical and Technical Development," Op. 27; "Trois Morceaux"; "Etude Arabesque," Op. 42; "Exaltation," Op. 62, etc.



ARTHUR FOOTE

At the time of Mr. Foote's graduation from Harvard he intended to become a lawyer, but, on the principle of never throwing away a summer he began the study of organ playing, under B. J. Lang, who so encouraged him that he continued, and also took up piano study again. While in college he had been leader of the Glee Club, and had played in many concerts. He now continued another year under Professor Paine, doing graduate work and that year (1875) was given the degree of Master of Arts, which up to that time had been purely honorary. At this time he made the first translation from the German of Richter's "Fugue." In 1877 Mr. Foote became organist of the Church of the Disciples (James Freeman Clarke's Church). In 1878 he went to the First Unitarian Church, under Dr. Rufus Ellis, and remained there as organist until 1910, when he gave up such work. It was during this period that Mr. Foote composed a great amount of church music, "Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis"; "Jubilate in A flat major"; "Benedictus in E flat"; "Awake, Awake, Thou that Sleepest"; etc.

The first performance of a composition by Mr. Foote was in 1877. At that time Mme. Essipoff, the pianist, was to play in Boston. To stimulate the interest of the public her manager conceived the idea of giving a concert of American compositions,—the first one ever given. It was a very meagre list, and the name of Gottschalk was conspicuous. Mr. Foote's piano Gavotte, which was one of the pieces which Mme. Essipoff played was afterwards published and dedicated to her. The first composition which called forth attention all over the country was the piano trio, which he composed in 1883, at which time he was giving a series of trio concerts. This piano trio was played in 1886 at the Music Teachers' National Association, which met in Boston that year, and its unqualified success was instantaneous. Mr. Foote has written extensively and

in all forms. All of his orchestra pieces have been performed in manuscript by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, while all of the chamber music by him has been performed in manuscript by the Kneisel Quartet. Of the larger works the best known are the "Symphonic Prologue, Francesca da Rimini"; "Suite in D minor"; "Suite in E major for String Orchestra"; String Quartet in D major; Quintet in A minor; Piano Quartet in C major. Of the cantatas by Mr. Foote perhaps the best known are "The Farewell of Hiawatha" for male voices, and orchestra; "Mortal Life is full of Battle," for mixed chorus; "Lygeia," for women's voices.

Many of the songs by this typically American composer have already become classic among us, "I'm Wearing Awa' to the Land o' the Leal"; "I arise from Dreams of Thee"; "O My Love's like a Red, Red Rose"; "A Song of Four Seasons"; "On the Way to Kew"; "An Irish Folk Song"; "Go, Lovely Rose," etc.

Mr. Foote has been actively associated with the Harvard Musical Association, and with the Cecilia Society, of which he is honorary president and a member of the governing board. He is also a prominent member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. His name as a concert pianist and as an organ virtuoso has been well known throughout the United States for years. Last year Mr. Foote delivered a series of lectures at California University, which called forth an enthusiastic audience of five hundred students at each meeting.

Mr. Foote's sincerity, his sterling genius, and quality of thought have made his imprint and influence upon American music vital and lasting. The greater American music, to be great, will not depart from the quality of high seriousness and genuineness, which Mr. Foote has insistently demanded and achieved for it.

SOME YANKEES ENLARGED

By REV. JAMES N. HILL, D.D.

THERE is a saying credited to Dr. Lyman Beecher, that "the best people in the world are Yankees enlarged." At the East, they are geraniums in pots, bright, and well-to-do; at the West they become geraniums in gardens where they reach out and flourish and raise their heads. Many plants, although well started in a nursery, do not seem to find themselves until they are set out in new soil. Some Yankees would not come to their full stature in New England, but when they go West, where expansive prairies stretch away to the horizon's outmost rim, with a shifted scene, the peculiar local breezes seeming to introduce new blood, their souls grow bigger and their hearts warmer. On the sunset side of the Mississippi some of the liveliest and best business men came

from the eastern side of the Hudson River. New England furnished the training and the West supplied the field. New countries greaten men's souls. In a way, they are born again. They turn over a new leaf in life's history. In that remarkable series of books entitled, "The American Commonwealths," one of them is known to be written with conspicuous ability. "Contending armies have both been armed from the little state of Connecticut and yet the state itself has furnished hardly a particle of the raw material, its entire contribution being the ingenuity of its workmen and the mechanical genius of its inventors." The volume on Connecticut goes further and refers to the "niggardliness of nature," and uses that expression. Other Commonwealths are favored by nature, but Connecticut has "no



AN IOWA CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. BUILT IN THE PASTORATE OF DR. SALTER

such advantages." Hence it was the first state to put pedlars' wagons on the road and their goods were first called "Yankee notions." The state did not grow nutmegs, but ingenious mechanics were accused of imitating them for the use of the pedlars. Yankees were driven to the use of their wits, manufacturing clocks and tools and doing the insurance business for those favored states that had oil wells and forests and mines. The Yankee is "usually tall, thin, reflective, and taciturn, but clever." Now transfer such men with eastern antecedents to a new environment where nature is affluent, quick, nad responsive, and reaches out her hands to them, and there is nothing which you may not expect. "God Almighty smiled," says Dr. Hillis, "when he made New York and Seattle, but he laughed outright with his blessing when he made the state of Iowa." "It is the richest land in the world, six inches of soil in New York cannot compete with three feet of soil in Iowa," where it has been found by experiment that soil from one hundred feet below the surface of the ground will grow corn. Being once with a large excursion party from Boston, I cautioned the ladies not to step off the platforms at the railway stations where we stopped, unless they wanted their feet to grow. That soil will make anything grow. But our theme does not suffer us just here to boom real estate, although it would be an easy and a welcome task. We sing of men, the builders of states, "lamps lighted by New England on the prairie." The "wise men," of whom we read in the Inspired Volume came "from the East," but it will be observed that they had the discernment to go West, and many have gained reputation as wise men from that day to this by following the star and setting their faces westward. Iowa is called "the Massachusetts of the West." It is central to everything. Its location helps it.

"It lies not East nor West,
But like a scroll unfurled
Where the hand of God hath hung it
Down the middle of the world."

Some have taught that Plymouth Rock lies at one point and crops out on Plymouth Bay. But it is the Congregational backbone of the continent. When laying the foundations of things in Iowa they struck it. Keep thy place, O stone of the corner! Upon that nether stone let all our institutions rise. Some typical Yankees—Turner, Gaylord, Reed—very much enlarged by the scope of their work, where "wanted" was written all over everything, wrote back with importunity to the seminary at Andover, Mass., for twelve men to come at once to preach in the log schoolhouses and to help organize churches in the territory of Iowa. This came not as a command to go but as an invitation to come. That's different. It is like boys in the swimming hole in summer shouting to their hesitating comrades "Come in! the water's fine!" One of the "associates" of Dr. Salter Lane, from Leeds, Me., assistant librarian at the seminary, was the first to decide to go. The library then became a sort of rallying point. For fear of fire, as there was so much paper about, the use of lights was, by rule, forbidden in the library, and so the young men who were thinking of Iowa, met in the dark "up-stairs, first alcove to the left," where some chairs had been made ready for any who might come. Undistinguishable forms would quietly glide into position in this meeting and the new attendants could only be identified as they asked a question or led in audible prayer. In those primitive days, summer vacations being unknown, they graduated Sept. 5, 1843, the exercises being held in the South Church in Andover, which was filled in every part, singing words composed for the occasion suggestive of the prairie where hardly a fence had been built or a furrow turned, which was to be their field:

"Where through broad lands of green and gold
The Western rivers roll their waves,
Before another year is told,
We find our homes; perhaps, our graves."

Their purpose to go to Iowa, being publicly understood, on the evening of September 1, being thus even before

their graduation, they were invited into the home of Samuel Farrar, Esq., the old treasurer of the seminary and of Phillips Academy, who felt deeply the importance of planting early a college as well as churches in the new territory, not yet a state, and he created that occasion to impress upon them their duty in the matter, and as a reminder gave to each of them a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws of Phillips Academy, which, as is plainly obvious by comparison, became the model of their work soon after reaching Iowa. A sample copy of this model is old-fashioned and curious, but it had its function, which is always to be judged by what it does. Here is a lamp, not a candelabra, plainly lighted as you see, by New England, whose beams to-day ray out their light not only over Iowa, but over illimitable distances in countries even beyond the seas.

A train could be taken to Buffalo. That was the end of railway travel westward then, and spending their first Sabbath there, at an evening service, they were introduced and made brief addresses and were hailed and acclaimed as heroes. This place became to Turner, born in Great Barrington, Mass., what Padan Aram, the home of Rachel, the "beautiful," was to Jacob. On Sunday Turner and Salter, who were particular friends, were entertained at the home of the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church Rev. Asa T. Hopkins, and Cupid, getting busy with one of his darts, wounded Turner to that degree that having seen one, Miss Brush, a member of Mr. Hopkins's household, a lady of bright spirit and of winning ways, from that face he could never look away. "Whither thou goest I will go, where thou lodgest I will lodge, where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. The Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me." As Oliver Wendell Holmes would say, basing his figure upon the well-worn paths of Boston Common, they took

the long walk together, and went hand in hand for fifty years, lacking but eleven days. The boat was taken for Chicago, and as another Sunday drew on apace, it happened that an opportunity was given to go ashore, and keep the sacred day after the best traditions of New England. But with a new-found western spirit they decided to go on, and upon that "day of all the week the best" received a terrific rocking, which made them in their distress wish that they had been true to their New England consciences, no matter how morbid. Chicago was a low, marshy, malarial, uninviting place, which did not have for five years any such thing as a Congregational church, such as they were going to found, and they had formed more than a score of them in Iowa before Chicago had one. Across the boundless and then almost uninhabited prairie between Chicago and the Mississippi River, they make their way in a canvas-covered prairie schooner, which to them looked like a small sailing vessel in the offing. Rough boards were placed across the wagon box for seats. The driver was returning to his home, having marketed his wheat. Three weeks were required for a laborious journey that is now luxuriously done in thirty-six hours. Reaching the great river, which with its tributaries would extend three times around the world, the ferry boat had stopped running as the night had come on, and so two of them, Turner and Salter, whose friendship was like that of David and Jonathan, abide with the stuff on this side of the Father of Waters, while the others go over in a frail skiff, which was loaded to the water's edge. That unpretentious boat was the Mayflower in the Pilgrim history of a territory, which by the maps of those days extended northward to the British possessions. It carried a bigger tonnage and was fraught with higher destinies than any other vessel that had touched the thither shore of the King of Rivers. The living freight brought to a wilderness "laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God."

"Not as the conquerer comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame."

Their first surprise at Burlington, Ia., the largest place in the territory, and not large at that, is at the abundance of everything. Robbins told me that he thought that there were two bushels of eggs on and about the hotel table, their price being two and one-half and three cents a bushel, without a customer. He said they were handled and served like clams at a Rhode Island clambake. Their ordination came off at Denmark, Ia., where the first sermon by a Congregationalist had been preached by Asa Turner, that David Livingston among home missionaries on the sunset side of the Mississippi, and teams had been sent by him to Burlington to fetch them. The exercises were held in a rough schoolhouse — meeting-house, — a panel from the front door of which had been kicked out. This place became a shrine for pilgrim feet. The men ordained there looked back to it as did Pilgrim to the House Beautiful. It had been built with great effort by the colonists. It was twenty-five feet wide and twenty-four feet long. Subsequently sixteen feet were added to its length. It was covered with split oak boards, four feet long, smoothed with a drawing knife; the floor was loose, the walls unplastered, the whole unpainted. The pulpit was made of two cottonwood boards in front, and one on each side, all perpendicular, with one black walnut board nailed across the top; the whole complete could not have cost a dollar. This gives a lime-light picture of the cradle of Congregationalism in Iowa. The Denmark church represented all the states in New England except Rhode Island, which state was represented in the congregation. A man with noticeably inferior gifts attempted the so-called Charge to the Pastor, and the wit of the group, Alden, afterward remarked that it was grotesque to be asked to receive a charge from a man who obviously had never

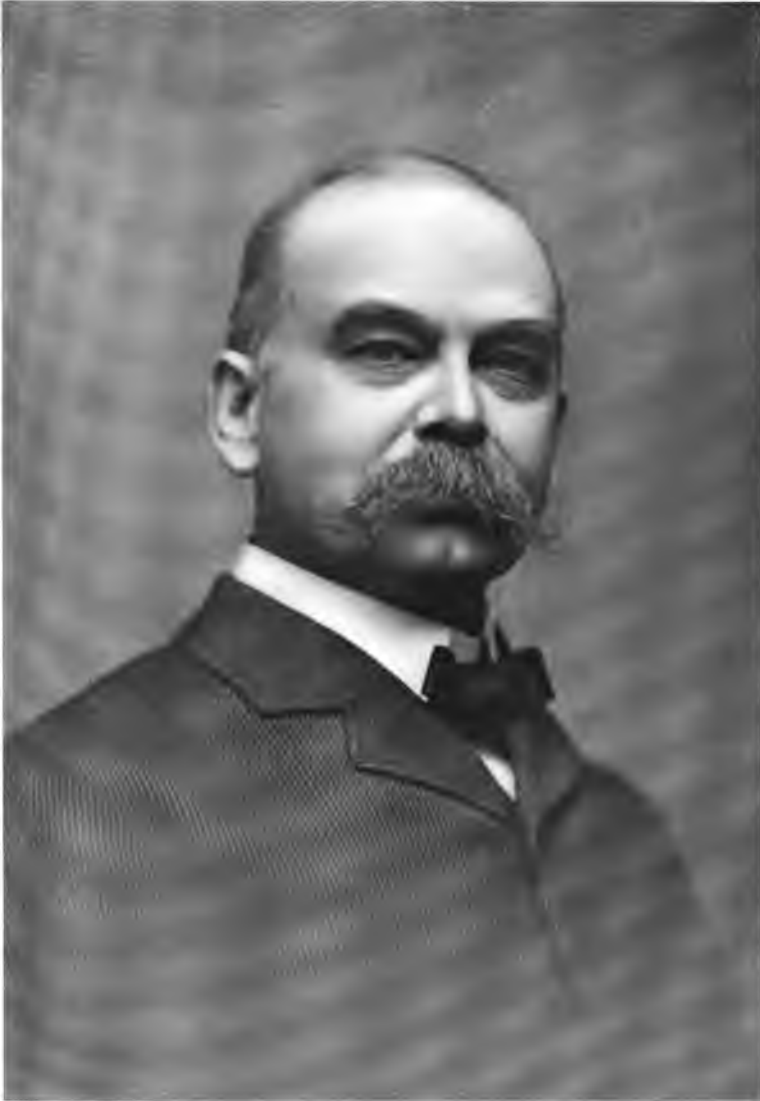
been very heavily charged himself. Five days after the ordination Spaulding, from Billerica, Mass., reached his field, Nov. 10, 1843.

"The frail dwellings, beaten trails, and newly-made graves of the Indians still remained, and they were often seen passing and repassing, carrying away corn which had been raised on their fields, as if unwilling to leave the land which had so long been their home. On Sept. 15, 1844, a church is organized and a communion is held in the Old Council House, a building erected for their special purpose of accommodating the Indians, when assembled in the negotiations with the authorities of the United States, and where less than two years before savages were sitting and lying upon the floor, smoking their pipes and singing their songs. On the very ground where the Capitol of Iowa now stands he preached with Indians about. At my father's table bear meat was served, his location being farthest north of any of the Iowa Band, and there was no settled minister between him and that elusive spot in the frozen zone, where the lines of longitude cross, the search for which has made a number of men famous. On Feb. 3, 1845, Spaulding, "the salt" of Iowa, formed a church at Eddyville, holding his first service in an Indian wickiup. The next year, Feb. 15, 1846, he formed a church at Ottumwa, Ia. On reaching this place there were fourteen buildings, all of logs but two. In the vivid panorama of the past his labors seem like the elements and movements of a wondrous dream. In this new field he could make no complaint, like many in the "effete" East, of being hampered and hindered with outworn traditions and antecedents. But his originality and formulative genius could be given full play as everything had to be created from the ground up. Pella, Ia., at that time consisted of a log house on one side of the road and a log stable on the other. The site of Oskaloosa was marked only by a pole with a rag on it. Like Samson, the members of the Iowa Band are to find

sweetness in the most unlikely places. In his style of living a minister cannot very far exceed the members of his congregation, for a leader must keep within sight of his followers. It was the log house and the log schoolhouse period in Iowa. As there was no chimney, Robbins removed a pane of glass from the sash and projected the stovepipe from his study through the window. Alden's "library" was a cheap, thin, "lean-to," clumsily attached to a store. His preaching place was in a room over the jail, and on the wind-swept prairie so open to the weather were the walls of Dr. Salter's study that he hung up bedquilts to keep out the cold.

He accompanied my father to his appointed field, and all went well until they came to a river, when they were forced to take the buggy to pieces and transport it, and swim the horse. When "braving the angry flood in a canoe," one of the members of the Iowa Band, in view of the perishing need, took upon himself the task of bailing out the boat with his hat; and when the young men, barely escaping, had landed, he philosophically remarked, "What a sensation it would have made in the East, if we had all gone down!" Thus they had, it seems, the pleasant consciousness — and it strengthened their hearts — that the eyes of the land were upon them. Salter preached his first sermon in Iowa from the desk where sentence of death had been pronounced in the first judicial trial for murder in the territory, in a case that grew out of a dispute about land. When the prisoner was brought in, being in chains, he cried out in his anguish, "O, what would I give to restore to life the man I killed!" and "many a manly cheek was wet with tears." Sermon over, a lay brother, a Justice of the Peace, greeted him, saying that he welcomed all preachers, "no matter what their *tenements* are." When the population was sparse in Massachusetts and the people were poor, and when they had not more than twenty-five beginnings of towns

in Massachusetts, and only from twenty to thirty houses in Boston, our fathers in New England said they "could not subsist without a college." Tyler says, in his *History of American Literature* that only six years after John Winthrop arrived in Salem Harbor, the people of Massachusetts, while yet the tree stumps were scarcely weather-brown in their harvest fields, made arrangements by which their young men could at once enter upon the study of Aristotle and Thucydides, of Horace and Tacitus, and the Hebrew Bible. Their "youth were not put to travel for learning, but had the muses at their doors." This was the "Iowa idea" from the beginning. Thus influences were set in motion by these pioneers that will vibrate till the last syllable of recorded time. In their vision of the radiant future, the church and the college must rise together, as did the temple on Mount Moriah, over against the palace of the king on Mount Zion in Jerusalem. In 1844 Turner, born at Templeton, one of the rocky, hilly towns of Massachusetts, twenty-six miles from Worcester, was sent East to raise \$30,000 to be invested in land for the endowment of a college. This project originated with a Connecticut Yankee, Julius A. Reed, born at East Windsor Hill, who was the Mr. Worldy Wiseman in the *Progress of those Pilgrims* who had come to Iowa. He had an inherent sagacity which could read opportunities that were a sealed book to others. It was not foresight. There is no such thing. It was insight, for all so-called foresight is insight. He was wise unto that which was good. He was apt to regard poverty as half a crime, at least. Without detracting from his usefulness as Home Missionary Superintendent, it brought him to affluence, and the ownership of a bank, which gave him dignified employment in his declining years. The land he proposed to pre-empt for the endowment of the college was the present of the city of Independence, Ia., a county seat, having a water power and the finest



REV. JAMES N. HILL, D.D.

timber in the state. At Boston, however, the whole scheme was mercilessly put out of the running for the reason that ministers were generally not good business men and the project savored a little of speculation. The on-looker to-day observes the momentum of Iowa College. It comes from the fact that it takes its rise on high ground, where the members of the Iowa Band, like Joan of Arc, heard the

future calling to them, "Up, out, and away." When the land south of the Caribbean Sea was believed to be surrounded by water the Orinoco River was sighted, but the discoverer exclaimed, "Such a river can never get its rise in an island." As with the Panama Canal, long before digging commenced, history had been piled up in chunks. So in a Genesis of the college at Grinnell, Ia., we find it



FIRST BUILDING OF IOWA COLLEGE, DAVENPORT

produced by the confluence of two streams, which we can trace as men, follow the monarch of all streams to Lake Itasca and the Hudson to the Adirondacks. The rill which we have threaded to its source had its rise among the hills of Massachusetts, and the other is traceable to a conversation between Turner and Reed, whose birthplaces in New England we have just pointed out. It needed no miraculous gift of prophecy to forecast an important college, for in any missionary enterprise education is one of those things that accompany salvation. In one of the earliest meetings, when discussion had proceeded far enough and the time had come for action, Hill, from Phippsburg, Me., advanced to the table and laid down a silver dollar, and asked to have a committee appointed to take care of it; and this committee became substantially the board of trustees for the college at Grinnell. A fountain was opened, where all future generations may drink. Ripley, from Coventry, Conn., the best classical scholar in the Iowa Band, and Lane, a born teacher, were the first professors. Their ideas are soon carried hither

and thither, as the winds scatter the seeds of the plants. It was soon found that the man who gave the first dollar had reached the good fortune of the one insect in a swarm, which a drop of amber has embalmed unexpectedly. Dr. Gunsaulus once said that it was "accepted of all students that the people of Iowa combined more of the qualities of good citizenship than the people of any other state in the Union." Senator Cummins says this was "due to Dr. Salter and his associates in the pioneer period of the state. Somebody gave us this impulse that still keeps us true to the doctrines of good life, good morals, and good government." In Salter's Sunday-school was a boy, John M. Corse, who came in Sherman's March to the Sea to command a division of the Fifteenth Corps. With 1,054 men he was ordered to hold Altoona, where 2,700,000 rations were stored. To retain these for the Union Army was a question of life or death. Being closely surrounded by an entire division of the Confederate Army, under General French, a message was sent by him to Dr. Salter's Sunday School scholar, demanding a surrender to "save a



FIRST CHURCH AT GERNAVILLO, COST \$400, OF WHICH HILL GAVE \$100

needless effusion of blood," and was allowed five minutes for deliberation. To which the Sunday School scholar replied that he was ready for the "needless effusion of blood" whenever it was agreeable to General French, and the assault began. From the top of Kenesaw Mountain General Sherman signalled: "Hold fast. We are coming." Again the signalling came: "Tell Altoona hold on. General Sherman says he is working hard for you." But when he learned by the sun-telegraph that Corse was in command, he said, "I know he will hold out for I know the man." Then came a message from Salter's Sunday School scholar, "I am short a cheekbone, and an ear, but am able to whip all h——l yet. My losses are very heavy. Tell me where Sherman is." General Corse won the admiration of the world. He had the grit to "hold the fort," and this gave P. P. Bliss the song and fame that went round the world.

A barefooted boy in Dr. Salter's Sunday School in 1851 was Sammy Byers, who wrote the great war song, which gave even the name to the campaign, "Sherman's March to the Sea." At the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Dr. Salter's pastorate Consul Byers, who wrote the

pearl of all books of travel, "Switzerland and the Swiss," boasted that he still owned a Testament which was given him in Dr. Salter's Sunday School for committing Bible verses to memory. The patriotism of Iowa has in it more of nationality than is usual, for she has steadily refused to have a state flag, being content to be one star in the one flag of the Union. But she has what is usually called the state song, which has been adopted by two hundred colleges and schools, and which has been so much sung by her young people that it has, with certain other influences, greatly inflamed state pride, until to-day Iowa has more of this feeling than any other commonwealth under our flag, except two.

"You ask what land I love the best,
Iowa, 'tis Iowa.
The fairest state of all the West,
Iowa, O! Iowa.
From yonder Mississippi's stream,
To where Missouri's waters gleam,
O! fair it is as poet's dream,
Iowa, in Iowa.

"See yonder fields of tasseled corn,
Iowa, in Iowa.
Where plenty fills her golden horn,
Iowa, in Iowa.
See how her wondrous prairies shine
To yonder sunset's purpling line,
O! happy land, O! land of mine,
Iowa, O! Iowa.

"Go read the story of thy past,
 Iowa, O! Iowa.
 What glorious deeds, what fame thou hast!
 Iowa, O! Iowa.
 So long as time's great cycle runs,
 Or nations weep their fallen ones,
 Thou'lt not forget thy patriot sons,
 Iowa, O! Iowa."

With the arrival of the Immortal Eleven, quality considered, Iowa came at once into the first rank; every kind of seed sowing was rewarded with the most prodigal bounty. To simply turn the soil with a plow was to convert it into a garden. No equal area, certainly in the United States, and perhaps in the world, has been developed with such great rapidity. Here is a map of Iowa locating only the school-houses, and the state is studded with them as the sky is with stars. Iowa has two hundred straight roads, each three hundred miles long, running east and west, crossed by three hundred straight roads, each two hundred miles long, running north and south. At every second crossroad there is a schoolhouse, so no home in the state is more than two miles from a school. And a literal myriad of schoolma'ams with linen aprons on go down the highways of Iowa each morning, causing the state in the lifetime of members of the Iowa Band to have the least illiteracy of any in the Union, and she is surpassed to-day by but one state, which exceeds her only by three-one-hundredths of one per cent. These men saw Iowa employing more teachers than any state in the Union not proportionally, but counting them one by one, with the single exception of the state of New York, and that alone on account of her great city. Iowa came to have in their day more banks than any other state in the Union. She was the banner state in the Civil War, furnishing more than her quota of troops. And when one soldier, enlisting for three years, was accounted the equivalent of three men for one year, all thought of a draft was at once retracted. She came to have more Congregational churches than any other state except five, and in the race Illinois has the aid of a great and

rich city, while Iowa, beautiful land, is only the garden state of the world. When Dr. Alexander Francis was in America to study local conditions, he hired a carriage at Marshalltown, Ia., and visited the homes of twelve farmers, to find that the wives of five of them are college graduates. That's Iowa! Thank you! What's the matter with Iowa! There is a notable example of ideal farm life. Social clubs and literary societies are organized and no finer life can be lived than the kind which the gentle influence of these fine women has brought over the community. The state ranks fifth in the percentage of her population attending Sunday School. It was found that in 1863 but a small fraction, less than one-fifth of the entire membership of the Congregational Churches in Iowa, was in the army. Illinois only had one-eighth, Minnesota one-ninth, whereas in Iowa one church had two-thirds of her male members in the army, seven churches had one-half, sixteen churches had one-third, twenty churches had one-fourth, and the college founded by these men did not retain a single male student that was old enough to render military service. Some of my readers will remember the enterprise of Ex-Governor Slade, of Vermont, some years since, in sending female teachers to the West. Hundreds and hundreds of young women of culture from the best Christian families of New York and New England were sent out. But Slade's girls, as they were called, could not resist the blandishments of the young doctors and lawyers, who had heeded Greeley's words and gone West to grow up with the country. They would get married. They begun by teaching other people's children and ended by teaching their own. Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa (the state in which I was born — the son of a Yankee teacher in Iowa) were especially benefited by this immigration of teachers who became wives.

Rev. Dr. Ide used to tell with gusto a story of the Civil War. He had a relative on General McPherson's staff.

As the army of Tennessee was fighting its way from Chattanooga to Atlanta on a certain day, McPherson was very hard pressed. The fighting was unusually severe. His line wavered at times, but on the extreme right he noticed the extraordinary fighting qualities of a regiment that never wavered, but held its position with indomitable pluck, until it was reinforced and thus saved the day. At night this relative of Dr. Ide's was sent over to that "iron sides" regiment with the general's thanks and to inquire who they were. He found it was an Iowa regiment, all young men and but a short time in the service, and afterwards, in addressing Rev. Dr. Ide, said, "They were most of them Slade's girls' boys." But it came to pass that when these same sons of Slade's girls were themselves about to be married, their shrewd Yankee mothers observed what is admitted to be a fact, that the young men of the West sometimes marry below themselves in the social scale, while the young of the East sometimes marry above themselves in the social scale, and they, like Rebecca mentioned in Scripture, were troubled and said that they were weary of their lives because of the daughters of the land, and so at the solicitation of the mothers—the fathers, like Isaac—charged their sons not to marry of the daughters of the land, but to arise and go, like Jacob, and make a visit among their mother's relatives in the East, and become a visitor of the house of their mother's brother, who, like Laban, had remained in the East, and to take to themselves a wife from thence! If I wished to do so I could tell particularly of grownup western sons of Yankee school-teachers who blessed the day that they visited among the fresh-faced daughters of the East before their social destiny was fixed for better—not for worse. I remember, in one instance, that one of these teachers married an Englishman, and the mind of their only son had been inflamed by stories about the Revolutionary war—the scene of

them being at Lexington, her native town. And what was the surprise of the honest English father, next morning at table, when his little son, having climbed into his chair, ground his tender teeth and brandished his tiny fist, saying, "Ah, we licked yer and we can do it again." Somehow it happens that the very spirit of heroism, the characteristic principles, even the faith of the presiding genius of the house, becomes the informing genius of the entire household.

Widow Slack illustrates Iowa's spirit. Changes of population and unforeseen reverses visited the settlement at Grant, Ia., until at length, a council of churches was called and the proposition made as the general opinion ran that way, that the church should be disbanded, but Widow Slack took a noble stand alone and refused to be disbanded. Soon there were twelve new members to join a church and it was proposed to effect an organization and to this end a Council of Churches was called. But there was the old church, with a membership of one, Widow Slack, and so, in due form, the twelve made application to join. She received them, and they consented together to walk in the ways of the Lord.

The renowned "big stick" of Iowa, the silver-headed ebony cane, first given by an admirer, Dr. James Taylor, of Ottumwa, in 1864, to Rev. B. A. Spaulding, as an expression of esteem, has been tearfully passed along to the eldest survivor, being received usually in person at the bier of the last possessor, though one member of the band carried the trophy for more than twenty-three years, until its long journeyings are done and the memento has entered upon its enshrinement in that alcove of Grinnell College, devoted to the memorabilia and insignia of the Iowa Band that rendered in Iowa something in excess of over five hundred years of service. And for twenty years one of them at least never received a penny in excess of his salary of \$400. Their work in giving just the right initiative

at just the right time in just the right place is probably without an equal in its outcome in the entire history of mankind. A Study of the World's Annals will justify this position. In the history of the human race there is no parallel to the growth of the United States during the life of these men, who came to see Iowa, a state without a dollar of indebtedness, building more miles of railroad in a year than any in the land, and having within her limits more miles of track than any state in the land except one. When they entered upon their sacred studies, Great Britain possessed five times the wealth of this country, and before they all died, we were six billions ahead of the United Kingdom. It looked as if the God of Nations, to an astonished age, designed to show to the world what He in the lifetime of these men would do. The state proved to be so opulent in natural gifts that its fame has gone out to all the world. These men had a rallying cry. There is great power in a banner with a device. The world stands aside to look at men who seem to know where they are going. The other great religious movements in history have had a slogan. It lifts. It concentrates. It enlists. Times are always dull when there is no watchword, no show of colors, no raising of a standard, no unfurling of ensign or symbol. These men all had a 'scutcheon. This was the insignia, "Each to found a church, all a college." In the name of their God they set up their banner. They connected their work in the community, in education and in the state with their churches. They magnified their office and the people took them in their work at their own estimate of it. "Voted, That in case the governor declines to recommend a day of public thanksgiving that we recommend to our churches to observe the last Thursday in December (not November) as such." Here is the logic of holy action, determined effort, invincible courage, all combining to produce a conviction of sincerity, earnestness, and of vigor-

ous, all-conquering principle. Here are your state builders. They are determined. "In case the governor declines." You see it has been put up to him by them. These things were all talked over in their state associations and they acted together, and acted as a religious force. Such a power is mightily effective. "The blessing came." It spread into surrounding western states, where it had been unknown. It abides, and the churches did it, and it redounds to them, and is part of their antecedents. Progress presupposes a starting point. The dead past lacks much of being buried. A great deal of it is still above the ground. The usefulness and value of these men were enhanced by the very diversity of their gifts, and the oppositeness of their temperaments. Together they were like an orchestra, where each performer has his own instrument and plays from an individual score, but, together with the others, produces perfect harmony. It is the best and truest example of a united brotherhood that is to be found in any Christian or civilized land. In the peerless state between the great rivers, women as pioneers found themselves, and we read "The wives also of the ministers, anxious to share in the enterprise of founding the college, resolved to raise \$100 out of their own resources, and \$70 were subscribed by fourteen who were present." One of them, the wife of Hill, dying at twenty-eight, exclaimed, "Somebody must be built into these foundations." In intellect, social power, appreciation of opportunity, in acceptance and favor with the people, they were in no wise inferior to the royal men whose work has had such wide acclaim. They possessed the rare quality of winningness. After religion they supplied that of which a new field stands in perishing need, tact. With great effect these heaven-sent women, controlled by certain beliefs and motives, exhibited in Iowa heroism, the Puritan spirit, and the ideals of the Pilgrims. Like the men, they too were lamps lighted by New

England and they diffused their beams over vast stretches of prairie which was still well-nigh unruffled by human device. Their reputations are co-ordinate. That work in Iowa went forward home foremost. The home was the unit. It was the force. The home did it. It supplied just the power and the influence and the example and the spirit that the community needed. The people rise and stand on mention in public of the name of Marcus Whitman, but examine the work wrought, and you find the fine hand of Narcissa Prentice, daughter of a judge, joining the church when eleven, and from her early years expressing the desire to be a missionary. I have repeatedly visited the scenes made famous by Riggs, the apostle to the Indians. His own happy phrase, "Mary and I," gives the right order and suggests a truth. The instincts of these high-minded women co-operating with the men toward whom honor has been carried well nigh up to canonization, taught them the use of another force which one needs to have observed in its operation, or to have felt in its results to appreciate its effectiveness, and that is the power of Christian

hospitality. This was employed in the fulness of its power. Many people in the West felt themselves to be exiles from reasons of fortune, in quest of health, or in a spirit of adventure, they were making a new start in a new country. From distant parts of the Union, even from different quarters of the globe, having diversified habits, accustomed to unlike methods of conducting public worship, these people are to be assimilated. The home is the alembic. Until I saw its explanation in western fields, I never dreamed of the reason that the new Testament so strongly insists upon Christian hospitality. As a force in the West, its value is beyond computation. The primitive abodes of these families, as I sit here, I can still distinctly see. In one of them I was born.

"I look behind, I look behind,
'Tis beauty past that charms my mind;
And in the silence I can hear
Soft strains that cannot reach your ear.

"I look behind, I look behind,
And clasp what you have ne'er divined
Yea, in the twilight rise for me,
Dear forms that your eyes cannot see."



THE UNCOMMERCIAL CLUB

By FREDERICK W. BURROWS

ARRANGEMENTS are rapidly completing for placing the Bela Pratt bronzes before the entrance of the Boston Public Library. These simple, dignified, and beautifully modeled figures solve a vexed problem in a satisfactory way. They make an addition to the public wealth not easily estimated. The commercial value of genius has no rating, and yet it is the most durable of all values. The interest paid on the original investment is to be reckoned by hundreds per centum annually. How many hundreds of millions of dollars have Dante, Michael Angelo, and Raphael contributed to the wealth of Italy? Corot did not earn a living by his wonderful landscapes, although a most frugal and industrious man, but how many millions of dollars has France made by the sale of these paintings since his death? The state could have afforded to pension him at \$50,000 a year as a business proposition. Although our American poet, Longfellow, falls short of consummate genius, I doubt if another individual has contributed a like amount in cold cash to the wealth of Boston. The more the city expends on works of genius, the greater its wealth. Phidias lived between two and three thousand years ago; his work is the principal source of revenue to the city of Athens to-day.

The purchase of the Bela Pratt bronzes is a profitable investment. That is a peculiar way to look at it? No, because there is so large a proportion of the population who look upon every such thing as a bit of vain-glorious extravagance.

Boston should have a liberal representation of Mr. Pratt's work where it will be accessible to the public. His fine statue of Edward Everett

Hale, we are assuming will be placed, in Boston. But this is not enough. A sculptor of Mr. Pratt's ability does not appear as a matter of course with every generation. There should be enough of his work publicly owned and exhibited in Boston to serve as a distinct attraction. Ordinary business sense should dictate such a policy.

Not having been produced in the middle ages or in ancient Egypt or Greece, no special interest appears to be aroused by the mere casting of these heroic bronzes. It is taken as a matter of course that this should be efficiently done. And it will be. The work of casting has been carried out at the great Gorham plant in Providence, and it should be a matter of pride to every New Englander that a craft requiring such skill, artistic perception, and scientific knowledge as the casting of large bronze work can be done in one of our own establishments with a delicacy that preserves all the fineness of the artist's original, and with a beauty of color and surface that adds the additional charm that belongs peculiarly to bronze as bronze. In the successful completion of such a work, the bronze-founder is a co-contributor with the artist. The Uncommercial Club does not believe that high ideals and business success are incompatible. The Gorham Works afford an instance in point.

All this is equally applicable to the work of a number of our Boston painters, not a few of whom are giving sale exhibitions this spring. About the only medium through which paintings can be made public is the Art Museum, and it is not to be supposed that that institution can purchase *ad libitum*, although a liberal representation of the best local work should



MR. MAX FIEDLER, Conductor
WHO IS LEAVING BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. MR. FIEDLER'S PAINSTAKING WORK HAS
HELD THE ORCHESTRA TO ITS BEST TRADITIONS



SCENE FROM "JIMMY VALENTINE" AT THE PLYMOUTH THEATER

always be maintained there. There should be other habitual purchases representing the public. The state and the city are occasionally moved to acquire some more or less meritorious historical or allegorical painting, types of work that rarely represent the best. Do not our branch public libraries afford an opportunity to place before the people worthy works of art?

I do not refer to pretentious mural paintings, but to representative canvasses of our best painters. Would not an Enneking landscape strengthen the cultural influence of any reading-room in which it might be hung? Public schools are another suitable repository for works of art, and nowhere could they be displayed more democratically. There is no sufficient reason for confining schoolhouse art to casts from the antique.

The church can no longer be looked upon as a patron of art, but we believe that the divorce between these two cannot be permanent. Particularly

should the Catholic church in America awake to its opportunity in this respect. Here in Boston, for example, if the brilliant and talented prelate recently honored with the Cardinalate should influence the Catholic churches of this district to become liberal patrons of modern art, the direction given to the efforts of our painters would be as salutary as the enrichment of the church.

As to private purchases, it only need be said that they are stimulated and directed by public patronage.

Miss Mercy, of Chicago, is awarded \$2,500 damage in her suit against the dean of the women's department of Chicago University. It is to be hoped that the case has been carefully followed by the teaching profession in general, upon whom the award may have a salutary effect. Or are these exalted personages wholly beyond the reach of public opinion? If so, ways should be found of bringing them down to the street level. There are alto-

gether too many instances of pedagogical tyranny. To override personal rights, traduce character, and blight high hopes and endeavors is an offence of the gravest character, and it is an offence that is more frequently committed in the name of education than in any other walk of life. Women's colleges and women educators are the worst offenders, but they do not hold a monopoly of pedagogical bigotry. Teachers should learn that they have no authority save that which is founded in reason and justice, and it requires no acts of tyranny and wrong to "uphold" these. Authority that can only be upheld by injustice is false at core. Neither should these persons gain too exalted an idea of the infallibility of themselves or the institutions which they represent. The latter have no divine rights. The true interests of no institution call for the sacrifice of an individual student but that such sacrifices are made constantly in all our schools is a fact that those who know them best must admit. Under the name of "upholding discipline" or "supporting a teacher's authority" or merely because some teacher cherishes a grudge against a particular student, wrongs are committed as cowardly and base as any thing ever charged against the Spanish inquisition. Public opinion, aided by the splendid fiction of Charles Dickens,

has wrested from the teacher's hand the cruel rod—never voluntarily relinquished—for the exquisite delights of which the fingers of no small percentage of the profession still itch.

But public opinion must go farther. Not merely one bold manifestation of this tradition of tyranny should be cropped, the axe should be laid at the root of the tree.

In our public schools the teachers "boss" the children, the masters "boss" the teachers, and the school board "bosses" the masters. The rules and restrictions placed upon the teachers of the Boston public schools by the Boston School Board would not be tolerated by the employees of any commercial establishment, and would endanger the peace of a ship of war. One expects more or less of such crudity in public schools, but when the same disposition dares to lift its ugly head in our higher institutions of learning, indignation is limited by no qualifying conditions. The institution and its endowment are not nearly so sacred a trust as the young persons who are submitted to its discipline, which is supposed to be broad and just, gentle and self-sacrificing. When such a life is blighted and darkened by the bigotry of a false discipline the wickedness committed has all the qualities of the most brutal murder plus cowardice.



"SCIENCE" AFTER BELA PRATT'S DESIGN FOR THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



"ART," AFTER BELA PRATT'S DESIGN FOR THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

We congratulate Miss Mercy on the vindication of her character and the successful assertion of her rights against the overwhelming prejudice that the influence and prestige of a great institution would, by the mere fact of its opposition, arouse against her.

The splendid gift of Mr. Francis Bartlett to the Boston Art Museum, whereby that institution is to receive the annual income of property yielding over \$50,000 a year, adds materially to the purchasing power of the museum. The public benefit is inestimable. The wise expenditure of this princely sum will enrich Boston to an extent that cannot be computed. It is to be hoped that the authorities of the museum, in making their purchases, will not ignore the work of living men, not at all for the sake of "patronizing home industry," an idea which has no proper place in such a connection, but because of the intrinsic merit of much that is being done. Mr. Bartlett's gift is one of those that will increase in importance and in public estimation with the years. Every purchase rightly made

from this fund will itself be an interest-bearing investment. Surely the "unearned increment" of Chicago real estate could not be put to a better use than this somewhat involuntary return for the New England enterprise and brains that has gone into the building of that ever-youthful metropolis.

Now for a season we are to have opera in English by the Aborn Company. It is a serious handicap under which this company labors in using every-day speech for the presentation of these lurid fantasies. A man may sing absurdities of puerile passion in choice Italian and "get away with it," but not even the glamour of the stage, the tropical atmosphere created by the music and the grandiloquent scenery, can take away the absurdity of these heated speeches done into downright English. The salvation of Opera-in-English companies lies in keeping close to the few greatest works where the deficiencies of the librettos are less glaring. Even then it is a good idea not to make the English too intelligible!

PRISON ECHOES

By JOSEPH MATTHEW SULLIVAN

CHARACTERS IN PRISON.

MEN in prison are no better and no worse than men in the outside world. The man on the outside does his stealing under legal protection; he gets legal advice in all his trickery and thereby escapes punishment. This is the way the "dress-suit burglar" protects himself, but the less fortunate and intelligent thief "rushes in where angels fear to tread" and gets landed in the "penitentiary." Look at the big, fat, lazy fellow in the line at meal-times; he actually gets fat in prison. This is because he is of low, mental calibre and takes things easily in prison and does not worry. The educated thief such as the bank defaulter, crooked book-keeper, and stock promoter take their imprisonment very much to heart; they have been used to the good things of life in eating and drinking, the bird and the bottle, broiled live lobsters, quail on toast, etc., the sudden change from this diet to a coarse and homely one of cereals and boot-leg coffee is without doubt "a cruel and unusual punishment." This man never settles down to the dull monotony of prison life; every day is a year to him, and the suspense while he is waiting for influential friends on the outside to get him a "parole" or pardon is something terrible. But the old time jail bird takes prison life like a philosopher; he knows the shallowness of human friendship; his poverty taught him that friends are fleeting like the snow and the sunshine; and he sleeps and works in the prison shops knowing that the morrow will bring him nothing because grim poverty follows the prisoner worse than the poor man on the outside. The rich thief can never understand that in prison he is no bet-

ter than any other thief; that all under sentence are equal and are supposed to be treated alike, but he soon finds out that if he has financial backing and influential outside friends he can get innumerable small favors which will make his stay in prison all the more easy to endure.

Every prison has its "trusty" convict who carries tales from the convicts to the prison officers; in return for this work the "trusty" gets a few small favors which are not granted to the other convicts.

THE RAT THIEF.

This type of character is a common product of the wrecks upon humanity's shores. He is like the "sunshine friend," the man who is always with the winner, and like the rats deserting a sinking ship, he leaves you the moment you begin "to go back." He is a victim of the "thieves' boycott," it is hell for him in the outside world, and "purgatory" for him when in prison serving a sentence. On account of his mean tricks "squealing on fall money," neglecting to pay honest bills, discharging himself from a mob when a "fall" is imminent in order to avoid paying his share of fall money, he is shunned and avoided by all the criminal classes. He is a "stool-pigeon" whenever it suits his own personal interests, and it is through such types of crooks that the police obtain all their information concerning recent crimes and other matters of public interest. It is hard for him "to fill in" and work with a "good mob" because honor and principle is essential to success in the criminal sphere as well as in mercantile life. Thieves demand that each member of the mob shall be "square with each other" in financial dealings; this explains why mobs are constantly changing and disputes and quarrels are

frequent among them. They admire the crook who is honest and faithful in his crookedness, that is, the man who will "stay bought." They will be honest when it suits their interests; it amuses one to hear them speak of "double-crossing lawyers" and you will never hear from their lips how many lawyers they have cheated out of their "hard-earned fees." A lawyer gets all the worst of it in working for them; professional thieves who follow thieving for a livelihood get but little sympathy from the courts; in fact the courts are bitterly prejudiced against them, and it is almost a colossal task to obtain for them a light sentence. A thief always speaks disparagingly of the lawyer that he owes money to, and just as they are always looking for new "suckers" to rob the legal profession are not safe from their depredations; the "rat" thieves have a faculty of paying a lawyer for one case and getting him to try five cases for the one fee.

THE WAVES OF CRIME.

There is not near as much crime in the United States as a good many citizens imagine; the newspapers keep a "stick of type" always on hand which reads as follows, "Pickpockets busy in the subway," "losses from thieves and flatworkers," and they use

it when they are hard up for "news" because it sells their newspapers, and the average reader of a daily newspaper likes that kind of "stuff." The result of the publishing this kind of news is seen in the waking up of the police; they become active and make a "round up" of all the old and broken down thieves who are in town and happen to be at liberty. These unfortunates if they cannot satisfactorily account for their means of livelihood are rigorously prosecuted under the vagrancy and idle and disorderly laws; they are sent to prison simply and solely on account of their poverty, and the police in this manner "square" themselves with the tax-payers. The "straight" citizen does not know anything about this "mode" of procedure; he swallows the news, and thinks he has wronged the police in his hastily formed opinion of their efficiency. "Round-ups" and "raids" of alleged crooks and unfortunates with past prison records who are unable to obtain work do not make any impression on the "man about town" who is wise; he knows that when any friends of his "fall into the hands" of the police all he has to do is to get a lawyer who is "in right," do a "little fixing," and the liberty of his friend is an assured fact.

NEW ENGLAND GOLF NOTES

By R. C. FARNSWORTH

SO many people are playing golf in New England at the present time that it seems fitting to add this department to the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE. While no attempt can be made to cover the sport in full, as there are over forty thousand golfers in the New England states, the purpose of this monthly chronicle will be to briefly summarize the game as it has been played in New England during the preceding month and to forecast the events of the current month. This in the hope that golfers and those interested in the sport may find such a synopsis of interest.

The first open championship of the season was won by a New England golfer, Tom McNamara, of Boston, having led the field at the United North and South tourney at Pinehurst on April 2. McNamara got a 69-75-144, his 69 being but one stroke over the record of the course, established last year in the same event.

Most of the golf clubs around Boston have arranged their fixtures for the month, so that everybody can get out on the links, if he doesn't mind the mud, and start his cup-hunting early.

The Newton Golf Club has arranged the following events:

- April 19. Selected 18 holes in 27.
April 20. Bogey handicap.
April 27. Best ball foursomes.

This year the Newton Golf Club will have an official handicapper for the first time, and it urges its members to enter all the events. Among the events already listed are: The Spring Championship, with two cups, A Ringer cup event on a handicap basis; bull's eye cups, offered for anyone making any hole in fewer strokes than it has ever been made; a goat tourney; and, on April 19, a special prize event for members over fifty years of age. In this last event it is said that birth certificates are required and that members who are over fifty but feel younger will be barred.

While the season is not advanced, there has been time for some remarkable play. It happened at Wollaston, where a threesome composed of S. B. Reed, President Hart, and another was playing around. Mr. Reed was playing the eighteenth green from the sixteenth tee, so the story goes, and had sliced his tee shot and his second shot so that he was playing his third from behind the line of trees which border the line of play to the tenth. After looking the situation over very carefully, he decided to pitch his ball over the trees and get to the green that way, but he did not pitch high enough so the ball stayed in the tree. After the ball had been in the tree for five minutes or more, and Mr. Reed had decided to play it from there, the wind helped out and dislodged the ball from the branches.

A similar occurrence with a different ending took place at the mid-season open amateur tourney at Maplewood last summer when a staid member of the Winchester Club sliced his tee shot at the eighteenth tee and had to crawl through a narrow window and play his second from the flat tarred roof of the hotel annex. He said he had a good lie, but didn't know how hard to play the shot, so he did the best he could and much to his surprise he only had a two-foot put to

make for his third, the hole and the match. This was in a semi-final, too.

The American Golf Association of Advertising Interests have formed plans for their annual summer tournament, which will be played at Bretton Woods, where it has been held for the past three years. Play will start on July 8, and be continued through the week. New England is well represented in the organization for 1912, R. R. Whitman, of Woodland, being President; W. L. Crocker, of Brae Burn, Secretary-Treasurer; and R. M. Purves, of Woodland, Chairman of the Tournament Committee.

The New England Advertising Golfers' Association has been organized with John Shepard, Jr., President; George Dutton, Vice-President; and R. M. Purves, Secretary-Treasurer. This organization of forty members will have monthly afternoon outings at the various clubs, having at each, some sort of competition, usually a medal play contest.

The Woodland Club will hold an open tournament on April 19, and handicap medal play on Saturday afternoons. The regular spring open championship at this club will be played on May 23, 24, 25.

At the Albemarle Club, in Newtonville, the list of events is larger than ever before. On April 19 there will be handicap medal play of 18 holes, with a prize for the best net. This may be played either in the morning or afternoon. On April 20 there will be a handicap vs. Bogey match play on April 27, with full difference in handicaps allowed and an eighteen-hole handicap vs. Bogey on May 4. Something is planned for every Saturday during the season, with a goat contest going on all the while.

The annual championship of the women golfers of the Boston district will be played on the Wollaston links during the week of May 20. This is the fourth time that this championship has been played on this course, the other championships having been played there in 1902, 1904, and 1910. The Boston Women's Golf Associa-

tion start their regular tournament season with an event at Wollaston on April 11, if the weather remains propitious.

Every year at about this time many golfers wonder why somebody doesn't do something toward getting the portion of Franklin Park which is set aside to some extent for golfers, providing the sheep are willing, into semi-playable condition. There are a great number of golfers who do not belong to any club, but who like to play the game. There are many more who are on the waiting list of some club or other, and there are still more golfers who belong to clubs, but who would like to play at Franklin Park also.

The course has never been in condition to play good golf. The greens are of the same sum and substance as the play-way, and worse still, one should never play anything but a tee-shot unless his life is well-insured, for if he starts toward playing his second shot, he may well imagine he is in a battle by the way the balls whistle around his head. The courtesy of allowing a second shot to be made before the players following have driven is unknown.

In Chicago there is a nine-hole course for the duffers at Jackson Park, and there is an eighteen hole course, which is good enough, so that Zueblin plays it regularly. The courtesy of the game is well enough known there, so that women may play the course in perfect safety, let alone the fact that the course is well kept up. The same is true of the course at Fairmont Park, in Philadelphia, and nearly everyone has knowledge of the Van Cortlandt course in New York. A public course well kept up and well conducted is in great demand anywhere, especially in Boston, where there are more golfers to the acre than anywhere else.

Four years ago a professional golfer, L. C. Servos, tried to make a golf course at Franklin Park, but he was bitterly opposed by those in power who wanted to plant trees there. As

a result, neither have we the trees or much of the golf course. And, as has been said, there are many golfers who would appreciate a golf course there, especially if it were a good golf course and well conducted.

The Massachusetts Tournaments for the month of May are as follows:

Wednesday to Saturday, May 1 to 4, Wollaston Golf Club, Montclair.

Thursday to Saturday, May 16 to 18, Country Club, Clyde Park, Brookline.

Saturday, May 18, Meadowbrook Golf Club, Reading.

Thursday to Saturday, May 23 to 25, Woodland Golf Club, Auburndale.

Friday and Saturday, May 31, June 1, Allston Golf Club, Allston.

The White Mountain Golf Courses, which are the mecca of so many golfers during the summer, will be in exceptionally good shape this year.

The Maplewood course has been considerably changed, the first tee being placed near the club house (or Casino, as it is usually called), and changes made on nearly every hole.

The Twin Mountain course, which is about the sportiest nine-hole course to be found anywhere with its six blind holes and every kind of a hazard except water, which isn't needed, is to have one or two needed changes in bunkers, while the Bretton Woods and Waumbek Courses will be practically unchanged.

While speaking of Bretton Woods, it is said that George Merritt, who has been the professional there for many seasons, will be found this year at Lake Champlain.

The Commonwealth Country Club has increased its membership from two hundred to two hundred and fifty, and is making changes in the course. The club is to own its entire links which, as newly planned, will be sportier than the old. On April 19 the Commonwealth Club will hold a handicap medal play for the Patriots' Day cap and on May 4 and 11 there will be handicap medal play, with cups for best gross and net scores.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE



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NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

MAY

1912

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Beautiful New England

STUDIES OF THE DISTINCTIVE FEATURE OF NEW ENGLAND LANDSCAPE

III. The Brook

THE New England brook is spring fed and its usual course is quite short, running from part way up some hillside across an interval or meadow, where it meanders in the most extraordinary fashion, until it joins a larger stream. Occasionally it leaps in lovely falls directly from its source to the basin that awaits it at the very foot of its own hill. Rarely idling in the sun in its short and swift course from source to finish; its waters are as clear and cool as they are musical. The bottom of soil or rock shows through its inconsequential depth, so that its prevailing colors are mossy browns and greens broken with the diamond-like sparkle of its ripples. It is the home of that idealized fish the speckled trout, and never was fish or fowl more suited to its habitat. Trout of a pound-weight may be taken from a brook that you can step across.

On the banks grows the cardinal flower. If it passes through thickly-wooded land, it is more treacherous, quickly undermining the thin surface soil and felling trees of considerable growth, but in return for the tangle and havoc thus created, contributing a wealth of fern and floral life. The brook enters into our landscape only as a detail, for its course is so hidden that it can scarcely be detected by the keenest eye at a little distance, save as a rift in the foliage on the hill or a strip of deeper green in the meadow tells of its presence.



Photograph by Harvey C. Brainerd

**A STONY BROOK
NORWAY, MAINE**

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Photograph by Harvey C. Brainerd

A MOUNTAIN FALL,
SOMERS, CONN.



THE GULF BROOK, SOMERS, CONN.

Photograph by Harvey C. Brainerd



THE SHUMATUSCOCANT RIVER. IM-
PORTANT IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF
ABINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS. SEE
PAGE 115.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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THE GENUINE PATRIOTISM

By FREDERICK HARCOURT

FOR some time past, there has been, in Providence, Rhode Island, an animated discussion, in the newspapers and by people in general, of an antiquated theme relative to the familiar, persistent, and shameful conditions of the street-life, in that city. This refers, naturally, to the narrow, congested portion of the chief commercial thoroughfare, Westminster Street, from Turk's Head to Cathedral Square, and to the ogling male loiterers and moral male degenerates, who congregate habitually therein, and whose main object and occupation in life appear to be a never-ending quest of feminine prey.

The impelling cause of the recrudescency of the subject, and of its agitation, was a discourse entitled, "The New Patriotism," by Doctor William MacDonald, the George Leander Littlefield Professor of American History, of Brown University. This address was delivered by Doctor MacDonald, Sunday afternoon, Feb. 11, 1912, before the Young Men's Christian Association, of Providence, at its headquarters, Number 519 Westminster Street, northeast corner of Jackson Street.

The directly effective portion of the lecture, and that which gave application to its subject, was the idea, that every man of force and intelligence has a combat to wage against the prevailing evils of his own community, fully as important and patriotic as

that which might engage him upon a literal field of battle. One of the most determined efforts in this social warfare should be directed, Doctor MacDonald contended, against the lawlessness and vulgarity that characterize especially the every-day life of our principal thoroughfares, and that find expression in the attitude of the male loungers toward the unprotected women, who pass to and fro in these public highways. This subject, although of ancient origin, in Providence, cannot be revived with too great frequency.

Let us ascend, at once, to a plane of thought one step higher than that voiced by Doctor MacDonald, and affirm, that it is far more glorious and patriotic for a man to struggle earnestly, by humane methods, to promote the moral betterment of his fellow-creatures, than to shed their blood, with deadly weapons, upon a veritable battle-ground. This is true, irrespective of the magnitude of the object attained, in sanguinary strife, in the name of love of country. The putting into practice of this principle is, indeed, a splendid exemplification of the genuine patriotism.

One of the most disgusting presentations of many cities in the United States, and particularly of Providence, Rhode Island, is the deportment and language of the ubiquitous street-oglers, which would tend to suggest that feminine modesty and dignity are unfamiliar

virtues to their perverted minds. These individuals addicted to loafism, whose ocular and oral offenses are tolerated in the streets of Providence, were denominated, by Doctor MacDonald, with insistent reiteration, as — "mashers." Proceeding from the mouth of one of the chief officers of instruction of Brown University, this term of modern slang, which came into common use in the year 1882, has been given a new impetus and lease of life, in Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. The expression has been head-lined by the press, welcomed in the home, appropriated by the youth, and deglutied by the student body of Brown University;— in fact, it has become, through frequent imitative use, a fixture in the vocabularies of one-half the inhabitants of the region of Narragansett Bay.

The object of this article is to discuss two salient features of Doctor MacDonald's discourse: the suggestions which arise from his use of the vulgarism, just cited, and his failure to offer a fundamental remedy for the effacement of the evil to which this coarse expression applies.

The most conspicuous of all the social ills, in the United States, and one that calls loudly for redress, is the crime against English speech. The United-Statesmen are notoriously the most lax of all the civilized peoples of the earth, in the use of their mother-tongue. It is a question to be solved, just what degree of respect most of our citizens feel for the English language; but the exact measure of regard which they demonstrate for it is self-evident: it is settled beyond the shadow of a doubt by their phonation, pronunciation, diction, and grammatical construction.

It is not an exaggeration to say, that the majority of the native inhabitants of the United States of America never takes the pains to produce correctly one single tone, or to pronounce correctly one single word, of the English language. Many of our people mispronounce habitually even their own

prenames, surnames, and the names of the localities which they inhabit, and are totally unconscious, in doing so, of their grave responsibility to others. It is the small minority only, that gives evidence, by phonal demonstration, of a knowledge of orthoëpy, and of a vital interest in the art of clear-cut, refined, and accurate enunciation. The lingual corruptions of speech, which distinguish our countrymen, prove, more conclusively than all else, how undeveloped is their sense of scrupulous exactitude, and how uncontrolled are the nice functions of their mental mechanism.

Articulate speech is one of God's most precious gifts to humanity, and, as such, should be cultivated to the utmost, and, above all, defended from violation. It is that divine faculty, the correct exercise of which, elevates mankind above the brute creation. Human speech should be regarded as sacred, and kept undefiled, for it belongs not only to ourselves, but likewise to posterity: it is a priceless heritage, held in trust for future generations. Whoever condones a linguistic malefactor, and looks with indifference upon his tendency of reversion to a lower type, as exhibited in the non-conservation of his mother-tongue, has little respect for the Deity, for his mother-country, or for himself.

Unanalytical and confiding people accept unhesitatingly the language of a public educator as a criterion of perfection and infallibility. If a teacher in any institution of learning is in the habit of employing publicly inelegant and crude expressions, it reacts in a most lamentable manner upon the body of students under his direction, as well as upon the entire community in which he pursues his high calling. The evil is communicated to all classes of society and inoculates the people with a noxious mental disorder. If one may not demand pure and immaculate English of the officers of instruction in our foremost colleges and universities, it is a problem of whom he may require it by just right,— unless it be of the pulpit, or perhaps of the

stage, which, alas, proves frequently disappointing to a serious student of the language.

To carry on a persistent warfare against linguistic rowdiness is the duty of every educated and conscientious person, as much as to combat any other social barbarity. This is, in truth, one of the highest expressions of the genuine patriotism; and purists are its illustrious champions.

Conforming to precedent, or to the habit in vogue of proceeding backwards from effect to cause, Doctor MacDonald mistook the one for the other, and, consequently, did not arrive at the root, or incitement, of the evil which he discussed. One may not doubt Doctor MacDonald's efficiency in American history, north and south, but it is evident that he is not a sociological historian. If he were one, his tactics of reasoning would have been based, in this instance, on another premise, and he would have asserted, that the male, not the female, needs protection, — in Providence.

It is an acknowledged and incontrovertible fact, that a man, even of the crudest and most depraved type, rarely affronts a woman in a public thoroughfare, by vulgar ogling and impertinent remarks, unless the woman, or another of her sex, has led him to believe, then, or at an earlier period, that such behavior might not be looked upon by her as an insult to her virtue and delicacy. It is well known to the psychologist, but not comprehended, or, at least, not avowed by the layman, that the masculine division of the species *Homo sapiens* is endowed, fundamentally, innately, and ineradicably, with a greater degree of modesty and delicacy, than is the feminine portion. This is a subtle dispensation of "nature," or that metaphysical principle of life, which is ticketed with this word. A man, deep down in his soul, possesses a certain instinct, more chaste and delicate than that bestowed upon any other created object; and however low he may fall, this inborn impulse persists to the end. This is his respect

for womanhood, or, more correctly expressed, his respect for all good women. Every woman recognizes intuitively this special propensity in man, and all women of rectitude rejoice in it, and acclaim it as the supreme tribute of mankind to womankind. This spontaneous inclination in man is woman's best protection, and woman is usually at fault if it proves otherwise.

During the last decade, Providence has been the actual refuse-ground, or rubbish-heap, of its sister-cities, which flank it on either side,— Boston and New-York. It is the place where innumerable human derelicts, dilapidated and storm-beaten, have sought refuge, to exercise freedom of conscience, when ejected from other communities. There is going on, in Westminster Street, day by day, a rummage-sale of these offscourings of humanity, which is looked upon with amusement by some, and with apathy and unconcern by others. The civic officers have been incomprehensibly indifferent to the presence of these unfortunate wrecks in the most frequented street of Providence, and one can say, in consequence, that none of the principal thoroughfares of Paris, London, or Berlin presents proportionately so depraved a spectacle, as does Westminster Street, in the little New-England city on the Moshassuck. To Westminster Street, in Providence, Rhode Island, belongs the unenviable distinction of being one of the most corrupt municipal highways in the world.

What the city of Providence needs most urgently is a literal cleaning out of its public thoroughfares of the disreputable bands of female vampires that infest them, and that look upon every man as their lawful property. These miserable creatures attract swarms of addle-brained males, which hover about them, as do the sharp-set bluebottles around tainted objects generally. Remove the impurities, and the parasites will follow them. Unfortunately, neither female lycanthropes nor their male satellites are effaceable from the earth, but it is possible to relegate them to arcane

places, where their influence will not vitiate, and their personalities will not disgust, people of a higher stratum. If the herculean task of the cleansing of Providence—the Augean stable of New England—is accomplished, the municipal authorities, upon whom devolves the responsibility of the present vile conditions, will have obeyed the most vehement injunction of the genuine patriotism.

Coming to the middle social stratum, that includes the office-girls, the shop-girls, and the better class of working-girls generally, it is to be observed by those who have studied minutely and systematically their character and deportment, that these young and youngish women are well able to take care of themselves. When women set at naught the old rules of vocational delimitation, and obliterated resolutely the line of demarcation, that, in former days, separated the masculine and feminine occupations, they did so with their eyes wide open and with all their senses alert. They became speedily more than wise in their day and generation, and equipped themselves with every possible weapon of moral self-defense. Their preparedness, in this direction, is phenomenal! If they were fortified intellectually to the same degree, the ideal combination of moral and mental qualifications would prove the greatest of all blessings to civilization and to posterity.

It is an unpleasant truth, however, that, in Providence, a certain portion of the feminine wage-workers of the superlatively worldly-wise class is more eager in the quest for masculine admiration, than are the men in their more clumsy efforts to win feminine approval. Upon these women alone rests the answerableness of their ethical shortcomings. Owing to the unconventionality and almost unlimited freedom of our social customs, many of these female wage-earners have become possessed of an astonishing objective knowledge of the multitudinous intricacies of fascination and of the modes of their application. Even a nonagenarian *flâneur*, after a

long career devoted to the subjective experience and study of feminine blandishment, would not comprehend so thoroughly their deviousness.

The system of procedure of these astute women is quite different from that of the opposite sex: they work slyly and coyly, not in an open and unconcerned way, as do their victims. By covert, suggestive glances, by all-cient manners, of which they all possess the secret, and by a hazardous attire worn boldly under the guise of fashion, they encourage the male loiterers, who linger about them and the neighborhoods of their employment, as do silly insects around the shrewder species that eventually devours them.

Turning to a happier side of our social life, it may be said—the praise be to good, noble mothers!—that, in Providence, as well as everywhere else, are found, naturally, many unsophisticated, wholesome-minded, and charming girls of the working-class, who are an honor and ornament to their own circle of society. Real mothers will not fail in their Christian duties; therefore, one need feel no concern for the moral stability of their daughters. Let virtue-loving mothers look unceasingly to the rearing of their sons and daughters, and especially to their ethical training, and the crowds of idle men that encumber the streets of town and city will diminish in the ratio that the home-care and mother-watchfulness increase.

Upon all mothers and fathers is imposed by the Creator the highest charge in the world,—the thorough moral and intellectual education of their children. The determined observance of this predestined mission is the basic law of the genuine patriotism. Its secondary precept to mankind is to uphold and encourage parents in the righteous fulfilment of their trust.

The conduct of the women that compose the highest stratum of society, and upon which is superposed the dignity and welfare of the entire social



From a photograph by John William Auty, Providence, Rhode Island

A VIEW OF WESTMINSTER STREET, THE CHIEF COMMERCIAL THOROUGHFARE OF PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

fabric, should be subjected to the most critical and rigorous scrutiny. The moral accountability of all Christendom centers in these women,—in their acts and example. What may one expect of the mothers and of the women generally in the ranks beneath them, if they fail in their sacred duties to mankind?

Many poor, deluded women of the middle class believe it to be commendably smart and genteel to ape and parrot their sisters who occupy a position above them in the social world. They follow the whimsicalities of dress and speech and the general mannerisms of these higher-placed women more implicitly than they heed the commands of the Law and the Gospel. Frequently, these models are of the rhinestone variety, resplendent and

glittering, but factitious to the core. Many of the wealthy women of What-Cheer City are of this deceptive type; and although they pose as social beacons, they possess as little knowledge of genuine distinction, of high-bred manners, and of the elegancies of cultivated conversation, as the maids in their kitchens have an understanding of the exquisite art of Meissonier or of Mignard. In fact, not an inconsiderable number of these fictitious social leaders permit from their men friends and associates certain vulgarities of deportment and language, that their female servitors, if of the right sort, would resent as insults. No other influence has so vulgarized the social life of our country in the eyes of the world, both at home and abroad, as the personal

bearing and uncultured utterance of this class of American women. By all means, protect the men! These women are ramparts of worldliness and hardihood in comparison.

Many men are water-weak and veritable *reine Thoren* where a certain type of miscalled society women is concerned; and it would seem, that these spineless countrymen of ours have not advanced beyond the original Parsifalian stage of simplicity, in their comprehension of the true character of this distinctive group of womankind.

To set about it to shake them up thoroughly, to fiber their flaccid volition, and to kindle within them the spark of vigorous manhood is living up to one of the strongest mandates of the genuine patriotism.

It is, verily, a strange condition of affairs, and a most peculiar phase of perverted civilization, that an unprejudiced observer of the social system of the present day must avow, that the genuine patriotism consists in protecting the males,—and that the females are able to protect themselves.

The editors desire to call particular attention to the following corrections of the printed text of "The Genuine Patriotism." In none of these instances does the error appear in Mr. Frederick Harcourt's manuscript.

Errata

- Page 107, column 1, line 26, *for Feb. read February*
 Page 108, column 1, lines 46 and 47, *for grammatical read grammat-ical*
 Page 108, column 2, lines 7 and 8, *for ortho-ëpy read ortho-epy*
 Page 109, column 1, line 20, *for north and south read North and South*
 Page 110, column 1, lines 46 and 47, *for ethi-cal read eth-ical*

THE IDLERS

GERTRUDE MERCIA WHEELOCK

The wind-swept vales and heights are cool,
 Through lingering, sun-touched days;
 The chariots whirr through wooded aisles
 Of sylvan joy? Who pays?

*The music of a million strings
 Is touched to the air they ask,
 The warm life-blood of a million hearts,
 Is bent to a thankless task.*

Yes, though ye proudly wear your crown;
 And the dust tread 'neath your feet —
 Your ringing laughter cannot drown,
 The moan from the city street.

Ah, know ye the world that is strewn with rose —
 Do ye bask in its gilded rays,
 Do ye know of the life that is never lived
 For another's joy? Who pays?

*Adown the shadowed vale they come
 Flanked by a million woes —
 With none to care if the way be smooth,
 Or whither the pilgrim goes.*

Yea, though ye proudly wear your crown;
 And the dust tread 'neath your feet,
 Your ringing laughter cannot drown,
 The moan from the city street.

ABINGTON

By WILLIAM J. COUGHLAN

MIDWAY between Boston and Plymouth, on the line of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, lies the town of Abington. On June 10, 1712, it began its official existence. It is now preparing to celebrate in a fitting manner its bicentennial and to recall the story of its two hundred years of struggle and attainment,—a story like that of many another New England town, of sturdy purpose, of energetic toil, of patient endurance, and of gratifying success.

Before the Leyden Company of Pilgrims embarked for America, they entered into a seven years' partnership with certain London merchants, called merchant adventurers, by the terms of which all the property owned in common was to be divided on the termination of the partnership. In 1626 the Colony bought out the adventurers for eighteen hundred pounds, and shortly afterwards let to Governor Bradford and eight associates the trade of the Colony for six years, in consideration of the payment of the eight-

een hundred pounds due to the adventurers, the payment of the debts of the Leyden Company, and the further agreement to bring over each year for six years, hoes and shoes to the value of fifty pounds. This indicates that the

foreign shoe trade was encouraged long before we had any protective tariff of our own. The persons who were associated with Governor Bradford in this contract were called "Purchasers."

The letters-patent of the Colony stood in the name of Governor Bradford until 1640, and was then transferred to the body of Freeman. At the time of this transfer there were reserved to the Purchasers and "Oldcomers" three large tracts of land, which left the Colony in possession of undivided or common lands in the territory later included in the towns of Abington,

Bridgewater, and Middleborough.

There were still persons to be rewarded for their services rendered to the Colony or the Province, and others who for various considerations successfully urged their claims for



GREAT BRONZE EAGLE FOR MEMORIAL ARCH
DESIGNED BY BELA PRATT



MEMORIAL BRIDGE AND ARCH

portions of the common lands. It followed that the territory later included in Abington was parcelled out to the early colonists, many of whom never resided on their possessions in this locality.

Among the persons to whom land was granted for services rendered to the Colony, and eventually located in Abington, were Nathaniel Souther, the first clerk of the Colony; Timothy Hatherly, merchant adventurer of London; Gov. Andrew Belcher, Gov. William Bradford, Lieut. John Holbrook, Phineas Pratt, the children of Clement Briggs, the children of Lieut. James Torrey, and William Barstow.

Peregrine White, on Oct. 3, 1665, requested "That the Court would accommodate him with a portion of land in respect that he was the first of the English that was borne in these ptes," and he was accordingly accommodated to the extent of two hundred acres.

"The 'Ancient Servants' were also remembered with fifty-acre grants in this territory or at Saconnet. Among those who took their grants here were John Hanmore, Walter Woodward, Joseph Whiston, George Partridge, and George Vicory.

The location of all the grants along the Patent line from east to west was as follows: The Mark Eames grant, beginning at Accord Pond at the northeast corner of the town and extending three miles westerly on the Patent line. Immediately south of this was the Hatherly grant, three miles square, its northwest corner adjoining the Patent line. Directly west of the Hatherly grant was the grant to John Holbrook, measuring two miles on the Patent line, and extending southerly three-quarters of a mile. West of the John Holbrook grant, the grant to Gov. Andrew Belcher extended two hundred and fourteen rods on the Patent line and southerly to the six-mile line of Bridgewater. West of the Belcher grant was the Peregrine White grant, which extended into Bridgewater, the greater part of the White grant being in the town of Bridgewater.

South of the John Holbrook grant and adjoining the Hatherly grant on its westerly side, the fifty-acre tracts of the Ancient Servants were located. Immediately south of these is the Souther grant, which extended two hundred rods on the Hatherly grant

and one hundred and sixty rods westerly. Directly west of the Souther and south of the John Holbrook grant was the two-hundred-acre grant to Governor Bradford. In the two-mile tract, between the four-mile and six-mile lines of Bridgewater, were located the Pratt-Briggs grant of three hundred and fifty acres, the southeast corner extending below the four-mile line. Adjoining this grant on its easterly side was the grant of two hundred acres to the children of Lieut. James Torrey. North of these grants and extending easterly to the Hatherly grant was a grant of one hundred and twenty acres to John Holbrook. The "Old Men's Shares" extended from the four-mile to the six-mile line and three miles in an easterly and westerly direction, the easterly end being seventy-five rods east of Hancock Street. These shares were forty-two in number, each one and one-half miles long and ninety (90) rods wide. Twenty shares were also given to the "Young Men" and were located in two divisions, one immediately east of the "Old Men's Shares" and one south of the Hatherly grant.

The Souther grant is generally mentioned as the first grant made in Abington, but the statement is misleading. In 1642 the Colony granted to Nathaniel Souther "A farme of two hundred acres in some convenient place to be selected by him within the jurisdiction of the plantation.* Mr. Souther died without making any selection and in 1659 the court passed the following order, "For answer to the prayer of Mr. John Blake, of Boston, in the behalf of himself and sister Mistress Hannah Johnson That According to a formerly grant of the Court unto Mr. Nathaniel Souther, their father, deceased, that he the said Blake might have libbertie to looke out a parcel of land to accomodate them according to the aforesaid grant, the court gave him libbertie to seek out and in case hee can find any land yett undesposed of within our jurisdiction that may be suitable unto him

and answerable to his approbation. He is to signify it to the court and shall have a conveyance thereof confirmed unto them."*

It was not until Oct. 4, 1664, that this grant was located in Abington territory, when James Lovell, of Weymouth appeared before the Court at Plymouth, "producing a deed of sale from the heires of Mr. Nathaniel Souther for a sertaine tract of land long since graunted by the collonie to Mr. Souther above said and alsoe propounding a place where he desired to take it up, viz., neare the place where Phenias Prat and the sonnes of Clement Briggs were accomodated, between theire land and the line of the pattent."† The court on that day granted the petition and appointed commissioners to lay out the tract. The report of the commissioners was filed June 7, 1665. Before the date of that decree both the Hatherly and Pratt-Briggs grants had been definitely located.

The first settlement in Abington was made on the Souther grant by Andrew Ford, of Weymouth, between 1665 and 1668. It can be claimed from the recital in the deed from James Lovell to Andrew Ford, dated Feb. 5, 1679, of the easterly half of the Souther grant "which foresaid farm is now in the possession and hath been ever since it was layd out of the said Ford and is known and Called by the name of Ford's farme," that the first settlement was made in 1665 — the year when the grant was laid out. By the side of Satucket Path, where it was crossed by the Shumatuscocant River the sturdy pioneer reared his humble habitation and with courageous heart began the conquest of the mighty forest that so recently had resounded with the war cry of the Indian. The exact location of the house is unknown, but the tradition that it was on what is now Adams Street in North Abington near Mill River, is consistent with probability and supported by such

*Vol. III, Part 1, p. 182, Ply. Col. Records, Court Orders.

†Vol. IV, Ply. Col. Records, Court Orders.

*Vol. II, p. 75, Ply. Col. Records, Court Orders.

documentary evidence as can be found. The place named is on the only path then in the Souther grant, is in that part of the grant owned by Ford, and the house would naturally be placed near the brook for the conveniences it would afford. In a deed from George Partridge to Thomas Andrews, dated March 13, 1671, of a sixty-acre grant in this locality there is a recital that "the said land goeth near a mile to the bridge, a little northerly from Andrew Ford's house." When Sattucket Path was laid out as a street, in 1690, it was described as passing "on the westerly side of Andrew Ford's house." Furthermore, when Andrew Ford, in 1720 sold to his son Andrew the southerly twenty acres in the Souther grant he described it as "ye piece called ye old field," a designation which suggests that it may have been the first field cleared and cultivated by him.

Samuel Ford, Ebenezer Ford, James Ford, Richard Whitmarsh and Joseph Lincoln were among the pioneers who settled on this grant shortly after the first habitation was built. On the westerly side of the street was the land of James Lovell, on which houses occupied by his eldest son Enoch and his youngest son, Joseph, were erected previous to 1679, before which time the little settlement was large enough to have a name by which it was known in the colony records — Ford's Farm.

A mile and a half to the south was the Pratt-Briggs grant of three hundred and fifty acres, of which Phineas Pratt of Charlestown owned the westerly two hundred and thirty-two acres. On Jan. 1, 1672, he sold to John Shaw, who shortly afterwards built on his possessions. His son Joseph Shaw lived on this lot previous to 1704, when it was sold to William Tirrell, who occupied it until his decease in 1727.

The easterly part of the grant, one hundred and twenty-eight acres, was sold to Caleb Chard and Samuel Chard June 27, 1687, and houses were erected by them on that part of it which was crossed by what is now

Plymouth Street. Caleb Chard resided there as late as 1694.

This grant is described as on both sides of the path (Sattucket Path), "a little brook running through it." The little brook referred to is the one which crosses Washington Street at the foot of Bicknell Hill, and was later known as Streame's Brook.

The Indian name of the greater part of the territory was Manamooskeagin, meaning "much or many beavers." The portion lying south of the Hatherly grant was called Nannumackewitt. At the time of the first settlement the lands were heavily wooded. Logging and farming diverted the attention of the town builders. Saw mills, corn mills, and tanneries were among the first industries established, and they were generally under joint ownerships. Three mills were erected on Mill River, two on Beaver Brook, two on French's River in East Abington, one tannery on Beaver Brook, and one on Mill River, near Adams Street. At least three of these mills were erected before the incorporation of the town.

The scattered hamlets prospered and the desire for a local government grew apace. As the settlements were outside the jurisdiction of Bridgewater there was no local government for maintaining order or promoting common interests. In 1691 this was partially remedied by placing Ford's farm and the vicinage under the police control of Bridgewater, but the desire for full local government and existence as a town urged the scattered inhabitants to action.

In 1706 they petitioned the general court for a charter, asking that the territory containing fifteen thousand five hundred eighteen and one-half acres, bounded northerly by Dorchester, Braintree, Weymouth, and Hingham, easterly by Scituate, southerly and westerly by Bridgewater, be incorporated as a town. The general court appreciated the enthusiasm of the pioneers, but was not satisfied that they were able to properly support and maintain a minister, a necessary pre-requisite to obtaining a char-

ter, and denied the petition. Six years later the petition was renewed. The petitioners were able to show that a binding contract had been made with Mr. Samuel Brown to preach the gospel for them for the rest of his days, that sixty acres of land had been conveyed to him. The court being satisfied that the energetic inhabitants were able to meet their obligations in this respect granted the petition and on June 10, 1712, the town of Abington took its place on the map of Massachusetts.

The town name was doubtless selected by Joseph Dudley, the royal governor of Massachusetts from 1702 to 1715.

"Always an autocrat, upon the naming of towns, he seems to have exercised an influence almost paramount, especially during the later years of his administration. Of the towns incorporated within that period three — Dighton, 1712, Leicester, 1713, and Sutton, 1714,— bear names connected with the governor's family; four — Pembroke and Abington, 1712, Rutland and Lexington, 1713, bear names of English noblemen, presumably his patrons. Throughout his checkered career Dudley had been much in England. Heir to a position of independence among the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, he had early chosen the part of an Englishman placeman, which he was mentally fitted to perform. On visits home, in 1682 and 1689, he had made powerful friends; and his circle of acquaintances became still wider during the years 1692 to 1702, when as viceroy of the Isle of Wight he became the social favorite and spent his energies in gaining that interest which eventually secured for him the post of governor. That to men like the earls of Pembroke, Abington, Rutland, and Lexington he should address himself was natural and politic. All had early cast in their lot with William of Orange, and were now in high favor at his court. All had been foremost in asserting lately menaced rights, equally dear to Englishmen in Eng-

land and Massachusetts. All had suffered for their defiance of Stuart tyranny in the later years of James. To few British peers could a political adventurer from the Puritan colony turn with better hope of obtaining assistance or of its efficacy when obtained." Litchfield's "Ancient Landmarks of Pembroke," page 78.

The first public building erected in the town was the little church thirty-six by forty feet, without steeple, bell, or pews, which stood in the field southeast of the dwelling house now occupied by Mrs. Otis W. Soule, on Washington Street, in Center Abington. In 1751 it was taken down and a new church, seventy feet long, with tower and bell, erected about fifty feet south of the present Masonic building. This in time became too small to meet the needs of the congregation, and in 1819 the third church building, now Masonic Hall, was erected and used until 1849, when the church now occupied by the First Congregational Society was built. The first parish included the entire town until 1808, and all parish business was transacted at the regular town meetings. On March 22, 1808, the first meeting as a separate parish was held.

The Second Congregational Society was established in South Abington in 1808, the Third in East Abington in 1813, and the Fourth in North Abington in 1839. There are at the present time twenty-one churches in the original town, representing many denominations; and differences of religious thought do not mar the serene atmosphere of the good fellowship and amity which exists.

An aggressive insistence on what it believed to be the right has ever been characteristic of the town, and its annals bear proud evidence of its loyalty and devotion to the cause of human right. More than eighty soldiers the little settlement sent out during the French and Indian war; at least nineteen of them fell beneath the tomahawk, or died from injuries received in battle. Only a few short years had the grass grown above their

graves when the town was called upon to declare its attitude in regard to the oppressive legislation enacted by the English government. On March 19, 1770, its sentiments were expressed in the famous "Abington Resolves," which in clear and forceful language set forth declarations and protests much similar to those which five years later were embodied in the Declaration of Independence. The resolves were prepared by a committee of seven, appointed by the town, viz.: Daniel Noyes, Samuel Pool, Aaron Hobart, David Jones, Jr., James Herssey, Joseph Greenleaf, Esq., and Thomas Wilks. At least three of this committee were college graduates. The resolves were written by Joseph Greenleaf, an eminent lawyer, in later years the compiler of "Greenleaf's Reports." The house where he resided for many years is still standing. A few of the fifteen paragraphs of the Resolves will serve to show the character of the declarations.

"1stly. That all nations who dwell upon the face of the whole earth and each individual of them, are naturally free, and while in a state of nature have a right to do themselves justice when their natural rights are invaded.

"2ndly. Voted, as the opinion of this town, that mankind, while in their natural state, always had and now have a right to enter into compact and form societies, and erect such kind of government as the majority of them shall judge most for the public good.

"5thly. Voted, as the opinion of this town, that the late acts of the Parliament of Great Britain, imposing duties on American subjects for the sole purpose of raising a revenue, are an infringement of our Natural and Constitutional liberty, and contrary to the spirit and letter of the above-mentioned Royal grant, ordination, and establishment, of having and enjoying all liberties and immunities of free and natural born subjects.

"7thly. Voted, as the opinion of this town, that therefore the above-mentioned acts are in themselves a

mere nullity, and that he who *vi et armis* seizes the property of an American subject for not paying the duties imposed on him by said acts ought to be deemed no better than a highwayman, and should be proceeded against in due course of law.

"8thly. Voted, as the opinion of this town, that the troops (may they not more properly be called murderers) sent to Boston by Lord Hillsborough at the request of Gov. Bernard, to aid and to protect the commissioners of the customs in levying the taxes imposed on us by said acts, amount to an open declaration of war against the liberties of America, and are an unjust invasion of them; and as we are refused any legal redress of grievances, we are in this instant reduced to a state of nature, whereby our natural right of opposing force is again devolved upon us.

"10thly. Voted that those persons who have always persisted in the scheme of importation, and those who have acceded to the agreement of non-importation, have violated their promises, and, as it were, stolen their own goods and sold them to purchase chains and fetters, ought to be by us held in the uttermost contempt, and that we will have no sort of commercial connection with them or with any that deal with them, and their names shall stand recorded in the town book and posted up in all public places in town as enemies to their country.

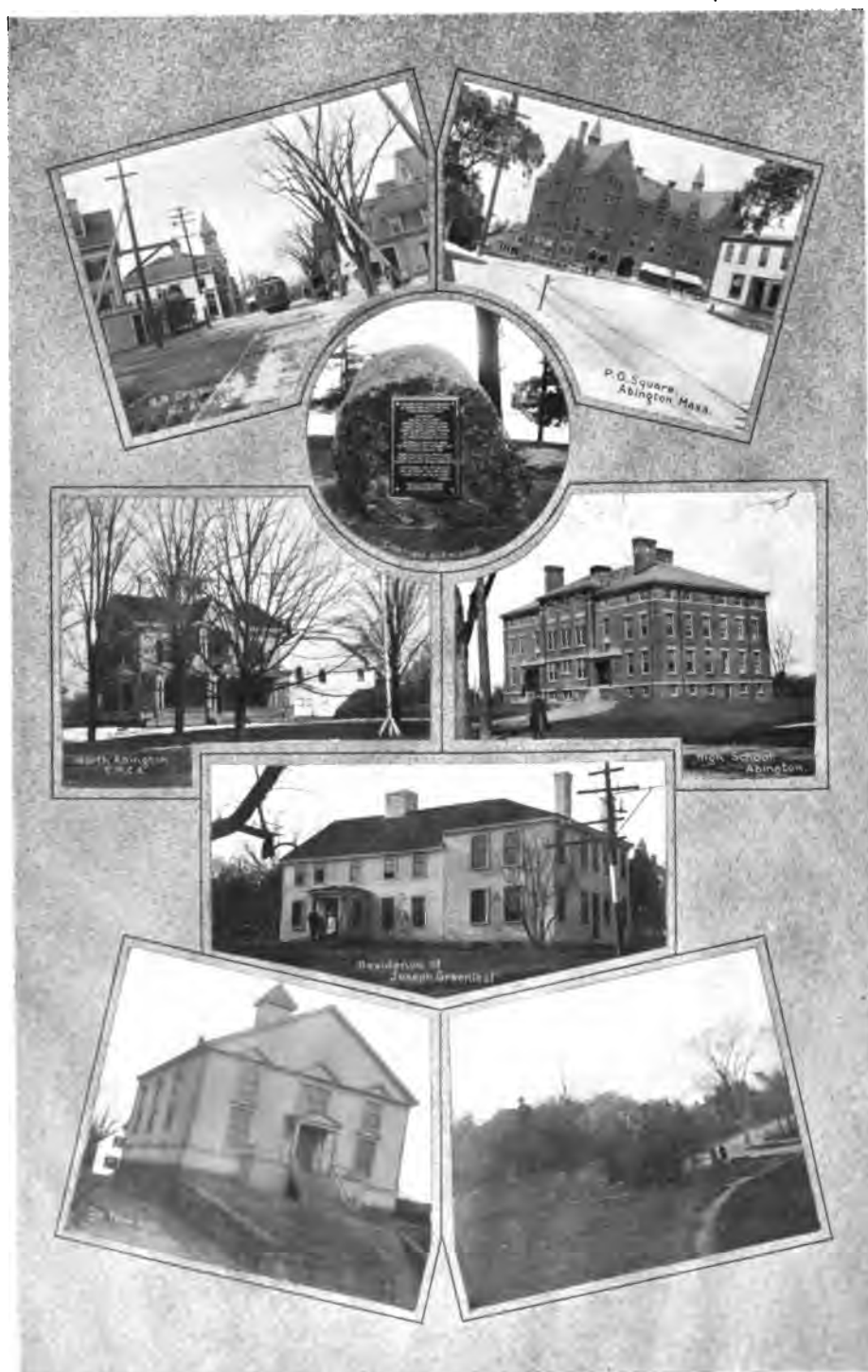
"11thly. Voted, that we are in duty bound not to use or consume any article from Great Britain subject to duties on the foregoing plan, and that we will not knowingly purchase of any person whatever any such articles until said acts are repealed, neither will we use or suffer willingly to be used in our families any Bohea Tea, cases of sickness only excepted."

At a town meeting held Jan. 11, 1773, in a set of resolutions, unanimously adopted, the town again recorded its protest against the oppressive legislation of Great Britain. On Jan. 18, 1774, at a town meeting specially called to consider the tax









GROUP OF HISTORIC SITES AND BUILDINGS IN ABINGTON

on tea it was resolved "that such measures continued and persisted in will have a direct tendency to alienate the affections of the Americans from their parent state, and will be the most likely method to dissolve their Union and finally to break and destroy the British Empire." Resolved, "That it is the duty of every individual in the community as a Christian, and a good and loyal subject to his King and as a freeman, to use all lawful endeavors to oppose such measures."

During the Revolutionary War Abington contributed its full quota of men, and raised large sums of money for supplies. "Almost every man in town capable of bearing arms was in the service for a longer or shorter time." (Aaron Hobart's Historical Sketch of Abington, page 124.) More than that, at the beginning of the Revolution Col. Aaron Hobart, who for six years had been engaged in casting church bells, began making cannon and cannon balls, and Abington holds the proud record of being the first place in this country where cannon were cast. "At first, owing to a want of experience, and the practice of moulding in sand instead of clay, he was unsuccessful and sustained great losses; but, in process of time, the business was better understood; and he then carried it on largely and profitably. The cannon were cast hollow and afterward bored to make the inner surface true and smooth." (Aaron Hobart's Historical sketch of Abington, page 90.)

In the war of 1812 the town generously contributed in men and means to the cause of the nation. Fifty of the surviving veterans of that war took part in the semi-centennial of the town in 1862, and history records the further fact that the oak which lined the sides of the famous frigate "Constitution" grew on the hills of Abington.

In the civil war her troops were among the first to respond to the call of Governor Andrews. On April 15, 1861, three days after Fort Sumpter was fired upon, came the call to duty;

on the morning of April 16, ere the dews were dispelled from the grass on Boston Common, they were mustered there to proceed to Washington in defense of the country. Twelve hundred and forty-five soldiers and sailors represented the town on the fields of conflict.

For years previous to the war, Abington was known as "the hotbed of the Abolitionists." Meetings were held yearly in Island Grove from 1846 to 1865, when the work of the Abolitionists was accomplished. Among the speakers who took part in the deliberations were William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, Theodore Parker, Francis Jackson, Parker Pillsbury, George Thompson, Abby Kelley Foster, and Lucy Stone. In 1909 a boulder, with a suitable inscription, was erected on the spot where the speaker's stand formerly stood, and on May 30 of that year dedicated with suitable ceremonies.

Memorials to the soldiers of the civil war have been erected in the town: in Whitman Park, a fine soldiers' monument; in Rockland, a beautiful memorial library building, and Abington is now completing a memorial arch in Island Grove Park and a memorial bridge three hundred feet in length crossing Island Grove Pond, at an expense of \$23,000, which will be dedicated on June 10. The arch, twenty-six feet in height and eighteen feet wide, will be surmounted by a bronze eagle, eleven feet high the gift of Lewis A. Crossett, and the standards adorned with bronze bas reliefs of the soldier and sailor of 1861, gifts of the Women's Relief Corps of Abington. The bronze figures are the work of Bela Pratt, the noted sculptor of Boston.

The spirit of firm insistence on its rights, which has always characterized the town, was illustrated in the "North Abington Riot" in 1889. The town had granted to the Rockland & Abington Street Railway Company the right to lay its tracks at grade, across the tracks of the Old Colony Railroad

in North Avenue. The railroad, contesting the validity of the franchise, brought a bill in equity, in the Supreme Court, to restrain the construction, or limit the use of the tracks. After a full hearing Mr. Justice Knowlton ruled that the Supreme Court had no power to revise or modify the franchise given by the selectmen, and dismissed the bill. From this decision the railroad appealed to the full bench, which sustained the decision of Mr. Justice Knowlton. After the first decree was entered the street railway notified the railroad that on Aug. 16, 1893, it would proceed to build its track, and asked for co-operation in the work, so that the safety of the traveling public on both lines would not be imperiled. The railroad, then controlled and operated by the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, in answer to this notice and request, sent out to North Abington, on the day named, about three hundred of its employees to resist the construction of the work.

A conference was held at North Abington between the representatives of the respective parties, at which it was stated that the railroad would resist, by force, if necessary, the construction of the work authorized by the town, and the railroad representatives were notified that an injunction would be sought at once to restrain such interference. The injunction was sought and obtained that morning, but before it was obtained the railroad employees began tearing up the tracks of the street railway, which had been laid within the location of the railroad. A thousand angry citizens witnessed the operation, and in a few minutes paving stones, pickaxes, and clubs were flying in the air.

The street railway workmen had kept out of sight, awaiting the expected injunction, before they commenced operations; but the limit of endurance of the officials of the town was reached when they saw a corporation which had lost its case in court resort to the illegal use of force on a public highway. For more than an hour a fierce contest was waged, picks, paving

stones, pistols, shotguns, and the town water supply being among the weapons used. The strife ended only when news of the injunction reached the officials of the railroad. While no persons were killed, sixteen were injured, some seriously, and the buildings in the vicinity of the railroad crossing were damaged by the flying missiles.

Five of the leading representatives of the railroad were arrested on the spot, and subsequently bound over for the Grand Jury and indicted. The civil cases arising out of the occurrence were all settled by the railroad, a handsome new railroad station was built at North Abington, and strenuous efforts were then made by the railroad to have the town favor leniency in the disposition of the criminal cases pending against the railroad officials. But the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad corporation learned that a Massachusetts town whose rights it had invaded could not be outraged with impunity. At a special town meeting held on Oct. 18, 1893, after a full and vigorous discussion of the whole matter, it was voted, and by a unanimous vote, as the sense of the town, that the railroad officials should be prosecuted and punished to the full extent of the law.

The five defendants, the superintendent, the chief of the railroad police, and three section foremen of the railroad pleaded *nolo contendere* to the indictments and their counsel asked to have the cases put on probation or that fines be imposed. Judge Sherman who passed sentence on them, in his interesting book, "Recollections of a Long Life," says (page 156), "Here was a case where the superintendent of a great railroad corporation had taken the law into his own hands and created a riot, to prevent another company from doing something which a judge of the Supreme Court had just decided it had a lawful right to do, the superintendent calling to his aid several ignorant Italian laborers and directing them to go with their weapons and commit an assault on the

peace officers of the Commonwealth. It is a wonder that many persons were not killed. Such a case should not be put on probation. A fine would be paid by the stockholders of the corporation who are not guilty. The sentence of the court was that the superintendent and chief of police be punished by imprisonment in the house of correction, four months each; that the three section foremen be punished in the same institution, two months each." Further commenting on the case, he says (page 158), "There has been a feeling among some of our citizens that only the small rogues or law breakers suffer punishment. This case has proved to be an object lesson. Since a superintendent of a railroad, an educated man, and the chief of the railroad police (who some years before had been an officer, the turnkey of this same house of correction), had both put on the prison uniform and served sentence, the public opinion seems to have undergone a change."

In the early days the sale of lumber, the manufacture of cloth, straw bonnets, the casting of bells and cannon, and the making of bricks and pottery were among the principal industries. About 1780 the manufacture of cut nails was commenced here, in time becoming a very important industry.

The principal industry at the present time is that of the manufacture of shoes, which was early developed here. In 1860 there were eighty-two local shoe manufacturers, the product being sent all over the country. As the town had a very extensive market in the southern trade, and it was the custom in those days to give long credits, enormous losses were sustained by the repudiation of southern obligations at the beginning of the civil war. At the present time some of the largest and best known shoe manufacturers in the world are located within the confines of the old town, such as in Abington, M. N. Arnold & Co., L. A. Crossett, Inc., C. H. Alden Co.; in Rockland, Rice & Hutchins, E. T. Wright & Co., The Hurley Shoe Co., The Emerson Shoe Co.; in Whit-

man, The Commonwealth Shoe & Leather Co., and the Regal Shoe Co.; and the shoemaker of Abington and its immediate vicinity ranks as the best in the world.

In the cause of education Abington has shown a lively interest from the earliest times. The second public building erected in the little town was a schoolhouse, built within sight of the first church in 1732. On March 16, 1746, the town voted to "draw 50£ from the treasury for Women Schools and the Selectmen are to provide for them Schools and see that they are kept." This shows that the citizens had a laudable desire for co-education but it is to be noted that, notwithstanding the vote, there is no evidence that any schoolhouse for the special education of women was ever actually erected.

The division of the town resulted from too much zeal in the construction of schoolhouses. To accommodate the rapidly increasing school population the town in 1866 appropriated \$12,000 to build two schoolhouses, one in East and one in North Abington. In 1867 an additional appropriation of \$8,000 was required to complete the two buildings. An appropriation of \$12,000 was made for a new schoolhouse in South Abington. The cost was in excess of the appropriation. When Center Abington's turn came and a like appropriation of \$12,000 was made, the special committee in charge of the work, with more ambition than judgment, erected a building which cost \$29,000. This immediately brought a vigorous protest from East Abington, which felt that the limit of its endurance had been reached, and in 1873 it petitioned to be set off as an independent town. That year the petitioners failed, but in the following year they succeeded, and on March 10, 1874, East Abington became a separate town, under the name of Rockland. On March 5, 1875, South Abington became a separate town, without opposition on the part of Abington, its name being subsequently changed to that of Whitman.

in honor of Augustus Whitman, who gave to it its beautiful park.

In 1885, when the question of a joint water supply was under consideration, an act was passed by which the three towns could join, if each so voted, in a joint water supply from Big Sandy Pond, in Pembroke. The act required a two-thirds vote of each town. Whitman already had a water system of its own, which many of its citizens deemed sufficient. Rockland and Abington accepted the act, and Whitman, by one vote less than the necessary two-thirds, failed to accept it. The work was constructed by Abington and Rockland and both towns have one of the best water supplies in the state. Whitman has abandoned its local supply and is now well supplied by the Silver Lake system owned and operated by the city of Brockton. Two years ago Abington and Rockland erected on Beach Hill, in the south part of Rockland, a cement standpipe one hundred and four feet high, the largest structure of its kind in the world.

In the original town there are two national banks, one trust company, three savings banks, and three co-operative banks. The Abington Bank, a state bank, was incorporated in 1850 with a capital of \$150,000 and changed to a national bank in 1865. The Whitman National Bank was incorporated in 1891, with a capital of \$50,000. The First National Bank of Rockland was incorporated in 1868, with a capital of \$50,000 was superseded by the Rockland Trust Co. in 1907, capital \$100,000 and assets of \$858,140.95. The Abington Savings Bank incorporated in 1853 — assets \$2,975,000 — occupies a \$75,000 building, which it erected in 1884. The Rockland Savings Bank, incorporated in 1868 as the East Abington Savings Bank — assets \$1,953,000 — occupies a \$75,000 building which it erected in 1892. The Whitman Savings Bank incorporated in 1888 — assets \$1,850,000 — occupies a \$50,000 building, which it owns jointly with the Whitman National Bank.

The Whitman Savings Bank was the first in the state to establish a Savings Bank Insurance department. This was established in 1908 and it now has in force policies to the amount of \$1,000,000.

The North Abington Co-operative Bank, incorporated in 1888, has assets of \$513,000; the Whitman Co-operative Bank, incorporated in 1889, assets of \$508,000, and the Rockland Co-operative Bank, incorporated in 1911, assets of \$20,000.

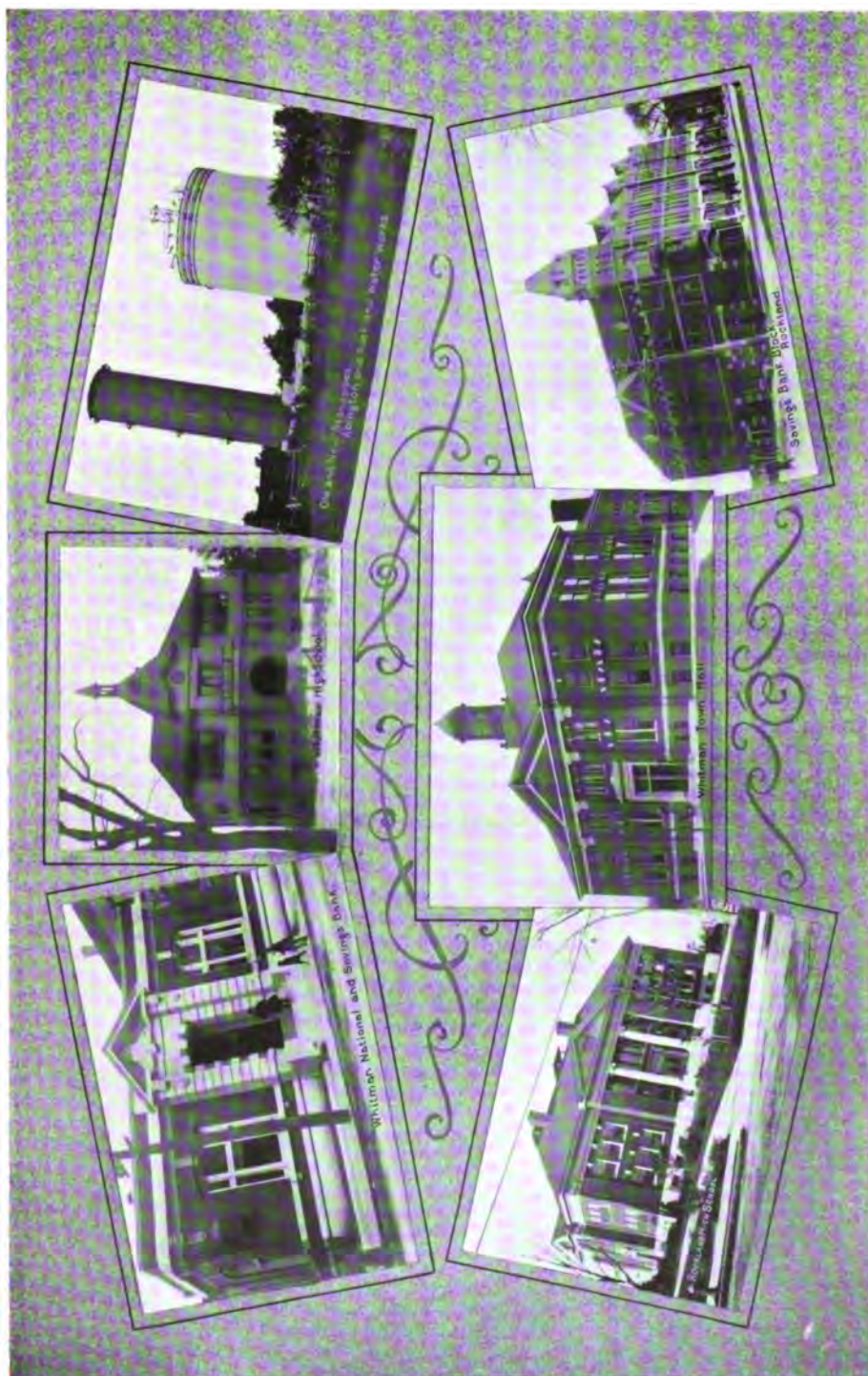
An institution of more than local note is the Abington Mutual Fire Insurance Company, incorporated in 1856. It has assets amounting to \$169,000, has always paid dividends and never made an assessment.

In 1835 a town house was built with the money the town received as its share in the distribution of the National Government's surplus. This building was occupied for town offices until the incorporation of Rockland. In 1878 it was purchased by the Young Men's Catholic Lyceum Association, and has been used ever since as a hall and society rooms for that organization.

Wide streets lined with stately elms, tasty lawns, and well-kept buildings attract attention in every direction; public libraries and excellent schools, public parks, and park cemeteries, and the extensive gardens of the Bay State nursery — the largest in the state — attest the high development of the locality.

The total population of the combined towns is 19,675; Abington, 5,455; Rockland, 6,928; Whitman, 7,292; the average annual increase in population for the past ten years being 370.

The three towns have united to make the bicentennial celebration a series of events worthy of the occasion. The week beginning June 9, 1912, will be devoted to the celebration. An elaborate program has been arranged under the direction of a general committee consisting of the selectmen, town treasurers, town clerks, and representatives to the General Court of the three towns. Twenty-one spe-



SOME PROMINENT BUILDINGS IN ABINGTON, ROCKLAND AND WHITMAN



ROCKLAND PUBLIC LIBRARY

cial committees have charge of the details. President Taft, Governor Foss, Ex-Governor Long, Congressman Harris, and other distinguished persons accepted invitations to take

part in the exercises. From far and near the children of Abington will gather to attest their pride in the town of their birth and draw new inspiration from its stirring record of the past.

ON A TEA CUP

RUTH STERRY

He bows and bows to his lady fair,
 Courtly and grave and debonair,
 As she sails far out in a fairy swing,
 On a blossom hung for a fastening;
 So slender and sweet, with her raven hair
 Floating out on the rushing air —
 On a rare old cup my grandsire sent,
 To show his love and his heart's intent,
 To his bride of long ago.

They never grow old, these lovers fair
 Of the stately mien and the raven hair,
 For she swings and swings on the tea cup's rim,
 And smiles and blushes and flirts with him,
 While he so patient, year after year,
 Waits for the frivolous sweet little dear, —
 On the rare old cup my grandsire sent,
 To show his love and his heart's intent,
 To his bride of long ago.



HON. JAMES J. STORROW

THE MEANING OF THE "CHILDE ROLAND"

By T. L. HOOD

IT has long since ceased to be a discredit to the memory of Robert Browning that there remain, here and there among his poems, certain pieces whose meaning is still a matter of discussion. The ancient complaint against the boldness of his diction, in the intensity of his thought, the old cry of "obscurity," though it be still raised by some Augustan in search of magistrality, is no longer the signal of battle; the verdict of time and popularity has been too overwhelmingly in the poet's favor. Even the loudest dissenting voice of the most self-complacent modern critic admits that "The general acknowledgment of the greatness of his genius will never be threatened by the attacks of hostile critics." Indeed, the labors of these hostile critics are noted, not because of their mere reputations, but only because the name of the great poet is made to appear in their titles. It is not true that the good name of the poet of "The Ring and the Book" is in danger from any troop of amateurs exulting in a fancied Sphinxine quality of his work simply "because it is couched in uncouth verse and obscure phraseology." Certainly there is to-day a popular pride in appreciating the writings of Robert Browning; but they have come to be considered in the light of larger issues, and the eyes of men are directed solely upon their legitimate significances.

There is, therefore, now at the turn of the century since his birth, every justification for tolerant study and honest comment upon whatever among Browning's poems are not generally understood. There are a goodly number of the old favorite topics of discussion which are more than ever worth the interpreter's while. The virtue

of this sort of investigation lies chiefly in the fact that it stimulates the reading of the poems themselves; they are the first and most important bits of bibliography. And it can never fail to be a matter of great profit to see before one the several opinions touching the meaning of great and worthy objects.

Take "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came." Among all Browning's writings scarcely any, not excepting even "Sordello," has been subjected to such fire. It has been ridiculed, it has been explained as complicated allegory, it has been called a poem of failure; the mention of it suggests at once such names as Nettleship, Kipling and Chesterton; never has individual opinion varied more upon anything than upon the meaning and, by consequence, the value of this poem.

It was written, we know, at a single sitting, and certain critics have pointed the finger of scorn at it because of the speed of its composition. This haste may perhaps account for the one or two slight difficulties of word and phrase, the poetic syntax. But the general simplicity and obvious literal meaning of the mere language is only another indication of the well-established fact that Browning could write hastily and well. Considering the clear narrative form and the concrete method of the poem, and the ease with which a facile and imaginative mood takes advantage of such a method, considering, too, the unalloyed honesty of purpose which always belongs to the serious Browning, there seems to be no reason whatever in the mere fact of rapid composition to assume that this poem does not contain the profoundest significance. It may well enough be Browning's whole philos-

ophy, a miniature edition of "Paracelsus."

These critics have pointed also to those superficial and immediate sources of inspiration, the painting in Paris, the tapestry in the poet's house, and the tower in the Carrara mountains, and infer that the apparent triviality of these sources makes the poem itself also trivial. But the scantiness of immediate and external inspiration for much of Browning's greatest work is too well known to need restatement. Furthermore, these hostile commentators are obliged to slight the most obvious bit of data, Edgar's song in "Lear." That song runs thus:

"Child Rowland to the dark tower came;
His word was still,—fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man."

If, as the critics seem to assume, this song gave Browning only the title of the poem, why did he direct his readers so formally to "See Edgar's song in 'Lear'?" Surely it was not merely that they might identify so familiar a quotation. Without a doubt, he intended full attention should be paid to that little parenthesis at the beginning. In other words, there is more in Edgar's song than the first line, and though the song is but an external source of inspiration, it is of sufficient poetic weight to satisfy the most exacting objector. No critic is qualified to pass judgment on the depth of the suggestiveness, to the poet's faculty, that lay in the slightest thing that Browning chanced to see and contemplate.

It is, of course, but natural that many cannot feel the transcendent beauty of the poem's tremendous horror. Such terrific perception can be shared successfully by the poet only with those who are able to feel sincerely the beauty of such commonly unhonored objects, a beauty like that, perhaps, of the desert or of the oily waters of a slough. Some readers seem only to fear the serpents in this raw new clearing of art in the wilderness; yet the meaning of the poem

depends first of all upon sure appreciation of the beauty.

If there is a larger meaning latent in the "Childe Roland," something that Poe would call the didactic undercurrent of the poetic theme, it is achieved by suggestion solely. The greatest poems, like flowers and the finest musical compositions, bear different meanings to every individual. Yet in the fact that these individual meanings are to the full original meanings the nearest approximations of which the individual is capable lies the accuracy and success of great art as a medium for the transmission of thought. A person may be assisted by another to a nearer approximation of conception. That is the purpose of critical interpretation. But the prime help to the understanding of this latent and suggested meaning is a clear apprehension of the mere story upon whose artistic rendering such meaning depends. The work itself must always be the one clear voice to all.

The story in this case is not difficult. Of a certain band of knights who had set out in search of the Dark Tower, all save Childe Roland had failed and died. At the opening of the poem, Childe Roland had just asked a hoary cripple for direction to the Dark Tower. The cripple pointed the way into the "ominous tract which, all agree, Hides the Dark Tower." Childe Roland thought that the cripple lied maliciously, yet, too worn in spirit to question, seeking only to go on to some end, almost careless what that end should be, he turned aside from the dusty thoroughfare into the ignoble plain. The thoroughfare disappeared. Nothing remained but to go on, across a landscape sublimely horrible. Seeking spiritual strength to endure, true to his fighting self, to the end (whether success or failure he knew not, nor cared, so long as he should fitly play his part), Childe Roland shut his eyes to the leprous desolation and turned them on his heart. His only memories were of companions who had not been stead-

fast, but, disgraces or traitors, had failed and perished in the quest. Unable to endure such recollections, he looked once more at the evil land. A great black bird brushed his cap as it sailed by on moveless wing, and he accepted the mysterious guidance. He came thereby, half asleep, into the midst of mountains whence progress and escape were alike impossible. Then, in the very nick of giving up, of failing and dying, he awoke to sudden consciousness of his position. He was in the presence of the Dark Tower. Like a last fierce burst of flame from a dying fire, the memories and motives of his whole life surged preternaturally up from the embers of his senses. In a final ecstasy, he heard the names of "The Band" mingled in a strange knell for all the woe of years. He seemed to see "The Band" in a sheet of flame, spirits palpable, ranged along the hillsides, waiting for him to rejoin them,—a fitting frame for this last picture. This was the end. He was the game at bay. He knew what was to come, and yet, dauntless to the last, he set the slug-horn to his lips and blew. Childe Roland had come to the Dark Tower.

There is certainly no more to tell. It has brought Childe Roland to the *Ultima Thule*, where strength and failure, weakness and success are merged and forgotten in the larger fact of mere humanity, which the poet need not explain, but only point to. We are somehow reminded of the line in Edgar's song:

"I smell the blood of a British man."

A poem of mere failure or of mere success it may not well be called. It is a larger history, which teaches us that not the gods alone are beautiful. Childe Roland is perhaps to be pitied, yet he commands respect and admiration. He is the pathetically beautiful type of man, and probably the strongest proof of the comprehensiveness and universality of this story about him lies in the fact that although the undercurrent lesson of the poem varies infinitely with individuals, yet every reader inevitably feels that Childe Roland is like himself in many ways. And this perhaps may lead us to the inference that the "Childe Roland" is a mingling of all human impulses,—timidity, courage, despair and hope,—in that instinct of blind perseverance, that unmasterable desire for the accomplishment of some definite purpose, regardless of its significance, which has made the life of the great white race. "See Edgar's song in 'Lear'."

Now whether or not this particular interpretation of the "Childe Roland" is justified, the fact remains that every man is properly entitled to whatever admiration he may feel for the work of Robert Browning, and that the most painstaking study of the least of it repays an hundred-fold what effort is involved. Time has not shown, and, despite the *ipse dixit* of any literary dictator, it is scarcely to be believed that the reputation of the poet is in danger from any form of the popular interest in him.



JUDICIAL DETERMINATION IN INTERNATIONAL AWARDS

By SAMUEL J. ELDER

THE objection commonly made to tribunals of arbitration is that the determinations are not judicial. It has been a kind of fad to say that they have been compromises and not determinations in accordance with law. This society rests the reason for its existence upon its insistence that there shall be judicial determination, and not merely compromise.

How true the charge is as against arbitrations earlier than this century I do not propose to inquire; but in my judgment the decisions of The Hague Tribunal have been according to law; they have not been compromises. I do not mean that compromise has played no part; but I do mean that the judges, conscious of the solemnity of the service which they were rendering, have sought to decide according to international law and according to justice, and have not sought merely to please or console the parties. They have allowed the ax to fall wherever the Blind Goddess swung it, and to cut clean through.

The Hague Convention declares that "international arbitration has for its object the settlement of disputes between states by judges of their own choice and on the basis of respect for law." It is in "questions of a legal nature, and especially in the interpretation or application of international convention," that arbitration is declared to be "the most effective, as well as the most equitable means of settling disputes."

The opening of nearly all, if not all, the arbitrations have been signalized by such declarations as that of Dr. Lammash at the opening of the Fisheries Arbitration. "May we, with

the help of Him who bade his peace to all who are of good will, succeed in promoting the progress of mankind through Justice to Peace — per Justitiam ad Pacem."

It must, of course, be remembered that there is no general code of international law; that its principles must be sought in the often conflicting writings of publicists and the constantly conflicting declarations and adjustments of nations. It must be remembered that there has been no established and permanent judiciary and no great body of adjudged cases to form the common law of nations. It must be remembered that the judges come from two great and diverse schools; from the school of the common law and the school and magazine of the civil law. The sea has not been fully charted. The court must often steer by the compass and by observations of political exigencies and world conditions. But, bearing these things in mind, I venture again to assert, that the underlying principle which has actuated the varying judges at The Hague has been devoutly, and as if upon their oaths, to ascertain and promulgate the law and not to resort to temporary makeshifts or to secure the consolation of litigants.

I know that this view is in conflict with the views recently expressed by a distinguished French publicist, a professor of international law, and with the views of some, at least, on this side of the water. The decisions of The Hague Tribunal should be read just as the great body of decisions, English and American, federal and state, are read. They must not be read with a microscope. And we must not let our partisanship influence our judg-

ment. It is an inborn right of every man, said to be guaranteed by the Constitution, to go out behind the court house and swear at the court when he loses his case. Few of us are so modest that we have not at times thought we could improve upon opinions, even those that were in our favor. Some of the most potent and far-reaching decisions have been the subject of criticism. Marshall was criticized and the supreme court in our day has been criticized. But shortcomings in the court do not justify the decrying of an entire system as hopelessly defective.

We all believe that a really permanent court, consisting of judges with fixed tenure, would be a vast improvement upon the present court at The Hague; but our advocacy of such a court as this society desires must not blind us to the advance which has actually been made toward judicial settlement in international affairs. I want, with your permission, to cite a few illustrations.

The Hague decision, which has been criticized more frequently than any other, is that in the Venezuela Case, in which the three blockading powers were given preference in the payment of their claims over the powers which had not resorted to force. It has been asserted that this placed a premium upon war, that it gave advantage to the powers which earliest invoked the arbitrament of warships and sixteen-inch guns, and that in this case the court lost an opportunity to set free and send aloft the white-winged dove of peace. There must have been a tremendous temptation to the judges sitting in that case to yield to popular sentiment, and to place the "peace powers" on a parity — barring, perhaps, expenses — with the three powers which had appealed to arms. But they did not so yield. They adjudged the case according to the law of nations as they understood it. As Professor Moore has said, with reference to this case, "War is a legal mode of action," and again, "The Hague Tribunal is a judicial tribunal,

not a legislative body." In their award the judges say, as if in answer to or in anticipation of criticism:

"Whereas, the Tribunal in its examination of the present litigation had to be guided by the principles of international law and the maxims of justice;

"Whereas, the various protocols signed at Washington since February thirteenth, 1903, and particularly the protocol of May seventh, 1903, the obligatory force of which is beyond all doubt, form the legal basis for the arbitral award;

"Whereas, the Tribunal considers itself absolutely incompetent to give a decision as to the character or the nature of the military operations undertaken by Germany, Great Britain and Italy against Venezuela," etc.

No municipal court ever held itself to its duty more strictly than did the Hague Court. It was tempted to go afield, but it knew that it was bound to the terms and limitations of the submission to it, and also bound to determine the issues presented according to the "principles of international law." Mouravieff, Lammasch, and Martens sat as "judges" in this case and not as "apostles of peace."

It is short-sighted in the extreme to criticize this decision. It did exactly what every wise advocate of peace knows to be a prerequisite to peace. The time may come when the Hague Conference and all the powers signatory thereto will legislate that preferential rights shall not be secured by a resort to arms, but while the law stands as it does a court cannot ignore it. Nations holding the power to enforce claims by blockade will never relax that power and enter into arbitration if there is fear that the final award will be influenced by sentiment and not controlled by law.

Just a few words with regard to some of the other arbitrations. No one doubts that the Pious Fund Case was settled according to the law which underlay it. The case of the Bishops of San Francisco and Monterey against Mexico had been once tried and Sir



THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE HOUSE
AS SEEN FROM BOSTON COMMON

Edward Thornton had adjudged between the parties in favor of the former. Mexico, after paying the amounts found due to 1869 declared that the claim was extinguished, or at least that the whole case was open on its merits. The principle of *res adjudicata* had not been authoritatively announced as a principle of international law and the value of this decision is that it probably places that doctrine in the law of nations.

Let me take still another case. Of course American lawyers are not in a position to analyze satisfactorily the decision in the Muscat Case, i.e., concerning the conditions under which the subjects of the Sultan of Muscat could be allowed the protection of the French flag. But there is absolutely nothing to indicate that any compromise entered into that decision. In the first place it was unanimous. Chief Justice Fuller, Lammasch, and Lohman concurred in the award, and it bears every evidence of having been dissected to the bone. The power to authorize the use of the flag and the right to continue its use under early authorization were sharply and clearly defined. There is no reason to doubt that the decision was juridical.

To drop from considerations of great pith and moment to one of less importance, it is interesting to note the celerity with which the latest determination of the court was reached. The incident of the escape of Sarvarkar in the harbor of Marseilles occurred on the 8th of July, 1910. The decision of the case was rendered by the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, on February 24, 1911. It may be that among the many services the Hague Court is to render the world is that of giving an example of celerity which will spur the laggard steps of some of our more ancient and tardy tribunals.

And it is refreshing, too, to see that the great court can deal with minor questions. The elephant can pick up the needle as well as shake thoroughfares with its tread. After the tomes of treaties, laws, judgments, delibera-

tions, and diplomatic correspondence by which many arbitrations are burdened, it is almost laughable to follow, as the court did, the flight of a half-naked Indian fugitive along the quay of Marseilles, with a French brigadier of police in hot pursuit and to listen to the shouts of the populace, "Stop him! Stop him!" But the decision was not a minor matter, and bears evidence of close and exact consideration.

And now I come to the North Atlantic Fisheries Arbitration.

The juridical character of the award in this case has been called in question. The eminent French professor referred to speaks of the award, "especially in connection with the definition of bays" as entitled to only "qualified approval," or as being "even open to criticism." And Dr. Lammasch, the president of the Tribunal has been supposed to have admitted that the element of compromise entered into the determination.

This would indeed be a world of contradictions if that decision was not juridical after the ten weeks of argument and the volumes of citation and quotation from legal lore. For instance, the United States on a single point — that of international servitudes — quoted, in extenso, three hundred and forty-five pages from thirty-seven jurists and writers on international law. English decisions and American decisions, both federal and state, were used by both sides with the lavishness of a brief in a patent case. At the very last moment Great Britain produced and cited under "Question Two" a case from the supreme court of Oregon, by which, it was contended, the course of the common law seemed to have been turned awry. If the decision was not juridical it certainly was not the fault of counsel who delved deep in the mines of adjudged cases.

Reserving until a little later the consideration of Dr. Lammasch's observations, let me at this moment consider the award in some detail. It should be remembered that there were

seven questions arising out of the treaty of October 20, 1818, which were submitted for the determination of the tribunal. "Question One," the most important question in the case, I reserve for a word at the end. The first contention of the United States under it was not, the second contention was, sustained in an exhaustive opinion covering many pages. It can hardly be contended that either the discussion or the decisions lack a juridical character.

Question Two concerned the right of the "inhabitants of the United States," under the treaty, to employ non-nationals in their fishing crews. The contention of Great Britain was that the use of the words "inhabitants of the United States" in the treaty confined the exercise of the liberties conferred thereby to those "inhabitants" and limited the burden placed upon the treaty-waters to that which results from fishing by those inhabitants, without alien assistance.

The decision follows closely the decision in the *Duchess of Norfolk's Case* in the Year Books and the case of Wickham and Hawker, 7 Meeson and Wellsby, and holds that the right granted to the United States is an economic right and therefore its exercise "includes the right to employ servants." In short, the decision is that Great Britain fully understood in granting the privilege that it was authorizing the prosecution of an industry, and that the industry may be prosecuted in the ordinary way by the employment of servants without regard to their nationality.

"Questions Three and Four" related to the requirements of entry or report at custom houses and the payment of light, harbor, or other dues as a prerequisite or incident to the exercise of the treaty rights. The decision followed ordinary rules of interpretation. It held that the treaty gave absolute rights of fishing in the treaty waters, and that so long as these were exercised by fishing vessels which did not seek to engage in trade, it was "not competent for Great Britain to im-

pose exactions only appropriate to trading vessels" and that the exercise of the treaty rights could not be subjected to any conditions. The recommendation that American fishing vessels should report their presence on the coast whenever "there be reasonably convenient opportunity afforded to do so in person or by telegraph" can hardly be regarded as a compromise.

"Question Five," to which the French writer refers, is the historic question of bays. Volumes have been written about it. The great secretaries of state and ministers of foreign affairs for a generation or more have occupied themselves with its elucidation. No question, unless perhaps that concerning the common law right of authors to their works, in which the writers of many books were themselves concerned, has been more prolific of discussion.

We are concerned only with the award. In the treaty the United States renounced "forever any liberty heretofore enjoyed or claimed by the inhabitants thereof to take, dry, or cure fish on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbors of His Britannic Majesty's Dominions in North America," not included in the treaty waters.

Great Britain claimed that "a bay was a bay," and that when we agreed not to fish on a bay or within three marine miles of a bay, we meant to stay outside of the bay.

The United States contended that "bays . . . of His Majesty's Dominions" meant indentations of the coast not more than six miles wide at the mouth, i.e., jurisdictional bays.

The decision was that the negotiators of the treaty used the word "bays" in its ordinary sense and that they intended those bodies of water which were known and charted as bays in 1818. The tribunal, after a careful definition of the word "bay" went further and recognized the fact that this definition gave no exact line "from where must be measured the three marine miles" referred to in the

treaty, although that was the precise question submitted. Charts and geographies are delightfully indefinite as to the mouths of bays. They do not indicate where the bays stop and the high seas begin. The tribunal held that there was no rule of international law in 1818 which settled that question, and accordingly said that it "cannot overlook that this answer, although correct in principle and the only one possible in view of the want of a sufficient basis for a more concrete answer, is not entirely satisfactory as to its practical applicability, and that it leaves room for doubts and differences in practice." The tribunal, therefore, considered it to be its duty to make a recommendation, and did recommend that the ten-mile rule be adopted by the two Powers, except as to certain specified bays concerning which definite points of limitation were prescribed.

Dr. Drago filed a dissenting opinion on this question, the only dissenting opinion which was filed in the case. In substance Dr. Drago contended that the ten-mile rule should have been adopted as the definite award instead of being presented merely as a recommendation. This dissenting opinion, written by a man trained in the Civil Law, is well worth reading. I believe I am justified in saying that it is one of the best presentations of the issues involved in Question Five that has been made during the years of discussion. Declining to accept the view of the majority of the Court that there was no international rule in 1818, and at the same time declining to accept the American contention of the limitation to six miles, Dr. Drago makes a most persuasive argument for the ten-mile rule.

We are not, however, concerned with whether Dr. Drago or the majority was right. Both discussed Question Five as a mere question of law and determined it according to their convictions.

"Questions Six and Seven" need no separate consideration as the award in each was clearly juridical.

And now I come to the supposed view of Dr. Lammasch that the Fisheries award was a compromise. In an article published in "Recht" last spring the President of the tribunal wrote as follows:

"Experience has shown that almost without exception the persons called to act as judges of the Hague Court either possess a distinguished name in the theory of public law, or belong to the highest magistracy, and that in the matter of awards some contain keen and penetrating holdings of a juridical nature. Especially was this the case in the three Awards in which the writer of this article was President of the Tribunal: the *Muscat* case between Great Britain and France, the Orinoco case between the United States of America and Venezuela, and the Newfoundland and Canadian Fisheries case between Great Britain and the United States of America. To be sure, the judgment in the last-named case also contained *elements of a compromise, for which, however, the Tribunal received special and exceptional authorization.*"

A critic of the highest authority speaks of this as an admission, "with full knowledge of the circumstances attending the awards," and asserts that only naked questions of law relating to the interpretation of the convention of October 20, 1818, were submitted. He fails to find "evidence of the special and exceptional authorization mentioned by the President as justifying what he admits to be a compromise."

The critic further says: "The truth seems to be that arbitration is ordinarily understood as merely a prolongation of diplomatic proceedings and slips insensibly and perhaps unconsciously into compromise. This may be an admirable method of adjusting political differences or controversies in which the legal element is comparatively slight and unimportant; but controversies of a strictly legal nature, such as the Fisheries Question, should be adjudged by a court of justice in the technical sense of the word."

Some of the law magazines in this country have made similar criticisms.

It is to be noted that Dr. Lammasch does not indicate in what part of the award "the elements of a compromise" were contained, and seems to have made the statement with reference to the entire award.

A letter recently received from him, and shortly to be published in the *Journal of International Law*, which Dr. James Brown Scott has courteously allowed me to see and quote from, makes it clear that he referred not to the award as a whole, but to the recommendations under Question Five. Dr. Lammasch thus concludes his statement;

"The recommendations were the result of a compromise and to that compromise I meant to allude in the words which the editor of this journal did me the honor to quote from my article in *Recht* . . . I did not state that the sentence in the Fisheries decision was a compromise, but that it did contain elements of a compromise."

Before this letter was received I wrote to Sir Charles Fitzpatrick and to Judge George Gray, who sat by appointment respectively of Great Britain and of the United States as members of the tribunal, calling their attention to what Dr. Lammasch said last spring. I am authorized by each of these distinguished jurists to state most emphatically that there was no compromise in the decision.

Sir Charles Fitzpatrick writes as follows:

"Now as to your inquiry. I think that Dr. Lammasch must have had in mind, when he spoke of the judgment in the North Atlantic Fishery Case as containing elements of compromise, the recommendations providing for a way to determine the validity of existing and future fishery regulations and the delimitation of the 'bays' on the non-treaty coasts. All the questions which are finally disposed of by the award were decided according to those principles of law which, in our opinion, were applicable to the construction of the treaty.

There was no suggestion of compromise that I can remember, with respect to the determination of the rights of the parties under the treaty. . . .

"With respect to 'bays' we decided what, in our opinion, was meant in the treaty by 'bays'; but we made recommendations for their delimitation because of local conditions."

Judge Gray is equally emphatic in what he says in regard to the decision, viz.:

"The word 'compromise' used by Dr. Lammasch is, of course, unfortunate. As a foreigner he could not have used the word with the full understanding of what it might import. I have never understood otherwise than that our function in making the award was a juridical one."

Judge Gray assumed in his letter that Dr. Lammasch referred to the second part of the award under "Question One," and pointed out conclusively that the tribunal followed the same canons of construction and the same rules of interpretation which are employed by every court. He says:

"Nothing is more usual in the construction of written contracts by courts than to refer to the practical interpretation put upon them by the parties themselves, and especially to any concession made by one side or the other, in a controversy concerning such construction, in the tribunal before which they are justiciable. This was all that was done or intended to be done, as I have particular reason to know."

After pointing out the strictness with which the tribunal followed and conformed to the different parts of the treaty submitting the case to it, he concludes as follows:

"This seems to me clearly to be a judicial determination of an issue submitted by the parties in respect to the matter in controversy. It would seem impossible to find in it any element or feature of a compromise."

I have gone thus much into detail with reference to the Fishery Award because it would seem to me most unfortunate if any misapprehension should finally exist with regard to its

juridical character. The case was a most important one. It was described at the time by a leading journal as "the greatest law-suit in the world."

The decision, except upon the single point named, was unanimous. Not only were the foreign members of the court of one mind, but our own Judge Gray and the chief justice of Canada, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, agreed upon the intricate questions involved in this determination and set anew an example of nonpartisan consideration of great and far-reaching international questions.

Thus far I have said nothing concerning "Question One," but there is one thing I want to say. This was the most important question in the case. It turned in part upon the contention of the United States that its inhabitants had acquired by the treaty of 1818 an international servitude in the treaty waters with which neither Great Britain nor its Colony could interfere by legislation or otherwise without the consent of the United States.

Great Britain entered into this arbitration with full knowledge that its powers and that of its colonies to pass laws binding upon Americans in waters confessedly within its jurisdiction was called in question. It knew that its sovereignty was called in question, and the question of a nation's sovereignty is a question of its honor and vital interests. It discussed this question before a tribunal, only one of whose five members was a British citizen. It was prepared to abide by the result. No longer step

toward international arbitration without limit and without exception has ever been made.

Lord Russell, in 1866, said that the question of the escape from British waters of the *Alabama* and other vessels involved the honor of Great Britain, of which Her Majesty's government must be the sole judge. Five years later that question was submitted to arbitration. How much greater is this advance! Not the escape of privateers from waters within the jurisdiction of Great Britain, but the right of Great Britain to legislate within its own jurisdictional waters was put in issue.

As a fine and natural historical sequel, President Taft has proposed to Great Britain a treaty by which the United States and Great Britain are to agree to submit to arbitration all questions capable of judicial solution, without the exception of vital interests or national honor. The President is making history of the most momentous kind. He is calling upon us greatly to serve our age and the people of all times. There must be no hesitation and no backward step. The modern world moves forward with the speed of modern transportation. Years ago Mr. Webster said:

"While the Union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and for our children."

What high, exciting, gratifying prospects we have spread out before us, for us, perhaps, and for our children certainly, in the union, not merely of states, but in the union of the world!

THE GUARDIAN*

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER VI

ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

'G'ENE took the fifteen miles to St. Croix on that April morning with as little effort as every day he walked to school. He was seeing life through

new eyes. He was now a sailor, with all the wide world ahead of him. He even walked with a certain rolling gait which he understood to be peculiar to sea-faring men. The old landmarks which were as familiar to him as the furnishings of his room at home now looked fresh and new as

**Begun in the February Number.*

though he were a foreigner. He imagined himself already in the Andes, and swung along as carelessly as though the farm were already miles behind him.

He made long circuits through the fields at every house, and when within sight of the village left the highway altogether. He had his reasons for not wishing to be seen. He had told no one at home save Julie of his journey. For one thing he disliked scenes, and knew his mother would cry about it; for another he liked the mystery of a stealthy departure; and for another he was still sufficiently afraid of his father to hesitate about disobeying him openly. He knew the latter would object. Captain Barclay, glad enough to get for his ship husky youngsters fresh from the country, had made the matter easy by sending him his ticket to Boston and five dollars in advance on his wages. 'Gene made up his mind that he wouldn't write home until safe at sea.

When finally he came down through the grove of oaks back of the wooden station, he was still an hour ahead of time. He selected a comfortable spot in the sun, and drawing out a corn-cob pipe filled it with tobacco he had pilfered from his father. He lighted it, and lying back with his head on his gunny sack smoked with lazy content. His thoughts were all of the future. He anticipated the ride to Boston, the meeting with the captain and his life on the high seas. To Julie he never gave a thought until in putting back his pipe he found her letter. Then he tore this open and read it through with a smile of deep satisfaction playing around his handsome mouth. A girl to leave behind him was the last touch needed to make his adventure perfect. If he had doubted the sincerity of Julie's love before, he found it impossible after reading this gentle epistle, so warm and so direct from her eager young heart. Had he known all this letter contained, he would have kissed her a hundred times. It was clear she had deceived him with her coyness.

The shrill whistle of the approaching train brought him to his feet. He swung his sack over his shoulder and hurried down to the platform. He managed to get into the train without giving the usual station loafers a chance to question him, and settled back into the corner of the last car. He had never seen so many well-dressed men and women in his life. He himself was in his Sunday clothes, but they now appeared decidedly work-a-day. He noticed, too, that the hands of the men were very white compared to his; that their shoes were shined while his own were oiled. There was not a detail which escaped him and which he did not tuck away in his mind for future use.

But the passing scenery also appealed to him. He had never before been any farther from home than a drive to some neighboring towns to dances or to the autumn fairs. The train hadn't proceeded an hour before he was on ground as unfamiliar as any in South America. He glued his eyes to the window and before he knew it he was in Bangor. He had a wait of an hour here, but he didn't dare move from his seat in the station for fear of losing the train. He wasn't happy until once aboard it again and speeding towards Boston. He had his first glimpse of the ocean on the way and his first sniff of salt air. It was like wine to him. It set aflame every dream he ever had. He had thought of the sea as differing only in size from the little ponds around home, but even the brief pictures from the car window were enough to show him that this water was something entirely distinct. Its age impressed him most of all. The slimy green piles beneath the wharves suggested centuries, while the lakes were as though made from day to day. Even the anchored schooners looked venerable and hoary. So did the shore line with its clutter of decaying things. He could not yet realize its size, although the ponderous waves which pounded against the sands at Old Orchard were clumsy giants along-

side the dainty patting ripples about the old millpond. The roar of them was as bewildering as the first boom of cannon to a new recruit. It did not frighten him, but it made the journey seem less the jaunty affair it had appeared while he was walking over the hills that morning.

He was whirled through Portsmouth and then on through a half-dozen smaller cities which looked to him revoltingly dirty. Smoke-stained and grimy, they lowered his spirits. Still the streets packed with life as on a circus day at home revived him somewhat. He studied eagerly all the comers into the car. He noticed particularly the women. They all seemed beautiful. They were of finer texture than those at home—with the exception of Julie. She could compare with any of them except that the latter seemed much gayer.

The train pulled through a stretch of factory buildings, then through what looked like the heart of the city itself, then pounded over wooden trestles just above the green water, then through a desolate half-mile of freight yards, and then slowing down hauled into a dark covered building. 'Gene heard the brakeman shout:

"Boston. All change. Do not leave any articles or packages in the car."

He seized his bag and jumped to his feet. He shouldered his way to the door in fear he would not be off in time. Before the train fairly came to a standstill he forced his way down the steps and was on the platform. He stopped a second to take his bearings, but from behind and on all sides he was surrounded by a nervous crowd of men and women who in their turn forced him on. He allowed himself to be swept through the iron gates to the main station, where he was left stranded like an old log below a dam. They went on past him, laughing, chattering, sure and confident in their movements. Each apparently had his fixed destination and cared not a jot whether he had one or not. He had at first resented their interference in forcing him along with them willy

nilly, but now as they ignored him he watched them enviously. He was timid about asking questions, but finally ventured up to a policeman with the address the captain had furnished him and inquired the way. The policeman gave a curt direction which sufficed to get 'Gene out of the station, at any rate. Here the clatter of the cars and the heavy rumble of traffic over cobblestones confused him. He inquired again and received another direction. By this method he reached in the course of an hour Atlantic Avenue.

He had not eaten all day. He passed a dozen restaurants with food temptingly displayed, and this so whetted his appetite that he felt faint. The boat did not sail until the next morning, although he was supposed to be aboard that night. He had plenty of time and decided to fortify himself for the ordeal of meeting the captain by a square meal. He shuffled slowly by one place after another without being able to make up his mind to venture in. They all seemed far too luxurious for him. The lights and crowd embarrassed him—more than ever since he had seen several people turn and smile at him and his bag. The chances are that he would have ended by giving up his dinner had he not caught the eyes of a young waitress resting upon him. She stood looking at him in aimless fashion and yet with something distinctly friendly about her too. At sight of his bag she had started to smile like the others, but when she saw his face the smile of mockery had changed into another kind of smile. This single touch of friendliness was all the encouragement his hunger needed. He walked through the door. At this she turned and hurried away. He stood there awkwardly looking around, not knowing what to do next with this support removed, and might have gone out again if she hadn't turned back. Her eyes had grown curious. She studied his face shrewdly and then came towards him.

"Can I get suthin' to eat here?" he inquired, politely removing his cap.

She liked that act of courtesy.

"If you've got the price," she answered with caution, but not unkindly.

"I've got five dollars," he replied.

"That would last you a week in this joint," she answered. "Sit down."

She waved her hand towards a vacant table. He placed his bag beside him, stuffed his cap into his pocket, and waited.

"What'll you have?" she asked.

"There's the bill o' fare."

He took up the card soiled by the marks of many greasy fingers, and looked it over. He was so self-conscious with her standing there beside him that he couldn't read a word. So a full minute passed.

"Well?" she inquired.

"I dunno," he confessed.

"How'd ham and eggs hit you?" she asked.

"Can I get that here?"

"Sure can."

"Then I'll have that," he decided with a smile.

She disappeared to the other end of the room with a movement which seemed to involve nothing but her feet. He heard her shout, "Two mediums on ham." She collected a napkin, fork and knife, a glass of water, and a plate of butter, and distributed these into place with a single motion. He watched her from the corner of his eye.

She was not a pretty girl. She was tall and rather thin, and her face did not have much color. She was dressed in faded black and wore a white apron not over clean. Her blond hair was done in some wonderful pompadour fashion and was not unattractive. Neither were her brown eyes. The fact that in describing her one was forced to use negatives, was, on the whole, significant. On the other hand, no one could do Bella justice by merely cataloguing her features. This would by no means account for her popularity with her customers—a popularity, however, which never extended beyond the threshold of the small restaurant.

The thing that distinguished her from the other two girls, who were much prettier and younger, was a smile of good-humored cynicism which flashed to her thin lips and lighted her whole face at moments when the other girls usually responded with coquettish grins. Safe behind the barrier of her plainness, she allowed herself a freedom of intercourse with men which had left her very wise and self-reliant. Men had a habit of confiding in her when she would allow it. She listened, if at all, with mingled scorn and amusement at their petty vanities and intrigues. She knew men as a trained nurse knows men. It was not often that they furnished her with such a refreshing change as she found in 'Gene. Her second glance assured her that the boy was new to his surroundings, and that he had not come to town with any of the blatant self-confidence which accompanied most rustics. There was nothing artificially fresh about him. He was as genuine as new milk.

'Gene continued to feel her friendliness. In a few minutes he was at ease in her presence and ventured to look around. There were two or three other men in the room, and behind the counter to the right the proprietor picked his teeth with bland indifference. The walls were ornamented with signs proclaiming the price of a dish of pork and beans, fish hash, small steaks, and ham and eggs. Even these announcements impressed him with their distant apathy. They were stuck up there in a "Take it or leave it" spirit in marked contrast to the friendly advertisements in the village store.

With one eye on the boss, Bella ostentatiously wiped off the top of the bare wooden table before him.

"Just come down?" she inquired.

"Yes," he answered shyly.

"Where goin'?"

"Goin' to sea," he replied.

"Good place for you," she answered.

"I'm goin' to India," he told her.

"The farther the better," she replied with a nod.

He didn't understand her logic, but

before he had time to question, a sepulchral voice from the dumb waiter sent her sailing off like a small tug. She returned with his ham and eggs and a couple of rolls. The sight of food drove all other thoughts from his mind, and he began to eat at once. Another customer entered with an easy nod at Bella and seated himself at the next table. A second one came in, glanced quickly at 'Gene and his bag, and seated himself opposite the boy. He was a broad-shouldered fellow with a very red face and very small eyes. The glands below his eyes were swollen. He leaned good-naturedly across the table with a low husky whisper.

"Hello, pard."

'Gene looked up.

"Hello," he answered.

"Them ham and eggs looks good to me," the man continued with easy familiarity. "How d' they taste?"

"Fine," answered Gene.

The man leaned farther towards him.

"Yer wouldn't stake a poor feller who ain't had nothin' to eat all day to a lay-out like that, would yer?"

"You mean you hain't got no money?"

"That's 'bout the size of it," answered the man.

A tramp was never turned away from the Page house, and 'Gene himself was naturally generous with money.

"An' ye want me to buy your supper?"

"You're on, old man."

"Of course I will," 'Gene answered heartily.

The fellow turned instantly, and raising his arm snapped his fingers, Bella looked up, frowned, and ignored the summons. But the proprietor rapped sharply on his desk, and she was forced to obey.

"Bring me ham an' eggs like me fren's," he commanded.

Bella glanced sharply at 'Gene and back again at the newcomer.

"How long since he's been your friend?" she demanded in a low voice.

The man scowled.

"You tend your business an' I'll tend mine," he warned.

In the course of the meal 'Gene found a real companion in this stranger. It seemed that he too was a sailor and had even had in mind seeking Captain Barclay of the Lillie K. in search of a berth on this very trip.

"Come with me an' I'll interdooce ye," 'Gene suggested.

"I dunno but what I'll take yer up on that," nodded the man. "I useter know the cap'n well, but maybe he wouldn't remember me. I've been sorter down on my luck lately. M' name's Johnson — Ben Johnson."

"Mine's Page — 'Gene Page."

"Well now, 'Gene, what'd d'ye say we pay up our little recknin' here and hoist anchor? I'll pilot ye to the ship; you'll interdooce *me*, and we'll both hev a talk with the cap'n."

"All right," 'Gene agreed readily. "How much do I owe?"

"I guess fifty cents will let us out. Jus' ye whistle fer the little dame — who accordin' to my notions is a fresh un."

'Gene obeyed literally. He whistled as he would call a dog. Bella heard and turned scarlet to the roots of her hair. For a wonder, however, she did not show her resentment when she came up. She took 'Gene's five-dollar bill.

"Two?" she asked.

"Right ye are."

Johnson crossed his elbows on the table.

"Now wot does a seafarin' man do wot's left ashore?" he asked.

The room was beginning to swim to 'Gene. Not much — but in a lazy sort of dance-tune fashion. His last remark had won such applause that he could think of nothing better than to repeat it.

"I don't care an' I dunno."

"Well, I know. They makes a night of it — that's wot they does. They says t' hell with poverty, bring 'long another herrin', herrin' in this case meanin' no more an' no less than another musty."

"Bring 'long six," 'Gene invited with a generous wave of his hand.

"One at a time, one at a time," Johnson cautioned.

But at that moment the waiter whispered in Johnson's ear.

"The boss says this don't go here," he warned.

"Very well," nodded Johnson. "Tell the boss for me —"

"Cut it out," the waiter advised.

Johnson seized 'Gene's bag.

"Come on, ol' man. We'll go find some more fren's er mine."

'Gene rose sleepily. Johnson took his arm and they went out.

(To be continued)

"TIN SOLDIERS" THE MILITIA AND WHAT IT REALLY IS

THOUSANDS who have scoffed in the past realized for the first time when they saw the militia keeping order during the big textile strike in Lawrence how necessary an organization it really is. A more intimate knowledge of its work and duties is the patriotic duty of every citizen.

"Tin Soldiers," by Walter Merriam Pratt, is a book that should be given much consideration. While other books on the subject are mostly technical, and therefore uninteresting to the average civilian, Mr. Pratt's book treats the subject in an elementary and general way and is intensely interesting reading. It points out the good points and the defects, gives its history and a few important statistics. It tells of the enlisted man and the officer, explains the Dick Bill, Strike, Duty, Mobile Army, and Maneuvers, makes a plea for the Pay Bill and touches on the general officers, schools of instruction, and many other interesting subjects. Mr. Pratt, whose articles on various subjects have appeared in this magazine from time to time the past few years, is a first lieutenant in the Eighth Massachusetts Infantry, and has served in the cavalry and field artillery. He has had considerable practical experience along various lines, is young, energetic, and immensely enthusiastic about the militia, and his purpose in writing this book has been wholly altruistic. It is



not a question of making money, but simply that of presenting the true facts to the public, and he deserves much praise for placing before the people such an adequate and comprehensive book. It is an important work and gives those who have not the time or inclination to make a study of the subject a chance to know the facts about the Organized Militia and its comparison to the Regular Service. The publisher is Richard G. Badger, of Boston, and the introduction is written by Capt. George E. Thorne, U. S. A., the officer in charge of military affairs of the Department of the Eastern Division.

"CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL ESSAYS OF EDWARD MACDOWELL"

By ETHEL SYFORD

THERE are twenty-one chapters of this recent collection of lectures delivered by Mr. MacDowell at Columbia University. It would be impossible to put together this many lectures from a man whose information was more comprehensive or whose vision was more vital and individual than that of Mr. MacDowell. There are three chapters in the work which may be said to be uniquely his. I refer to the chapters "Folk-Song and Its Relation to Nationalism in Music"; "Declamation in Music," and "Suggestion in Music." However, every chapter of the book, even the one on the "Formation of the Scale," is as markedly fused with "MacDowellisms" as is his musical composition. If one knew no further word concerning MacDowell he can feel out of these essays the man's insatiable desire for unlimited research and knowledge upon the every phase of the subject, an assimilation of the vital significance of the facts and a very keen co-relating of them, and then,—because he *must* be *himself*,—a refusal of the fact almost, in realizing its larger significance, a revivifying of the fact, as it were.

In "Song *vs.* Instrumental Music," he cannot stop at the mere truths stated, "For it is in the nature of the spiritual part of mankind to shrink from the earth, to aspire to something higher; a bird soaring in the blue above us has something of the ethereal; we give wings to our angels. On the other hand a serpent impresses us as something sinister. Trees, with their strange fight against all the laws of gravity, striving upward unceasingly, bring us something of hope and faith; the sight of them cheers us. And yet, so strange is human nature, that that which we call civilization strives unceasingly to nullify emotion. The

almost childlike faith which made our church spires point heavenward also gave us Gothic architecture, that emblem of frail humanity striving towards the ideal. It is a long leap from that childlike faith to the present day of skyscrapers. We build but few great cathedrals now. Our tall buildings generally point to utilitarianism and the almighty dollar."

In his chapter on "Declamation in Music," he says not a little concerning Wagner. He does not laud him, except qualifyingly; he does not attack him. "Music can invariably heighten the poignancy of mere spoken words but words can but rarely, in fact, I doubt whether they can ever heighten the effect of musical declamation. To my mind, listening to Wagner's operas may be likened to watching a circus with three rings. That containing the music should have our closest attention, for it offers the most wonderful sounds ever imagined by any man.

Mr. MacDowell considers that Bach, "one of the mightiest tone poets, accomplished his mission, not by means of the contrapuntal fashion of his age, but in spite of it."

The chapter on "Suggestion in Music" contains a point of view which will interest any sincere devotee of either poetry or music. Here is MacDowell, the poet, MacDowell of the artistic sensitiveness.

"To my mind, it is in the power of suggestion that the vital spark of music lies." And later, "For want of a better word, I will call it ideal suggestion. It has to do with musical speech and is difficult to define. He speaks of Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra," and says that it may be considered the apotheosis of the power of suggestion through total color. He says that the work shows by its glorious magnificence of tonal texture, that the suggestion in the

opening measures of the rising run is a mighty example of the overwhelming power of tone color. And then he continues thus: "The upward sweep of the music to the highest regions of light has much of splendour about it, and yet I remember once hearing in London, sung in the street at night, a song that seemed to me to contain a truer germ of music."

Those interested in the problem of "program music" can find some unique words apropos of it. He says "the term tone-painting is somewhat unsatisfactory and reminds one of the French critic who spoke of a poem as 'beautiful, painted music.'" I believe that music can suggest forcibly certain things and ideas as well as vague emotions encased in the so-called "form" and "science" of music. If we wish to begin with the most primitive form of suggestion in music, we shall find it in the direct invitation of sounds in nature. We remember that Helmholtz, Hanslich, and their followers denied to music the power to suggest things in nature, but it was somewhat grudgingly admitted that music might express the emotions caused by them. In the face of this, to quote a well-known instance, we have the "Pastoral" symphony by Beethoven, with the thrush, cuckoo and thunderstorm. The birds and the storm are very plainly indicated; but it is not possible for the music to be an expression of the emotions caused by them, for the very simple reason that no emotions are caused by the cuckoo and thrush, and those caused by thunderstorms range all the way from depression and fear to exhilaration, according to the personality of individuals.

The chapter on "Music in Greece" is as interesting as illuminating an exposition of this subject as has ever been written. As in the other essays, the reader feels that the searchlight of sanity and of logical insight had been turned upon all of the decrees which have gone forth hitherto concerning the significance of certain evidence extant. He says: "With the Greeks the word 'music' included all

the esthetic culture that formed part of the education of youth; in the same general way a poet was called a singer, and even in Roman times we find Terrence, in his 'Phormio,' alluding to poets as musicians. That Æschylus and Sophocles were not musicians, as we understand the term, is very evident in spite of the controversies on the subject. Impassioned speech then was all that existed of vocal music, and as such was in every way merely the audible expression of poetry. I have no doubt that this is the explanation of the statement that Æschylus and Sophocles wrote what has been termed the *music* to their tragedies. What they really did was to teach the chorus the proper declamation and stage action."

That he saw the truth about Liszt is certain from one sentence: "As for Liszt, there is such an astounding wealth of poetry and deep feeling beneath the somewhat 'flashy' bombastic trick of speech he inherited, that the true lover of music can no more allow his feelings to be led astray by such externals than one would judge a man's mind by the cut of his coat or the hat he wears."

The essay upon "Folk-Song" is full of his own dictum in regard to many things. It is interesting to note his ever-present union of vision and fact; in the very midst of the statements of theory come forth the poetic, the powerful MacDowell. It was the same illusive vision which lifted his composition out of the realm of merely good composition for its own sake into a more lonely atmosphere, where its impelling quality makes it achieve what he himself has called Ideal Suggestion. Again this same thing is present in the "Book of Verses" by him. It is that same submerging of theory while using its every value. His Third Sonata (called the Norse Sonata) and his Fourth Sonata (called the Keltic Sonata), as well as the better-known "Sonata Fragica," and "Sonata Eroica" are the best modern sonatas that have been written.

NEW ENGLAND GOLF NOTES

By R. C. FARNSWORTH

ALTHOUGH it rained nearly all day and the going was very, very hard, nevertheless the opening of the golfing season in Massachusetts on April 19 was characterized by the turning out of larger fields on the various links than fair skies have brought forth in previous years on a similar occasion. Woodland had an especially auspicious opening with thirty-seven golfers entering the medal play, while Albemarle, Brae Burn, and Commonwealth had enough golfers out on their respective courses so that each could have had a very satisfactory tournament of match play, had they so desired. All this only goes to show how strong a hold golf has in New England.

Shelley Thayer, of Woodland had a busy day on April 19. After finishing tenth in the morning round of the Woodland morning event, with an 87-3-84, he went down to Wollaston in the afternoon and captured the handicap medal event, with an 86-12-74. C. A. Price, in the same event, won the low gross, with an 84.

The first eights of the play on April 19 at the various clubs were as follows:

The winners in the afternoon play were: In Class A, G. L. Sweet, 3 up; Class B, C. Prouty, Jr., 1 down.

ALBEMARLE

J. G. Anderson	70	0	70
W. M. Shelton	98	24	74
W. L. Wadleigh	95	15	82
C. B. Somers	102	20	82
F. S. Arend	94	11	83
M. J. Connolly	104	24	84
P. S. Schofield	90	8	84
C. C. Briggs	90	5	95

BRAE BURN

H. W. Stucklen	80	3	77
H. C. O'Brien	92	13	79
A. E. Burr	88	8	80
C. W. Davis	94	14	80
R. W. Newell	96	14	82
H. C. Walker	96	13	83
J. J. Mitchell	101	18	83
H. A. Rourke	89	5	84

COMMONWEALTH

W. S. Corling	87	15	72
J. H. Burke	101	21	80
E. P. Morris	99	18	81
G. P. Anderson	104	22	82
G. P. Townsend	93	8	84
G. M. J. Bates	94	9	85
E. H. Kenney	95	10	85
C. H. Saunders	98	10	88

WOLLASTON

S. E. Thayer	86	12	74
C. A. Price	84	6	78
W. S. Kearns	91	12	79
W. H. Thayer	89	9	80
L. M. Baxter	96	16	80
C. J. Murphy	90	8	82
D. H. Goodspeed	98	16	82
H. S. Bloomfield	92	8	84

WOODLAND. CLASS A. A. M.

F. Ouimet	77	1	76
P. Tewksbury	87	10	77
T. H. Clarkson	85	6	79
T. A. Ashley	86	7	79
G. L. Sweet	92	12	80
L. J. Malone	88	6	82
B. W. Godsoe	91	8	83
B. S. Turpin	92	9	83

CLASS B. A. M.

T. E. Kenney	95	16	79
L. M. Dorr	97	18	79
G. M. Cranich	90	10	80
J. G. French	97	16	81
F. R. Kimball	100	18	82
C. Prouty, Jr.	100	18	82
F. W. Sprague, 2nd	100	16	84
T. C. Donovan	98	13	85

THORNEY LEA, BROCKTON

W. T. Stall	88	14	74
J. F. Kedian	88	11	77
C. L. Ward	93	16	77
H. H. Baldwin, Jr.	94	16	78
C. C. Crooker	102	22	80
Dr. H. A. Chase	105	18	87
C. W. Bixby	108	18	90
G. W. R. Hill	110	22	79

The Massachusetts championships are as follows: Amateur, at Brae Burn, June 12, 13, 14, 15.

Open at Oakley July 11 and 12.

Executive Committee trophy at the Country Club, Brookline, foursomes, match play, August 21, 22, 23, 24.

The Massachusetts Spring Tournaments are as follows:

Wednesday to Saturday, May 1 to 4, Wollaston G. C., Montclair.

Thursday to Saturday, May 16 to 18, Country Club, Clyde Park, Brookline.

Saturday, May 18, Meadowbrook G. C., Reading.

Thursday to Saturday, May 23 to 25, Woodland G. C., Auburndale.

Friday and Saturday, May 31 and June 1, Allston G. C., Allston.

Friday and Saturday, May 31 and June 1, Framingham C. C., Framingham.

Friday and Saturday, June 7 and 8, Chestnut Hill G. C., Chestnut Hill.

Saturday, June 8, Fall River G. C., Somerset Junction.

Saturday, June 15, Belmont Springs C. C., Belmont.

Monday, June 17, Lexington G. C., Lexington.

Saturday, June 22, Country Club of New Bedford, New Bedford.

Saturday, June 22, and Monday and Tuesday, June 24 and 25, Oakley C. C., Watertown.

Tuesday to Thursday, June 25 to 27, Country Club of Springfield.

On Saturday, April 20, the links were still wet and the going bad, but the majority of the clubs played their events as scheduled, some playing off postponed events from the day before.

At the Brae Burn C. C. a four ball foursome tourney resulted in a tie between C. W. Noyes and R. R. Gorton and W. S. Wait and H. L. Townsend, both pairs getting an 80-6, 74. A bogey handicap at Albermarle was won by W. H. Rogers, with a card of 3 up, C. H. Adams being 2 up, and F. S. Arend, even.

The Bear Hill G. C. started its season on April 20, with an 18-hole handicap. The first four scores were:

Fred I. Stone	101	11	90
C. E. Walton	109	18	91
W. C. Rich	110	18	92
C. R. Crocker	110	18	92

The first four in the Meadow Brook G. C., 18-hole handicap on April 20, were:

C. A. Loring	90	5	85
J. W. Morton	90	4	86
R. J. Walsh	93	6	87
H. H. Roberts	100	12	88

The Patriots' Day Cup event, which is an annual fixture at the Newton Golf Club, was postponed this year to April 20. This, a handicap *vs.* bogey event, brought forth the following cards:

L. Coffin	14	1 up
G. S. Sprague	14	even
W. R. Sharp	16	4 down
H. L. Cook	14	5 down
W. H. Hamm	16	8 down

The Harvard fixtures for the spring are as follows:

Saturday, April 27.—Harvard vs. Fall River Golf Club, at Fall River.

Saturday, May 4.—Harvard vs. Agawam Hunt Club, at Providence.

Thursday, May 9.—Harvard vs. The Country Club, at Brookline.

Thursday, May 16.—Harvard vs. Brae Burn, at West Newton.

Friday, May 17.—Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Oakley.

Thursday, May 23.—Harvard vs. Oakley, at Waverley.

Saturday, May 25.—Harvard vs. Williams, at Springfield.

Monday, May 27.—Qualifying round of university championship.

The Williams College Golf Club has this schedule of events:

May 10.—Cornell, at Albany.

May 16.—Columbia, at New York.

May 17.—Nassau Country Club, at Glen Cove, L. I.

May 18.—Yale, at New Rochelle, L. I.

May 25.—Harvard, at Springfield.

June 1.—Open.

The Lexington Golf Club has appointed the following fixtures:

May 4.—Handicappers' trophy.

May 11.—Greens' Committee trophy.

May 18.—President's cup.

The above are 18-hole rounds, the first 16 low net scores to qualify.

On May 25 they will play a Cemetery tourney, and on May 30 will be played a handicap vs. bogey (18 holes) all day, a mixed foursome tourney of 18 holes being played in the afternoon.

The Wollaston fixtures are: May 1, open tournament, handicap medal play; May 4, members' handicap medal play; May 18, members' handicap medal play; May 30, members' handicap play; June 1, members' handicap vs. bogey.

The dates on the Newton Golf Club schedule for the month are May 4, handicap medal play; May 11, selected nine holes in twenty-seven; May 18, handicap vs. bogey; May 24, ladies' day, mixed foursomes; May 25, handicap medal play and qualifying round for spring championship; May 30, selected 18 holes in twenty-seven and clock golf contest.

The Commonwealth dates are: May 4, handicap medal play; May 11, handicap medal play; May 18, handicap medal play, four ball foursomes, net best ball of side for each hole, according to individual match play, handicap to be counted; May 25, handicap vs. bogey; May 30, morning, handicap medal play with Memorial Day Cup for low net. Also qualifying round for President's cup, best 32 to qualify for match play.

On May 25 the first of the Massachusetts team matches will be played at Providence, where the Massachusetts team meets Rhode Island.

The annual Intercollegiate Golf Championship will be played this year on the links of the Ekwanok Golf Club at Manchester, Vt., the dates being September 9 to 14, inclusive.

On April 27 the leaders in the events scheduled at the various clubs were as follows:

At Brae Burn, in the qualifying round for the May cup:

W. E. Smith	87	12	75
R. R. Gorton	80	4	76
G. R. Angus	82	5	77
S. Weeks	84	7	77
W. C. Chick	82	3	79
A. L. Squier	84	5	79

C. W. Davis	93	14	79
G. Gilbert	99	20	79

At Woodland:

CLASS A

P. Tewksbury	84	10	74
T. A. Ashley	84	7	77
L. J. Malone	84	6	78
R. M. Purves	82	3	79
S. E. Thayer	84	3	81
I. F. Marshall	90	6	84

CLASS B

C. M. Prouty, Jr.	92	16	76
F. G. Schascke	96	18	78
J. G. Jones	98	18	80
J. J. French	97	16	81
P. R. Kenney	98	16	82
P. S. Reynolds	101	18	83

Match play event at Albemarle:

F. S. defeated S. E. Bowker, Jr.	5 up
C. C. Briggs defeated H. H. Cook	5 up
G. H. Adams defeated E. E. Wakefield, Jr.	3 up
F. O. Hellison defeated E. M. D'Arcy	1 up
F. M. Copeland defeated J. L. McKeon	2 up
C. L. Williams defeated H. S. Austin	1 up
W. L. Wadleigh defeated W. H. Rogers	1 up

Two-ball event at Allston:

ALLSTON

P. Caldwell and J. F. Sanderson	69
C. E. Eaton and J. H. Aubin	71
F. I. Jaquith and T. H. Baldwin	73
F. H. Hoyt and W. C. Hagar	75
J. F. Woodbury and F. N. Robbins	82

Handicap medal play at Commonwealth:

W. S. Cooling	84	13	71
W. M. Donaldson	88	15	73

Bogey competition at Wollaston:

	Hdcp.	
C. L. Robbins	18	1 up
W. S. Brophy	2	even
W. H. Thayer	5	even
J. H. Churchill	8	even

First round of the Directors' Cup match play at Wollaston:

F. D. Collins beat G. J. Murphy, 1 up.
W. S. Kearns beat P. H. Sherwin, 1 up, 19 holes.

H. B. Driver beat H. M. Bloomfield, 2 and 1.
C. M. Hart beat V. M. Smith, 3 and 2.
L. M. Baxter beat C. A. Price, 2 and 1.
M. J. Mackay beat W. S. Brophy, 3 and 2.
F. G. Thayer beat J. S. Phelps, 3 and 2.

Best nine holes in twenty-seven at Bear Hill Golf Club: F. I. Stone, 39; J. F. White, 39; L. M. Howe, 39; R. G. Hartshorne, 40; Roscoe Guillow, 42; C. Rich, 45; M. Parker, 48; H. Mork, 49.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE





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1912

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Beautiful New England

STUDIES OF THE DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF NEW ENGLAND LANDSCAPE

THE New England country home seems almost as much a fixed feature of the landscape as the granite boulders and tree-topped hills. The windings of roadways have adapted themselves to its location. The saplings planted about its approaches by its early builders have grown to great trees, — the loved elms and gnarled old apple orchards of our farmsteads. No other buildings in the world mean “home” in quite the same tender, spiritual sense as these rural dwellings of old New England. The simplicity of the architecture, the evidences of thrift and economy, and of plenty purchased by toil, are no less endearing than the atmosphere of simplicity and purity that surrounds them. These are the real New England, the source of its far-spread influence and the secret of its far-famed beauty.

Unquestionably the age of wood will give place to the age of concrete, stone, and brick. Let us hope that the builders of the new New England will cover as much of thrift and virtue as are symbolized by the white-painted walls and gray gables of the age that is passing away.



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MARY EMMA WOOLLEY — PRESIDENT OF MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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EMORY HAMPTON, KIDNAPPER

By G. LADD PLUMLEY

THE young man swung rapidly down the mountain road. The electric lights, violet, yellow, and white, marking streets and buildings in the city below in the valley, sparkled in the crisp air. On such an evening the Rev. John Merton felt it was good to be alive and as the blood coursed through his veins his voice broke out into a college song.

At the foot of the mountain the clergyman came to a great building at the side of a culm hill which loomed black against the clear sky. Rows of windows in the mill, tier above tier, threw lanes of light across the street.

Merton's song stopped abruptly as the white face of a young girl appeared at a lower window. "That sort of thing is terrible!" he exclaimed. "The girls in that mill should be in their homes!"

The clergyman took his way beyond the mill, passing into the neglected fringe of the city's garment; a patch, broad in extent, of tenements and unpaved streets of half-frozen mud or little puddles of filth covered with a skin of ice. Here and there the arc lights at the corners or in the middle of the blocks showed blackened blotches of snow, mounds of ashes, and piles of tin cans and broken bottles.

Glancing downward under a light, Merton came to a standstill. He was a sportsman, and if he had been with his guide in the Maine woods he

would have known what to make of the red stain at his feet.

He leaned toward the half-congealed mud. The imprint of a child's foot, made by a broken little shoe, indicated that the bare toes had projected. And near the footprint was a little spatter. Beyond, down a street, the small broken tracks continued, with here and there the red drops defined clearly in an occasional patch of snow under the blue-white of the hissing lights.

At first the young man thought a wounded dog might have traveled this way. But that could not be; there were no fresh tracks other than the indentations of two turned-over little heels and the irregular prints of very small toes.

Diagonally across a vacant lot beyond the next corner Merton followed the footprints and the red stains. But beyond the vacant lot the young man found himself at fault and twice returned to a broken box near a rubbish heap.

The small human quarry must have seated itself here; on the edge of the box the red stains were clearly in evidence and the mud showed many heel marks.

The second time that Merton returned, he discovered that something larger had joined the bit of humanity he had been following. Great hob-nailed boots had obscured the smaller footprints.

With some difficulty the clergyman followed the double track. Beyond the vacant lot, however, the hobnailed boots and the turned-over little heels, with the red drops, led onward more plainly. Down the middle of two unpaved streets, turning to the right, the young man hastened. Reeking tenements were on both sides, and with the yellow light of an opened door would come words in a foreign tongue or the shrill cry of an infant.

At the end of the second block, the hobnailed boots and the child had separated; the boots had turned toward a saloon on a corner, from which came the scraping of a fiddle and rough laughter, the child's footsteps continuing for a short distance further.

At the middle of the next block and directly under an arc light on a rock at the side of the street sat a little girl. Her calico gown, made of one piece like a little sack, torn and stained, clung closely around her small body. The dirty white of her thin legs showed in a half-dozen places through the torn and dingy black of her stockings, and her bare toes, projecting through the broken leather of one shoe, were in the mud.

She hid her face in her bare, bony arms, her tousled black hair falling about them. One hand wrapped in a stained rag, or mass of stained rags, protruded.

Merton moved nearer. It was as he had thought; the rags were a bandage stained with blood.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

As the girl looked up in the white glare the face changed from sobbing childhood to something of the canny shrewdness of age. She hastily wrapped the bandaged hand in her dress, unmindful that her thin knees came out above the tattered stockings, little knobs of pallid flesh.

Merton expected to hear the broken English of a Pole or Hun and was surprised as the girl's voice betrayed nothing foreign in her parentage.

"I dare not tell you!" she exclaimed.

"Why not, you poor child?" he asked, moving nearer.

The girl made no reply, lowering her face so that the clergyman could see only a mass of tangled dark hair.

Behind him he heard stumbling footsteps and turning he found himself confronted with a man of heavy features and dirty clothing. The man roughly addressed the child:

"What are ye chinnin' about?"—the voice was heavy with liquor; the adulterated whiskey of a mining valley.

"I was asking the child what was the matter," quietly explained Merton.

"Is it any of yer——business?" came the profane query as the red face turned in Merton's direction.

"Yes, it is my business," exclaimed the young clergyman, doubling up his fists and squaring his shoulders. He thought the man would open hostilities, but the other evidently had no such intention. He sullenly replied:

"She works in th' silk mill on Lincoln Street. Th' boss is me friend; 'tis he tells me she's careless. That's th' trouble, she's——careless! That's how as she got 'er hand inter th' cog! Then she has ter go an' pull off th' bandage coomin' from th' mill doctor 'cause she says it hurts!"

Merton turned his eyes toward the child. She sat quietly sobbing, leaning over the bandaged little arm.

"An' ye sees she's lost 'er job," continued the man in drunken reproach. "Winter's coomin' an' she's gone an' lost 'er job! I tells ye,"—he raised his voice to a long whine,— "she's up an' lost 'er job, an' winter's coomin'!"

"She's too little to be earning money!" exclaimed the young man. What with following the wounded little girl as if he had been trailing an injured animal, the misery of the child, and the brutality of the man, he was almost beside himself with rage.

"Are you her father?" the clergyman asked. He did not believe it; there was something about the little figure that told a different story.

"I'm no tellin' ye," came the sullen answer. "I'm no tellin' ye!" The man added in a sodden whine, "She's gone an' lost 'er job! An' th' gentleman's blamin' me 'cause she's that careless she's gone an' lost 'er job!"

"I am blaming you!" exclaimed the clergyman. It would have given him pleasure to have knocked the man down.

A new element in the affair suddenly appeared in the street in the form of a very tall woman.

"What ye jawin' me man aboot?" she asked.

The woman strode to the girl's side and pushing the child the two went toward a tenement on the opposite side of the street.

"Does the girl live there?" asked the clergyman, pointing toward the building.

"She does that," sullenly replied the man.

"I shall come back to-morrow," said Merton.

"Do an' be — ter ye!" exclaimed the man over his shoulder as he shambled in the direction of the saloon.

As Merton returned to his path and took his way toward his rooms and his belated supper, all the brightness and pleasure had gone from the night. He had been in the mining city but a few months and understood but little of the hideous things connected with the gatherings of the golden crop from toiling thousands in mines and mills. But his eyes had been opened, and during the remainder of the week he gave himself up to the study of child labor in this part of Pennsylvania.

The following Sunday evening the young minister leaned back in his pulpit chair and looked over his congregation. The beautiful Gothic church was filled.

Merton rose and opened his manuscript. In a clear, resonant but nervous voice he stated his text:

"The children of God!"

The vibrant voice trembled through the building and he was not conscious that again and again he repeated the

words, his tongue lingering on the sweet dissyllable, children. The last time he ended with this word, forgetting the final significant statement "of God."

Leaning over the desk he rapidly pictured a scene in a beautiful house where he had been a guest. Supper had been served at a table of polished oak, where stood a great bowl of white roses.

The light from candles fell on the merry faces of three children, and one of them, a girl of ten, in her pretty gown, was like a fairy princess. The youngest, a little fellow with curls, sat at the guest's side.

Merrily the meal proceeded. Such laughter! Such delight at small jokes! Such dainties eaten as a matter of course by dainty little people who were closing a day filled with tennis, books, rides, and other delightful things!

With directness and precision the speaker brought this picture to his hearers and before it had ended not one who had listened could have failed to understand the beauty, happiness, and love that surrounded the children in that home.

Then rapidly the preacher gave the other picture, very different from that candle-lit table with the roses and the happy little ones.

While he had been describing the supper with the children it had seemed natural, a part of the life of those in the pews. What followed might have been from a hideous dream, from an inferno of torture of children. Yet the clergyman had learned that the last picture was more representative of the life of the valley around the church than the first.

The preacher told of the child's footprints, the drops of blood, and the reproaches heaped upon the wounded girl by the drunken brute. And none could have failed to understand that the child's rags, her emaciated bent figure, the shuddering of her shoulders,—all were as nothing beside the bandaged little hand.

"The child was employed," con-

tinued the preacher, "in the great silk mill on Lincoln Street, together with scores of girls, many of whom are below the legal age. If I had a daughter I would rather, oh, so far rather, see her lowered into her grave than see her go daily into those gates!" Here he mentioned the name of the mill, "but," he added, "it could be more accurately designated as the mill for crushing childhood; for crushing their bodies, minds, and souls!"

He then told how the injury had come to the girl and quoted the manager of the mill, who had, in an interview with the clergyman, blamed the child, saying that she was "incorrigibly negligent."

Merton also informed his hearers that he had visited the tenement, several times, but the man, woman, and child had disappeared and he could obtain no information concerning them.

The young clergyman added, "Do not think me a fanatic when I say it would be better for us to gather tonight, clothed in rags, in a shed with the earth for a carpet, than to know that perhaps some of our clothing is dyed in the blood of children, and a part of the furnishings of this house has been purchased with money wrung from miserable little drudges, whose bodies even sometimes become food for the gods of greed."

"This is the way we in this part of America are conducting our home missionary society for foreigners; this is the way we are extending the liberties of a free country to the down-trodden of other lands!"

Merton was an observant young man and when he had mentioned the name of the silk mill on Lincoln Street he had not failed to notice the face of a stout man in a front pew. The face had turned purple and the beady eye under the bristly white hair had snapped and glowered with something that closely resembled rage.

And the woman, sitting at the side of the man of the purple face, rustled her gown nervously, as if greatly annoyed at something, and closed her

lips, biting them as if to restrain a strong desire to give vent to her feelings.

The clergyman knew that he had deeply offended Emory Hampton, Chairman of the Board of Trustees and owner of as many acres of coal lands as his wife had flowers in the pretentious conservatory adjoining the great stone mansion; and who, himself, for unknown services to his country, had lately been chosen a member of the exclusive club in Washington known as the United States senate.

Merton dined the following evening at Senator Hampton's. Mrs. Hampton's congratulations on the "very extraordinary sermon" suggested that the least said about it the better. With a woman's skill she couched her thanks for the young minister's "unexpected eloquence" in such terms that afterwards the warning of a rattlesnake to Merton would have seemed cheerful music.

When the stiff meal was over the Senator took the minister to the seclusion of the smoking room. When the maid, who had served the men with coffee, had left the room, Mr. Hampton shut the door. Then he broke out:

"Did you know, sir, that I am the principal stockholder of that mill?"

"I did not," replied the clergyman, and added, "if I had known it would not have prevented me from giving the name. It was not, however, my intention to designate by name the mill. I became so absorbed that I forgot my notes."

"You're young, Merton, and need advice. In future it will be better if you confine your sermon to religious subjects."

"You want me, sir, to remain silent about such things as child labor?"

"Certainly. The conditions of labor in the valley demand an expert to understand them. We who own the mines and the mills are the best judges; those things should be left to the Board of Trade, the state authorities, and to us."

"And if I am not silent?"

Senator Hampton pursed his lips and gripped his chair with pudgy hands. His small eyes glinted with shrewdness.

"Merton, I never threaten; I warn my friends."

So the young minister received his warning, and if he had been older and less enthusiastic it is likely he would have limited his sermons to the discussion of why St. Paul was selected as an apostle, and the glorious news that three new missions had been started in China.

The following Sunday evening he preached again on child labor. He had managed to obtain an estimate of the number of children of illegal age employed in the valley, and Merton was able to present figures that should have been startling, but no one seemed to be astonished.

The two leading newspapers of the city were controlled, one by Mr. Hampton and the other by the owner of the largest bank in the state. These papers did not even mention the sermons on child labor.

There was another paper that called itself "independent." Generally this paper was very abusive when it spoke of child labor, denouncing the owners of the mills in words as violent as such publications keep in stock. Something must have happened. In an editorial the paper warned its readers to pay no attention to the statements of "novices in labor matters." It said, further, waxing sarcastic, that "the pulpit of a church that had been built and was supported by mill owners could hardly be the proper platform for calling these sinners to account."

The clergyman's influence among the business men of the town began to wane with his first sermon dealing with child labor and continued week after week to become less.

It was true that the Gothic church on Sunday evenings was filled, but the audience had changed. In the words of Mrs. Hampton, "It had become common as dirt."

Before long the minister was waited

upon by the Chairman of the Trustees, who requested his resignation.

Said Mr. Hampton, "The matter has been so quietly canvassed that nothing against your talents can be supposed to be the reason."

"And if I do not resign?"

"In that event," replied the Chairman, "you could count on what we wish to avoid — a disintegration of the church. If you have any doubts as to this, a conference with your friend, Mr. Minor, will convince you."

"It pains me to advise you to resign," said Mr. Minor, the retired pastor of the church, when the matter was brought before him, "but I think that you should. There are some things that will not bear daylight in this valley, and child labor is one. The owners brought the mills here because children were many and because their parents were foreigners who could be induced to sell the labor of their little ones. The owners are powerful in state and national politics; it follows that it is impossible to enforce the law."

It was not until almost the last week of Merton's stay in the mining valley that he obtained information of the girl who had brought to his attention some of the horrors of child labor in Pennsylvania.

One afternoon he was seated in his dismantled study when a Catholic priest, whom he knew, was shown in and took a chair that Merton placed for him.

"I am sorry you are to leave," said the priest. "I have been intending to call and express my regrets. It is too bad; you are a martyr." After a moment he continued, "But my visit today is one of urgent business. It relates to the child whose hand was injured in the silk mill on Lincoln Street."

"You have found her?" eagerly asked Merton.

"Yes," replied the priest. "The woman is dying. The doctor tells me she may drop into unconsciousness at any time. She has a confession to make and a duty to perform."

(Continued on page 189)



THE MOUNT HOLYOKE VESTED CHOIR OF TWO HUNDRED VOICES

MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE AN APPRECIATION

By ETHEL SYFORD

IF some one were to ask, "Who, of American women, has done the greatest good for American women?" no doubt the names of many and their earnest endeavors would come to mind. It seems upon reflection, however, that there is just one name which is consummately eligible. That name is Mary Lyon, the most discerning and practical woman philanthropist that America has known. This opinion gains weight as we come to realize how much of what has been accomplished by women for good, or for the good of women, would have been impossible had not the privilege of development been opened to them for all time by Mary Lyon. Also, the conviction of this truth grows strong in the comradeship of the over ten thousand women who have been students at Mount Holyoke College. People fight well to-day, it is true, and some very worthy fighting for women has been done by women. But they are few who *labor* as gracefully and successfully in as utter self-sacrifice and in as great a spirit of Christian love, and who accomplish

as colossal and as throbbing a result, as did this woman whose salary never exceeded two hundred dollars a year. Because she was first to accomplish that which is of lasting benefit to American women, the worthy deeds of other names seem of less consequence as we gaze adown the years at that picture of a woman who had gained her own development only by earnest struggle and perseverance through strenuous difficulty, and whose store was of wisdom rather than of mere knowledge, whose vision and purpose and achievement were as utterly altruistic as they were phenomenal. Living at a time when the atmosphere was languid with women who were intellectual as well as physical weaklings because the general dictum opposed their being else, Mary Lyon saw the vision of woman as a more helpful being,—sane, logical, full-powered, and a more competent helpmeet and a greater force for good in connection with whatever in life might lay claim to her. She saw the value of giving to women the opportunity to be their



THE SCULPTURE GALLERY IN
DWIGHT MEMORIAL ART BUILDING



THE LOWER LAKE — AN ATTRACTIVE
FEATURE OF THE COLLEGE GROUNDS



DWIGHT MEMORIAL ART BUILDING
MARY BRIGHAM HALL



MARY LYON



MARY LYON HALL
ROCKEFELLER HALL

most instead of encouraging them in the prevalent superficiality and disease of mind and body of that day. She knew that greater social health and happiness could emanate from women whose faculties were sufficiently developed to enable their movements through life to be those of intention instead of accident. Even to-day the minds of men and of women have not yet entirely concluded and determined the function and significance of higher education for women. Try to dream yourself back into Mary Lyon's day. With the greater part of the feminine world shivering about her in unhealthy dampness, and most of the opposite sex meeting her with apathy or opposition, this merry-hearted, clear-brained, earnest young woman hurled a considerable bomb into the midst of things when, empty-handed and almost un-allied, she set forth to establish a permanent endowed institution which would afford the highest opportunities for self-improvement to young women and place such opportunities within the reach of those from the middle classes of society. "My thoughts, feelings, and judgment are turned toward the middle class of society," she wrote. "This middle class contains the main-springs and main-wheels which are to move the world." "Improvements in education seldom make any progress eastward," she said. "New England influence is vastly greater than its comparative size and population would indicate. It is the cradle of thought. New England mind carries the day everywhere, and the great business is to get the New England conscience enlightened and accurate."

We are at a loss, in all this, whether to admire most the intense practicality of the idea itself or the clearness with which it is worked out in all its bearings—not simply dreamed out but thought out,—a worker's working plan. Her definite selection of the young women of the middle classes as the most suitable beneficiaries of higher education for women is even more remarkable than her reasons for choosing a New England location.

Not only was this idea thought out as a line of action and successfully defended from all well-meaning suggestions and modifications, but it was actually carried out in a manner so efficient that the original plan of Mary Lyon is the best possible statement of the spirit of the Mount Holyoke of to-day. Mary Lyon was right in her doctrine, and not only for her own time but for our time as well. Mount Holyoke College as the educator of young women of this class is to-day performing a mission of incalculable value. It is to girls of this class that the intellectual life makes the most direct appeal and among them that it will flourish, both on account of the necessities that confront them and the moral fiber of the families from which they spring. And in the student body of Mount Holyoke there is an intellectual seriousness not always apparent in schools that cater more particularly to either of the extremes of society. Having conceived the idea, she never for one moment relinquished it or modified it. She had used the earnings from her spinning and weaving, from a year of keeping house for her brother for which he paid her one dollar a week, from teaching "around the country" for seventy-five cents a week and board, for an occasional term at school; she had mastered the contents of a Latin grammar in four days at Ashfield Academy. She had paid for her board there, that first term, with two coverlets, spun, dyed, and woven by her own hands. There are only a few women in history whose lives have been dominated by one great sane vision and an invincible strength of conviction which fights its way to the demonstration of the concept.

Several centuries often are obliged to join hands to hold forth one woman of heroic mold. Mary Lyon was cast in an heroic mold. It would have been easier to have faced an army than to face, one by one, as she did, a goodly number of the stern and wintry-visaged New Englanders to whom she made her appeal and from whom she received only scorn and

disapproval. But she was undaunted before any battlements. Those who were her friends never saw her discouraged. The same earnest, merry heart always plead with the same magnetic sincerity. In the early spring of 1833 the "board of prospective trustees" met and dissolved and during the following months interest in the project could not seem to be revived. But like all great minds Mary Lyon knew that what needed to be done must be done and could be done. The thing was so solidly built in her own consciousness that she had won her victory before she fought her fight. It remained for her to insist upon the construction, to force the issue. In rain and snow, summer and winter, she went from house to house driving into the hearts of the people one idea,—the bringing of a liberal education within the means of the daughters of the common people. She raised the first thousand dollars entirely from women. Almost every man whom she summoned as counsellor was afraid of so daring a project and proposed a compromise and a more modest aim. People afterwards marveled at the sagacity with which she withstood such suggestion. President Hitchcock, of Amherst, was one of the men who stood by her. With the mercury below zero, and at three or four hours before sunrise on January 8, 1835, Professor Hitchcock and Miss Lyon started by stage from Amherst for Worcester. There occurred the committee meeting which chose South Hadley for the location of the proposed institution. On the 11th of February, 1836, the Governor signed a charter empowering the trustees of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary to hold property to the value of a hundred thousand dollars. Circulars were sent out, agents canvassed New England for subscriptions. Rev. Hawks traveled for months in the interest. Often he and Miss Lyon set forth together to influence some person of wealth to subscribe. She talked to one person or two, or a "parlor full," or a schoolhouse filled with a mixed

audience,—wherever she could gain a listener. Almost every person between Boston and the Connecticut had heard her vivid enthusiasm and knew her by sight.

The book of donations records about twenty-seven thousand dollars subscribed by over eighteen hundred people in ninety-one towns. The smallest subscriptions are three of six cents each; there are many of fifty cents and of one and two dollars. The largest sums entered in this book are two subscriptions of a thousand dollars each. Twenty-seven thousand dollars was the sum collected to erect the first building. "Deacon" Safford was the largest donor, and he and "Deacon" Porter, who took charge of the building, gave freely to Mount Holyoke for many years.

It took every effort and persistence on the part of Mary Lyon to push the project through the hard times of 1837. People laughed and scorned. Even one of the trustees wanted the building erected over the stream so that when the plan failed, as he was sure it would do, the structure could be used for a mill. At four o'clock on November 8, 1837, a bell rang and Mount Holyoke College opened. Doubtless some mean and sordid quibbler of words will contest that as the date of the opening of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary. The *Encyclopædiæ* of 1836 use the word interchangeably with college, and it was used to cover the most important colleges for men. But that is a fact of no consequence. The truth is that from the first Mary Lyon was staunch in her insistence for a school equal in advantages to the best colleges for men at that time. She expressly stated continuously that the requirements for entrance would be adapted to young ladies of adult age and mature character. She said, "Any provision in an institution like this for younger misses must be a public loss far greater than the individual good." Her great business was, she says, "to prepare young ladies to be *educators* of children and youth, rather than to fit them to be mere teachers,

as the term has been technically applied. Such an education is needed by every female who takes the charge of a school and sustains the responsibility of guiding the whole course and of forming the entire character of those committed to her care. And when she has done with the business of teaching in a regular school, she will not give up her profession; she will still need the same well-balanced education at the head of her own family and in guiding her own household." That is a more sensible argument than we usually hear to-day. From its opening day the institution founded by Mary Lyon never had a preparatory department. The opening curriculum exceeded, in advancement and scope of its courses, any training offered in any schools elsewhere. It included logic, moral philosophy, ancient and modern history, and the sciences *taught according to the laboratory method*, which was done by no institution at that time except Harvard. "The initial students were chosen by careful sifting of over double the number of applications." "We make the rules for admission to the classes very rigid in order to raise the standard of education, and hope in fifty years from this the influence will be felt far and wide."

Mount Holyoke College stands, as it did seventy-five years ago, unique among all our colleges. Its standard of scholarship has been unfailing in its insistence. It has been famous for thoroughness and for simplicity and sincerity. Two words, "earnest" and "eager," would have defined the quality of Mount Holyoke seventy-five years ago. They are as true of it to-day. The quality of its ideals have drawn to it a correspondingly superior quality of girls. President, faculty, and students form a more unified whole, a more genuine democracy, than in any other woman's college. Throughout the years all disintegrating particles have been brushed aside. At the beginning there were no prizes; even when essays were publicly read, none read her own.

To-day Mount Holyoke College, according to her decision in the autumn of 1910, is the only one of the colleges definitely to decide upon the non-perpetuation of secret societies. Mount Holyoke College has never been a school of rules and compulsion, as is too frequently the case to-day. The "honor" system has existed from the beginnings of Holyoke. One cannot but feel that here is a social body really working together in Christian spirit for service and for usefulness. The caliber, morally and intellectually, of the girls of Mount Holyoke College is of greater uniform excellence than can be found elsewhere. Most of them daughters of ministers, physicians, and men of intellectual professions, Mary Lyon's call to girls from our better middle classes has never failed to be heard, and here have gathered the real flower, the gentility of American young womanhood.

There is no American woman of to-day better fitted to promote and to guide this aristocracy of the mind than is its President, Mary E. Woolley. With her ideals for scholarship, for the making of Christian character, for the making of gentlewomen capable of usefulness and of creating happiness, she is maintaining the tradition in which the college was founded, and her twelve years of presidency have meant much to Mount Holyoke for progress and for widening influence.

Her manner is one of womanly dignity, the more compelling because it is of such simplicity. And yet there is a sensing of a beautiful intimacy as one sees her move bare-headed among her girls, as one sees her "at home" to them, or as she leads them in the chapel service which is as unostentatious and impressive as is every feature of Mount Holyoke College. The love of the students for her, and her power over them, is remarkable. They are a unanimous whole in favor of whatever President Woolley wishes before she asks it of them. Miss Woolley was one of the first two women who received a degree from Brown University. She is a

convincing public speaker, and intellectually, and because of her untiring perseverance and her uncommon balance of faculties, she is a worthy successor to Mary Lyon.

Mount Holyoke College began with eighty students. Its second year it turned away four hundred young women for lack of room. Its present enrollment is limited to seven hundred and sixty girls because that is the maximum number that the present resources can accommodate. There is a continuous waiting list of from five to six hundred girls, and applications are made four and five years in advance. The faculty numbers ninety-five members. The classes are smaller and more individual attention is given than is usually possible in a college. Twenty-two departments offer two hundred and ninety different courses. Of the one hundred and twenty hours prescribed for the bachelor's degree, one-half are required, thirty hours are covered by the two major subjects, and twenty-seven hours are open for free electives.

Situated in the fertile and beautiful Connecticut valley, surrounded by Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke, and a range of never-ending natural beauty as far as the eye can see, a place more health-giving, more full of wonderment, more blown by the free fresh air, could not be found. The campus of Mount Holyoke College consists of over two hundred acres, including lawn and the beautiful and wooded Prospect Hill which rises two hundred feet from the edge of the lower of the two college lakes. The grounds are divided into two campuses: the residential and the academic. One catches at first glimpse a sense of taste and order in the style of the buildings, nearly thirty in number and largely English Collegiate and Tudor in style, and uncommonly unified in general impression. The library is fashioned much in the manner of Westminster Hall. Dwight Memorial Art Building is one of the most completely equipped art buildings to be found in any college. The Sculpture Gallery is of

superior size and quality, the casts being entirely the size of the originals. The courses of instruction in this department are of particular excellence. Practical studio work accompanies the theory of the subject and is credited as is laboratory work. Voice and piano in the music department are also credited in this manner. Considerable could truthfully be said about the signal superiority of the music department. The choir of two hundred voices is the largest of its kind in the world and one long remembers his first vesper service at Mount Holyoke,—for the music, for the simple devotion of its service, and for the memory of the look of wrapt interest on every student face. It is an uncommon experience.

In 1912 Mount Holyoke College will complete the first seventy-five years of her history. In October, 1912, will be celebrated in South Hadley, not only the founding of Mount Holyoke College but the founding of all higher education for women, for that is what Mary Lyon did. All women's colleges, all girls who have received free instruction in high schools, all poor girls who have benefited from night instruction, all women who have been admitted to universities, all men who value the superior companionship of a woman's intellectual sympathy, all people who realize that an uneducated woman is an economic waste, all who realize how helpful and enlightened women lift up a civilization,—all these will surely be interested in the seventy-fifth anniversary of what Mary Lyon proved was possible for them. Every institution in the land which concerns itself with the higher education of women owes its present existence, either directly or indirectly, to Mount Holyoke College. Schools and colleges have been founded by her graduates in this and other lands.

There is hardly a country of the globe where the name and spirit of Mount Holyoke have not become known and felt. The present faculty of Mount Holyoke represent the best

culture that the universities of any land can furnish. Because of the urgent need for more adequate salaries for its faculty, because the increasing cost of maintaining the college plant must be met, because the price of tuition must be held down to the point where it will not keep away students of moderate means, the Trustees voted to attempt to raise half a million dollars' endowment before the Seventy-fifth Anniversary in October, 1912. One hundred thousand dollars of this amount has already been promised by the General Education Board on condition that the remainder be secured before that date. Certainly no one interested in the forces which better our social life could respond to a more worthy call. In order to reach the half-million goal, over one hundred thousand dollars must yet be raised — and it will be. The Mary Lyon spirit is not dead and the undertaking will surely be carried to a successful issue. The question is a personal one for each of turning well-wishing into well-doing. As its most



A BIT OF THE ACADEMIC CAMPUS

definite and consistent educational embodiment, Mount Holyoke deserves the enthusiastic support of all who believe in the mission of New England idealism in our national life.





THE WORSHIP OF THE SNAKE*

VOODOOISM IN HAITI TO-DAY

By JUDGE HENRY AUSTIN

THE steamship on which I had made the trip from Saint Thomas to Cape Haitien lay at anchor in the star-sprinkled darkness of the harbor with its high encircling hills. At sunset, the first officer had pointed out to me those great, humped, under-sized mountains that bear the ruins of La Ferriere and Sans Souci, the fortress and the pleasure palace of the mad negro Christophe, otherwise King Henri I, who ruled Haiti in the early years of the nineteenth century.

It was after the quick-coming darkness of a Caribbean night had descended. I was watching the narrow fringe of lights that marked the outline of the town, when there came to me across the water a strange noise. It sighed and rolled about in a peculiarly elusive volume of sound, not to be described precisely by any word I know. It might be said, perhaps, to have the effect on the hearer of a roar,—a roar, however, at a great distance, and yet prolonged.

"Voodoo," remarked the first officer, who strolled along the deck at the

moment the noise had begun to become mystifying. "Yes," he continued, "it is the Voodoo drums. You didn't hear them in Aux Cayes or Jacmel, I dare say. But they're common enough here and all through the north."

With this the first officer passed on. To him it was a matter of course, for he visited Haitian ports every month, the year round, and he accepted the customs of the country as he understood them. But there was something in his nonchalance that impressed me more than all the rumors, the hearsay charges voiced against Voodooism by persons I had met both before and after leaving Boston for this visit to the Black Republic.

As long as Voodooism was merely the name for rites of cannibalism, of kidnapping infants, poisoning adults, exhuming and reviving supposedly dead bodies and casting strange spells upon too inquisitive investigators—as long as Voodoo meant this it seemed to be among the unbelievable things, a sort of evil folklore. Before reaching Haiti I had heard such tales. On one

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—The pertinence of the Voodoo menace to the United States has been made clear by the recent atrocities of the "Human Sacrifice Sect" of Louisiana. The murder of thirty-five persons by followers of this phase of Voodooism has brought about an investigation now under way. The confession of a young negress as to the rites of the sect has shown the hold Voodooism has on certain colonies of negroes in the South to-day.



WHERE THE SACRED SNAKE INHABITS

occasion an Englishman in Kingston, Jamaica, had remarked:

"When you're in Haiti, you'll find it better not to ask about Voodoo. First, you won't learn anything, and besides, you will make yourself unpopular. It's tabooed as a subject of polite conversation."

Yet the visitor of an inquiring turn of mind would be most self-repressive if he succeeded entirely in keeping off the forbidden conversational ground. In my own case, for example, I heard the same strange sounds many times and in many places before I left Haiti. Not the least impressive occasion was when the roll and throb came faintly to my ears one night as I sought sleep in my room at the Hotel Bellevue in Port-au-Prince. To be sure, the Bellevue faces the great Champ de Mars that extends away towards the hills of the suburb Petionville, and the noise of the drums may have drifted in on the still tropic

air from as far off as the wild jungle gorges of the Canape Vert. But for all these mitigating circumstances, Port-au-Prince is the capital of Haiti, and on the opposite side of the Champ de Mars is the "Palace." If I could hear the Voodoo drum in the hotel, certainly the whilom president, then Antoine Simon, was undoubtedly aware of it, since his ears were as good as my own. I was particularly impressed by the thought that the noise of the Voodoo services could be heard even in the capital of the republic and by the president himself, although those Haitians who will grudgingly admit the present-day existence of the cult declare it is practised only in a desultory way and by the most ignorant natives in far-off corners of the country.

But what is Voodoo worship precisely? Do the present-day votaries, whose drums resound on the evening air, incorporate the human sacrifice



A TYPE OF THE ELDER HAITIAN

and cannibalism in their exercises? To what extent is it practised among Haitians at the present time?

These questions I would have liked to ask pointblank a number of men whom I met in the Black Republic, — men who, I somehow felt, were in an excellent position to answer them one and all specifically and in detail. But I remembered the advice I had received. On several occasions when an intelligent Haitian was deploring the fact that other nations did not regard Haiti with favor, I remarked on the harm that had been done by the tales of Voodoo. This seemed to be the signal for a change

in the conversation. Truly, even in such guise, a hint of inquisitiveness as to the cult was enough to frighten off the otherwise communicative native.

Yet there were two exceptions among the men of color with whom I talked. They told me something, but only after a white merchant on each occasion had assured them that it was useless to deny what was apparent. Enough had been printed in books, they said, to make it appear Voodoo was a widespread cult and cannibalism almost a daily practice. Too many visitors, my friends pointed out, had left Haiti with these impres-

sions fixed in their minds because of a policy of reticence or of sweeping, and therefore unconvincing, denial. Thanks to this presentation of the case, these Haitians relented to the extent that I may be able to modify somewhat the accounts as they have been rendered either by extra-bitter critics of Haiti or over-zealous defenders of the country.

First of all, Voodoo, or, more properly, Vaudau, is snake worship. In its later forms in Haiti it was an evolution from the snake worship as practised by the tribes of the West Coast of Africa, from whom the slaves of the early French colonists in Haiti were recruited. There are plenty of accounts both by travelers in that section of Africa, and in Haiti during the slavery days, to bear this out. As a part of their fetich worship, the West African blacks of many tribes specially venerated a large, harmless snake. Sir Spencer St. John, one-time British minister to Haiti, who studied the customs of the country for many years, says of this snake that it "signifies an all-powerful and supernatural being, on whom depend all the events which take place in the world."

By a strange coincidence, which may be regarded in the light of later events as most unfortunate for the negroes, the slaves found, in the jungles round about the plantations, a species of large harmless snake very similar to that which they had worshiped in their African home. And this even before they had begun to understand the none too earnest or persistent attempts by their French masters to convert them to Catholicism! An Eighteenth Century observer of these newly landed human cattle said that they came from Africa with a religion of their own which was a mixture of fetich worship and Mohammedanism. A century or more later, St. John declared that the Mohammedan element had disappeared, and said that in effect Voodooism was a mixture of fetich worship and Catholicism.

As to the truth of this assertion, St. John found that the great Voodoo ceremonies at which human sacrifices were made occurred on or about the time of the church festivals. The court records in the most famous case of Voodoo sacrifice to which the reluctant Haitian officials of the time gave their attention show that the victim, a girl of twelve years, was taken prisoner two days after Christmas and the cannibal feast took place on December 31. This is an indisputable fact and I shall quote later from the records and from a Port-au-Prince newspaper account of the trial. It bears out, unbelievable as it may sound, the fact that these Voodoo devotees have, through the cunning of the Voodoo leaders, been led to confuse their own secret rites with the teachings of the church, in spite of the determined fight made by the French priests against the sect.

Such was the established case a generation ago, but the worship of the snake does not necessarily explain the cannibalistic features of the cult. These came as a result of the introduction of slaves from the Mondongues tribe of West Africa, recognized cannibals. The Mondongues, according to Moreau St. Mery, that chronicler of colonial Haiti, were shunned by the slaves from less depraved tribes. But association in the common misery of the most oppressive and cruel form of slavery may have finally overcome these caste prejudices. This, at a hazard, may account for the fact that in a later day we find snake worship made more horrible by human sacrifice and by the eating of the victim's flesh as a part of the ritual. Moreover, quite apart from the Voodoo sacrifices, there have come to light many cases in Haiti where human flesh was eaten as a delicacy without that symbolical fetichism which accompanies cannibalism in all except the very lowest savage tribes.

But I do not wish to make a wrong impression, and so I should say here, in justice to those intelligent Haitians who gave me their version of the

growth and (let it be hoped) decline of Voodoo, that there are two branches of the sect. The cannibals, said these Haitians, were comparatively few at any time and probably non-existent at present. On this latter point, I reserve decision in view of what has happened this winter in Louisiana, where we had long ago supposed our American negroes' Voodooism was only a harmless mummery.

According to the intelligent Haitians to whom I am indebted for at least a discussion of this most interesting subject, I may say that they regard the milder form of Voodoo as a growth from those secret organizations formed among the slaves in preparing for the revolution. As it was explained to me, the practice of Voodoo was carried on by the slaves without the knowledge of their masters. Whether, excepting the slaves who were Mondongues, there was any cannibalism practised is a question to which the answer may well be in doubt. But at any rate, the secret Voodoo cult bound the slaves together in an organization of their own.

It was this Voodoo tie which helped the slaves in keeping up their courage and retaining enough manhood to beat their white masters eventually. If a harmless fetich worship did this, or contributed in a measure to it, then Voodoo in its undefiled form achieved something; for the treatment to which the Haitian slaves were subjected was calculated to break the spirit of the average negro. We read of colonial French masters who punished their slaves by the cutting off of ears and other mutilations. One slave holder amused himself by having certain negroes buried up to their necks in the earth. Then he used their exposed heads as tenpins, bowling at them with wooden balls. Still other forms of punishment would not bear recounting here, but the point is that the Haitian negroes were subjected to treatment beside which the simple whippings of American slaves before the Civil War were as nothing.

It was the Voodoo that heartened

the Haitian negroes for the resistance that they made to the whites, say those who minimize the evil repute of the cult in the early days. It was the Voodoo priests, they assert, who led their followers against the whites with the assurance that Voodoo charms would ward off bullets. If these priests spoke of "human sacrifices" in addressing their followers, it was only a figure of speech, meaning that they must kill the whites if they were to win their independence. Even the much admired Toussaint L'Ouverture was a member of the Voodoo, say some of these defenders of the original purpose of the cult.

Turning, then, from the view of it as originally a sort of primitive organization of "Sons of Freedom," there is another and sinister side. Always granting that my informants were correct in their history, the degeneration of Voodoo must, indeed, have been rapid. More than that, we have accounts of the practice of poisoning victims to furnish human flesh for Voodoo orgies even in slave-holding times.

And this leads to the widely known skill of the Voodoo priests in the concoction of strange draughts from the native herbs of Haiti. Aside from poisons that kill at once, they are reputed to distill potions that kill by a long, slow process, the time being regulated by the strength of the dose to meet the exigencies of the case. Most uncanny, however, is the poison which will cause the victim to pass into an unconscious condition, so profound that it may be easily mistaken for death.

This last-mentioned trance-producing potion might seem to be a creation of the imagination, if it were not for the fact that many observers of Haiti from early colonial times down to our own generation have vouched for the evidences of its use. Such a poison was necessary to the cannibalistic Voodoo devotees of slavery days, because slaves, as valuable chattels, were carefully enumerated and a search would be instituted by

the masters if a negro disappeared. Therefore the chosen victim, usually a child, was dosed with the poison that brought on a condition simulating death. The master, satisfied that he had lost one of his human animals by natural causes, ordered the burial. Afterwards, the victim was resuscitated for the sacrifice, since the Voodoo rites require a living, conscious offering. All this, gruesome as it is, sums up the accounts of widely separated cases, some of them based on confessions of the criminals themselves.

Of late years Haitians have been more and more susceptible to the influence of outside opinion, and I have been informed that some of the elaborate works in defense of the country and in attempted refutation of these evil reports concerning it have been subsidized by the government. Perhaps, on the other hand, the more horrible evidences of Voodoo have ceased to exist. Be that as it may, there is a certain account, ready to hand, of an instance of the use of poison to produce a trance. This instance may be selected from a number for which we have only the word of private persons. This, however, is vouched for by St. John, the British minister to Haiti, on the word of the Marquis de Forbin Janson, French minister, and Senor Alvarez, the Spanish Charge d'Affaires, stationed at Port-au-Prince in 1860.

According to these official representatives, a young Haitian woman who had died suddenly was buried in the local cemetery of Port-au-Prince. That very night, August 2, a detail of soldiers passing the place were horrified to hear shrieks coming from among the graves. Approaching, they saw a grave opened, a coffin beside it, and in the coffin a woman sitting up, while several persons, each carrying a torch in one hand and a dagger in the other, stood about her. These persons were shouting strange words and waving their daggers. Luckily for the securing of evidence in the case, all the soldiers were not native Haitians. A few of them were Louisiana negroes.

The Haitians fled, but the American negroes, after a little hesitation, managed to summon up enough courage to attack the grave robbers. As it was, though, the soldiers were too late, for the criminals fled. The woman was dead and her lungs and heart had been torn out and carried away.

Investigation proved that she was the young woman who had been buried after she had apparently died that day. She had been the victim, undoubtedly, of the Voodoo poison, and her enemy was a former rival for the affections of her husband. This rival, who was a member of the Voodoo, had planned the revenge of digging the unfortunate young woman from the grave, resuscitating her and then murdering her. As the Spanish Charge d'Affaires tells of the outcome:

"The assassins escaped, but subsequently some prisoners were made. In a few days the prisoners were at liberty; and it is related that the lungs and the heart had been cooked and eaten in one of the country houses in Bizoton."

This is only one (and an especially well-established) instance of the deeds of the Voodoo priests. As to the priests themselves, they were, and still remain to a degree, strange figures in a country that has all the machinery of a civilized government, however rusty and ill used that machinery may be in actual operation. In each group of Voodoo—congregation, it might be called—there are a king and a queen, a priest and his consort, the priestess. In the Haitian patois they are called Papa-Loi and Mamma-Loi, the "Loi" being a corruption of "Roi." In carrying on the traditions of the cult, it has been said, with evident truth, that each pair of leaders of a congregation select their successors and transmit to them the inner rites and the knowledge of poisons and medicines. The Papa-Loi and the Mamma-Loi, I may remark here, add to their income not only by selling poisons but also by selling medicines. Indeed, there have been many authenticated instances where persons who have

been suffering from slow poison administered by enemies have secured, at a price, antidotes from the very Papa-Loi or Mamma-Loi who sold the original poison.

As to the distinguishing features of these leaders, they were, up to a few years ago, easily known by their extra long wool, which was elaborately plaited and evidently the object of much care. At the present time, at least in the cities, any Papa-Loi who may be about is not thus to be recognized. Persons who had visited the interior and had stayed at some of the mountain villages told me that the Papa-Loi is still a notable figure. The fact is, that, as is usually the case of "witch doctors" in any country, the Papa-Loi with his Mamma-Loi has always preferred to enshroud himself in mystery by living apart from common mortals, usually in some almost inaccessible place on a mountain side or in a jungle. Thus the tourist in Haiti, unless he happened to be something of an explorer, would not be likely to see one of these leaders of the sect.

The rites of the Voodoo are well known, for daring men, both white and colored, have managed to disguise themselves and at the risk of their lives attend the gathering of the devotees. The drum plays a great part in the rites, and it was this that I heard rolling and throbbing in the night on a number of occasions during my stay in Haiti. These meetings are held, usually, in the forest, and if a human sacrifice is to be a part of the ceremony, the place chosen is well hidden. There have been instances of human offerings under great covered sheds almost within sight of a village, but these became rare, especially after President Geffrard's campaign against the Voodoo sect in 1864. The meetings now held near the cities, and not so long ago held actually within the city limits, are supposed to be of that branch of the Voodooism which confines its sacrifices to white roosters and white goats.

The center of the Voodoo gathering,

according to eye-witnesses, is occupied by a sort of raised dais, if a natural elevation of the ground cannot be found. There are the seats, or "thrones" of the Papa-Loi and the Mamma-Loi. Between them is placed the covered box or urn in which is the sacred snake. The priest and the priestess are robed in red and sometimes add to their impressiveness by flaming red fillets about their heads on which the plaited wool stands out at every angle. They are always full-blooded blacks, and their appearance thus, with a bonfire blazing in front of them to light up the ceremonies, is described as diabolical.

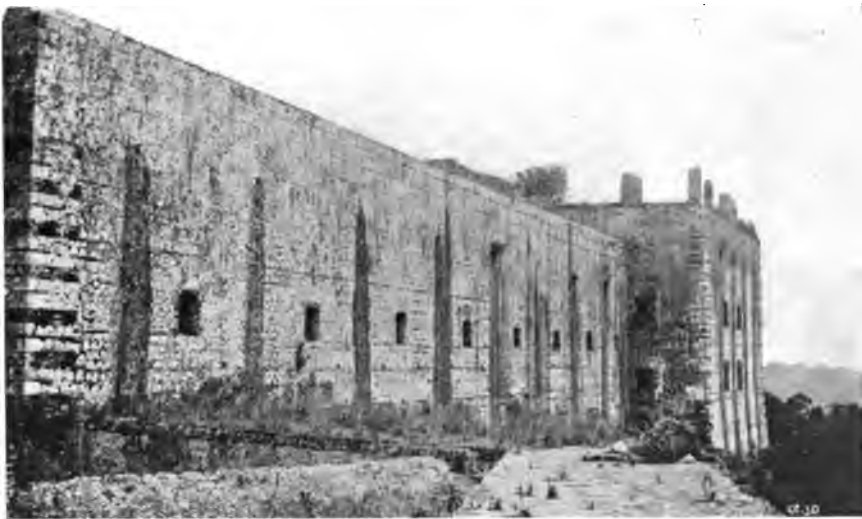
In a semicircle facing the two leaders and the snake are gathered the devotees, and the beginning of the ceremony consists of much beating of the drum and dancing, with frequent drinking of "tafia," the raw white rum of the country. The Papa-Loi and Mamma-Loi direct the course of this alternate dancing and drinking until the congregation has reached a sufficiently exalted or intoxicated condition. Then comes the signal for the presentation of requests for favors. Any member of the gathering who wishes help comes forward and states his wish to the priest and priestess. These requests, of course, run the gamut of human desires. One may want vengeance on an enemy, another may seek to win the love of some indifferent member of the opposite sex, since both men and women attend these meetings. But, according to those few white men who have gained admittance in disguise to the Voodoo rites, by far the largest number of requests is for help in making money. This may seem strange in a country where such a large percentage of the laboring class seem to remain contented with scarcely any money whatever, being usually content to work only often enough to receive a sufficiency of coarse food, tafia, and tobacco.

Each person as he states his case drops an offering in a vase placed in front of the cage of the sacred snake,

which, by the way, is kept covered at this stage of the proceedings. As to the replies given by the priestess, the procedure differs, evidently, since the accounts of various eye-witnesses vary here. In some cases, she stands upon the box containing the snake and replies at once to each question. At other times she waits until all the questions have been submitted and then lifts the cloth from the cage and places her face close to the bars. The forked tongue of the snake, which is not poisonous, may be seen flicking itself against her cheek or forehead, and this is taken to be an indication of the

munion service. Afterwards, the flesh is roasted or boiled and a feast is held. By this time everybody is intoxicated, since raw white rum has played its part in the long period of the meeting. The end of the evening is described as a riot of debauchery which incapacitates the devotees from following their ordinary occupations for a day or two.

In the cannibalistic sect of Voodoo, which the educated Haitian would have one believe is either a very small part of the most depraved element of the population or is a mere memory and tradition, the sacrifice of the rooster and the goat is followed by the



FORTRESS OF LA FERRIERE, CAPE HAITIEN—WALLS TWENTY FEET THICK

communication of divine wisdom to her by the immortal serpent. After this, she arises and makes replies that are supposed to deal with the case of each question in turn. As is not surprising, these replies are couched in the ambiguous terms favored by all oracles from the days of Delphi to the present back-parlor fortune-teller.

It is after all this that the sacrifices take place. It appears that in all the branches of Voodoo the white rooster and the white goat are sacrificed. In the milder sect, the blood of the rooster and the goat is caught in vessels and this blood, mixed with tafia, is drunk as a part of the com-

slaying of "the goat without horns." This is a euphemism for the human victim, just as in the South Sea Islands we are told that the natives referred to "long pig" in speaking of their cannibalistic diet. A dramatic account of how the human sacrifice was introduced into the ceremony was told by the Archbishop of Port-au-Prince to St. John when reciting the details of an incident that occurred a week before the prelate told of it in 1869.

"A French priest," he said, "who had charge of the district of Arcahayé, had the curiosity to witness the Voodoo ceremonies, and he persuaded some of



RUINS OF THE PALACE OF SANS SOUCI — RESIDENCE OF EMPEROR CHRISTOPHER, 1811

his parishioners to take him to the forest, where a meeting of the sect was to be held. They were very unwilling, saying that, if discovered, he and they would be killed; but he promised faithfully that, whatever happened, he would not speak a word. They blacked his hands and face, and, disguising him as a peasant, took him with them. In Salnave's time the Voodoo priests were so seldom interrupted that few precautions were taken against surprise, and the neighboring villagers flocked to the ceremony. With these the Catholic priest mixed, and saw all that went on.

"A white cock and a white goat were killed, and those present were marked with the blood. Presently an athletic young negro came and knelt before the priestess and said: 'O, Maman, I have a favor to ask.' 'What is it, my son?' 'Give us, to complete the sacrifice, the goat without horns.' She gave a sign of assent; the crowd in the shed separated, and there was a child sitting with its feet bound. In an instant a rope already passed through a block was tightened, the child's feet flew up towards the roof, and the priest approached it with a knife. The loud shriek given by the victim aroused the Frenchman to the

truth of what was really going on. He shouted, 'Oh, spare the child,' and would have darted forward, but he was seized by his friends around him and literally carried from the spot. There was a short pursuit, but the priest got safely back to town. He tried to rouse the police to hasten to the spot, but they would do nothing. In the morning they accompanied him to the scene of the sacrifice. They found the remains of the feast, and near the shed the boiled skull of the child."

But if these instances have been merely hearsay (however reputable the persons who related them), there is a case on the court records of Haiti which proves beyond question the human sacrifice and the devouring of the victim's flesh as part of the ceremony attendant upon winning the favor of the Voodoo snake god. The case was tried before Judge Lallemant in the Criminal Tribunal of Port-au-Prince and resulted, after a two days' session, in the conviction of four men and four women.

The defender of the good name of Haiti will remind one who mentions this case that it occurred in 1864, on February 4th and 5th of that year, to be precise. That was long ago, he

will say, and times have changed. Yet, much as a visitor to the Black Republic wishes to give the country due credit for all that it has done towards advancement, the question is inevitable as to whether a deeply rooted cult or superstition can be wholly eradicated in such a brief span of years. It seems, under the circumstances, too much to believe, as some Haitians would ask, that Voodoo has ceased entirely to exist and that the drums throbbing in the forests at night mark merely the harmless dances of Christian country folk out for an evening of jollity.

In this notable case which places Voodooism on record, so to speak, the victim was Claircine, a girl of about twelve years, according to some authorities, but between seven and eight years, in the language of the *Acte d'Accusation* filed at the trial. This child was the daughter of a Madame Claire, a laundress of Bizoton, a village some two miles west of Port-au-Prince. From hints cast out in the subsequent criminal investigation, it was fairly evident that the child's mother was a devotee of Voodoo, but

there was no question that her aunt, Jeanne Pelle, and her uncle, Congo Pelle, were followers of the cult. In fact, it was evident that Congo and Jeanne set themselves up as being only a little below the rank of Papa-Loi and Mamma-Loi, respectively.

Congo, about the middle of December, 1863, according to the *Acte d'Accusation*: "In order to improve his miserable position, had recourse to the Voodoo god, who, according to him, demanded of him a human sacrifice; the stupid and criminal Congo told this to his sister, Jeanne Pelle, who believed herself, also, to be in communication with infernal spirits."

This precious pair decided that the most easily captured victim was their niece, Claircine, and they proceeded to kidnap her. Assisting them in the scheme were two full-fledged Papa-Lois, Julien Nicolas and Floreal Apollon. First of all, Jeanne Pelle took the mother with her on a journey to Port-au-Prince so that the coast might be clear for the carrying off of the child. As the pair went down the road the mother noticed that Claircine



THE MARKET-PLACE—PORT AU PRINCE

was with her uncle, Congo. As the *Acte d'Accusation* put it:

"She saw Claircine sitting with Congo—the lamb and the wolf—before the latter's door." After the mother had gone, Congo turned the unsuspecting victim over to Julien, and the latter later conducted her to the house of Floreal, his "humfort," as the Voodoo temple is called. On the mother's return and her inquiries for Claircine, Congo told her the child had evidently wandered away. After Congo and his friends in the plot had made a pretence of searching for the child, the mother sought the aid of another Papa-Loi, who advised her to burn candles before the altar of the Virgin Mary—an interesting sidelight on the way in which these snake worshipers pretend to combine their cult with Christian practices.

Meanwhile the child victim was kept bound beneath the altar of the snake in Floreal's humfort. The sacrifice was set for the night of December 31st, and then the crew of eight, who were afterwards to be tried for their crime, gathered at the house of Jeanne Pelle, whither little Claircine was brought. The testimony in the court proceedings was minute in its gruesome details: Floreal, the Papa-Loi, first strangled the child; then her aunt handed him a knife with which he cut off her head; the blood was drained into a jar, to be drunk later; next, Floreal flayed the body; the flesh was cut from the bones and prepared for cooking; finally the bones, skin, and other parts not wanted for the feast were buried near the house.

With the flesh in large wooden bowls, the party next went to Floreal's humfort, where Jeanne rang a bell while the party paraded and sang songs, carrying the child's head aloft as a trophy. This ceremony over, Jeanne, the victim's aunt, cooked the flesh in a pot with Congo beans, while Congo Pelle, the uncle, made a soup of the head with yams. These details might seem impossible, if they were not a part of evidence submitted in open court.

An incident related at the trial

is a shade more horrible, even, than this. Roseide Sumera, who turned informer and confessed all she knew in the hope of winning clemency, related that while the cooking preparations were being made she could not control her appetite. She cut from the child's palm a piece of flesh and ate it raw. She with the others then waited until the boiled flesh and beans were ready, when all of the eight partook. Next, they drank the soup, and finished the night in drunken debauchery.

But even while this feast was going forward, the coterie had planned another of the same sort. According to the *Acte d'Accusation*, there was at that time imprisoned in Floreal Apollon's humfort another young girl, Losama, who had been kidnapped on the main road from Port-au-Prince to Leogane by Nereine, a member of the party that had sacrificed little Claircine. This girl, Losama, managed, by peering through cracks in the wall, to see the cooking and eating of Claircine's flesh. She realized that this was the fate reserved for her, the date having been set for Twelfth Night, or "*Le Jour des Rois*," as it is called in the court charges.

The arrest of the cannibals came about largely through their own carelessness and sense of safety. The mother of Claircine had applied so often to the police of Port-au-Prince for aid in finding her child, that finally some men were sent out to look over the ground. They found the boiled skull of a child in the bushes near Floreal Apollon's house. On entering the humfort they found Losama, the next victim, and from her story of what she had seen were able to arrest the eight persons who had taken part in the sacrifice.

The conviction of the four men and four women, all laborers or laundresses, and their execution by being shot in public on February 14, 1864, came as a result of the fearless stand of President Geffard. His opposition to Voodoo made him unpopular among the members of the sect. It must be

remembered, by the way, that every ruler of Haiti before his time, and most of them since, were devotees of Voodoo. The action of the judge and jury was undoubtedly bolstered up by the support of President Geffrard in doing justice here. Also, the president's view is reflected in the account contained in the "*Moniteur Haitien*, journal officiel de la republique," for February 20, 1864, of which I quote the opening paragraph:

"An abominable crime has been committed, committed at the gateway of the capital: a little girl has been butchered, dismembered, dressed like a lamb or a kid, and a horrible feast has been held at which there took part her uncle and her aunt!!!"

Some say that this condemnatory attitude toward Voodooism was the beginning of the end for Geffrard, and, at any rate, he was obliged to flee from Port-au-Prince three years later. He was a mulatto and had succeeded the murderous negro, Faustin Soulouque, in 1859. Soulouque was a Voodoo, a Papa-Loi, and reputed to have participated in cannibal feasts. It was Soulouque who caused himself to be crowned Emperor Faustin I, and created a Haitian nobility of four princes, fifty-nine dukes, and any number of marquises and lesser titles. In his list were the Duke of Marmalade and the Duke of Limonade, which were not so absurd as they sound, however, since Marmalade and Limonade are the names of towns in Haiti.

Emperor Faustin I had declared on several occasions massacres of mulattoes, and he had encouraged Voodooism at its worst. Geffrard, therefore, may have felt that he was justified in believing, after five years of power, that he would be supported in a campaign to stamp out Voodooism. It is even related of him that he once surprised a great gathering of Voodoo priests and devotees in the mountains and had his soldiers kill them all without the formality of arresting them and bringing them to trial.

But Geffrard's policy of reform was not popular, and when he fled he was

succeeded by Sylvain Salnave, who was thought to be as much a believer in Voodooism as was the Emperor Faustin. And since that time nearly every president has been associated in some degree with the Voodoo worship. Nord Alexis, only a few years ago, was reported to be a Papa-Loi and his wife a Mamma-Loi. But, it was explained, they took part only in the lesser form of Voodoo in which there are no human sacrifices.

But can there be Voodooism without the occasional cropping out of the rites of human sacrifice? That was a question that occurred to me many times in Haiti. The doubt I entertained then has been increased by an occurrence since I have returned to the United States. Our own Southern negroes have Voodoo rites, inherited from the same African sources as the Voodooism of the Haitian negroes. But here in America the gentler rule of the Southern slave owners was believed to have reduced this Voodooism to merely a shadow of its original grim substance — making it only an absurd obeisance to "signs" and portents.

Such was the view generally taken of Southern Voodooism, but there came to light a singular series of murders in Louisiana, during January of the present year. There in the rice belt, the negroes had joined what was described in newspaper despatches simply as the "Sacrifice Sect." To one who knows the history of Haitian Voodooism there is an unmistakable significance in this very term. Yet the Southern newspaper correspondents seemed to think it remarkably strange that within a year seven negro families belonging to this sect had been murdered — a total of thirty persons. In each case the attempt was evidently made to kill five persons at once, all of them members of the same family. Another peculiarly suggestive feature, in view of Haitian Voodooism, was that the mysterious murderers made an effort to catch all the blood of their victims in a pail. To be sure, the throats were not cut,

as in the Haitian rites, but the victims were brained with an axe as they slept in their beds.

On this point of the deep sleep in which the families must have been to permit of these systematic killings without a struggle, it might be interesting to speculate whether anything like the stupefying poisons of the Haitian Papa-Loi had been administered in advance to the intended victims. Still another phase of these Louisiana cases that recalls Haitian Voodoo investigations is the reticence of nearly all the negroes. They would give no information of any hint they may

have had of the murders, and seemed to bear no resentment against the mysterious slayers of their neighbors.

I mention these incidents in our own country, simply because they seem to have a direct bearing on the question whether there is real Voodooism still flourishing in Haiti. Haitians in official life will deny it, but it seems to me that if Voodoo can survive in the United States, certainly the land where the Claircine trial took place within the memory of men still comparatively young may to-day witness an occasional sacrifice of the "goat without horns."

THE GUARDIAN*

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER VII

THEY hadn't walked a block before Johnson found his friends. They were an ugly, wicked-looking bunch, and they led 'Gene unsteadily up a dark side street and proceeded at once to go through his pockets in a very business-like manner. He was sober enough to resent this, but the group closed in on him. He tried to struggle, but they held him in their midst until they had taken all he had. The excitement sobered him at once. He turned to the nearest man and struck out. He caught the fellow in the face and the latter dropped like a log. Then followed chaos. 'Gene never knew what happened, but he found himself under a battering rain of blows. They came from in front, from behind, and on both sides. He covered his head with his arms and staggered about blindly. Then in sheer desperation he seized one of the thugs about the body. The others, taking the alarm, ran. He gripped this fellow about the back and contracted his muscles. The man caved in before the bear hug like a thing of straw. Together they fell to the side-

walk, 'Gene on top. In a frenzy he began to beat the man's head against the brick paving. The latter gasped for mercy.

"Fer Gawd's sake," he pleaded, "let me go. The cops'll pinch us all."

'Gene let him go more because he was tired of his task than anything else. The man made his feet and staggered off into the night.

When 'Gene picked himself up, he was alone and quite sober. He was breathing hard. He felt first in his pockets. He found nothing but Julie's letter. He looked around for his bag. It was gone. Penniless and sore, he found himself in a black pit of a street. For a second an awful wave of homesickness swept over him. It brought a lump to his throat and he felt like crying. He sat down on the curbing with his head in his hands and tried to think. And at this moment the only face that came to comfort him was that of the girl with the pompadour in the restaurant. He remembered her advice and cursed himself for not following it. And now the ship had gone.

He rose and stumbled towards a sputtering arc light at the end of the

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alley. This brought him within sight of the traffic of the street up and down which he had walked with Johnson. His only chance seemed in finding that man again. He hurried on, and for five minutes stood on the corner scanning every face. They were ugly faces — brutal faces. But more than that, they were indifferent faces. There wasn't anything about him now to tempt even a thug. He had no bag, and after his wrestle on the sidewalk his personal appearance was not such as to make him look a victim worth anyone's trouble. A woman or two passed him, at first with a smirk and then after closer inspection with a raucous laugh. Even at that, several of them turned uncertainly a third time for a further look at him. He was no ordinary tramp. He still had his sturdy six feet of height, his strong, firm body, his clean face and golden hair to recommend him to the attention of those interested in anything but business.

But those who did stop invariably made him so uncomfortable that he always moved away from them. In this fashion he passed a couple of hours, and catching sight of a clock learned that it was after ten. The question of lodging for the night, the question of the morrow, loomed up with terrifying insistence. He gave up all hope of finding Johnson, and with that lost all hope of everything. At this point his mind reverted again to the girl with the pompadour. He felt that it would be good just to set eyes on her again. He couldn't remember in which direction the restaurant lay, but he walked first to the right for the matter of a mile, and then retraced his steps and walked about the same distance the other way. Then he came upon the friendly window. His heart leaped with joy as, peering through the cloudy glass, he saw her there.

The place was empty except for the proprietor and the girl. 'Gene saw the latter remove her apron, and concluded she must be through for the day. He withdrew a little to one side

of the door and waited. He had not yet made up his mind even to speak to her. Coming from the country where the friendly custom still prevailed of greeting every passer-by, he saw no offense in it, but he was ashamed of confessing to her his misfortune. And then again he did not know what good it would do if he did speak to her. He had no intention of asking alms. It was not that he wanted. He wished merely to hear her voice. He grasped at her as the only human being in this cityful to whom he could even say so much as good evening.

Dressed in a black sack coat and a black straw sailor hat, she came out. She looked neither to the right nor the left, but started across the street with a very business-like walk. His heart sank and his courage failed him. He did not dare stop her, and yet as she vanished out of sight he felt with double force his own loneliness. His throat pained him again and he saw blurry. He couldn't let her disappear like that. He must say something to her. He must let her know that he was still living. He must let her know that he hadn't caught the ship. Even if she only laughed at him for it he would feel relieved that some one here knew of his existence.

He hurried across the street, scanning the crowd eagerly. He could not find her. Being without a destination, he was unconsciously swept on by the current. He was taken down a side street towards the ferry. Here the crowd was massed a little. He skirted the edge of the half-hundred waiting people and near the closed gate he saw her face again. He pushed his way to her side. She saw him coming, gave a start, and shrank back. He realized her fear and stopped in his tracks. He didn't wish to worry her. Of course she didn't know anything about him. He caught sight of his coat beneath the light above his head and saw that it was covered with dirt. He couldn't blame anyone for not wanting to be seen with such a tramp as he was.

The ferry bell clanged; the gates

were opened and the crowd surged in. He stood immovable and allowed them to sweep past. He was shoved this way and that. He heard a dozen oaths growled at him. He did not care. She was lost again in the eddy, and now nothing mattered. He turned away. Then he heard her voice.

"Well," she exclaimed cheerfully, "you got yours!"

His lean face so beamed with joy that her eyes narrowed immediately.

"What for you follerin' me?" she demanded.

"I—I dunno," he answered, "I didn't mean—"

"What do you think I am?" she challenged before he had time to finish.

He blushed like any schoolboy.

"You're the only one I knew here," he excused himself.

"Well, you don't know me if you want'er git fresh, see?"

"Fresh?" he stammered.

She came nearer and looked sharply up into his eyes. She almost stood on tiptoe.

"Don't make no mistake 'bout me," she warned.

"Seems though I wasn't doin' nothin' but make mistakes," he answered.

She relaxed her tension.

"What did he do—clean you out?"

"Took my bag an' money," he confessed.

"A dirty trick," she nodded, "but I s'pose you'd have lost 'em sooner or later. Didn't he leave you nothin'?"

"No," he answered.

"Where's your ship?"

"Gone, I s'pose."

"Do you know for sure?"

He shook his head.

"We couldn't find her."

"I s'pose not. I guess it's too late now for you to git aboard to-night, even if you did not find her."

"An' she sails early to-morrow," he added helplessly.

She waited for him to continue, but he was tongue-tied.

"What you goin' to do?" she demanded.

"I dunno," he answered.

She studied him shrewdly another moment. Then she asked:

"What you want o' me?"

"Nothin'," he answered.

She laughed harshly at that.

"Don't jolly me along," she insisted; "out with it like a man."

"Honest, I don't want nothin'," he replied; "I jus' wanted to speak to ye, that's all."

Now that he stood beside her and saw that her head didn't even reach his shoulders, it seemed more and more absurd that he should have need of her. In contrast with her black sack her face looked pale and thin.

She didn't believe him yet. She made a motion to turn away.

"If that's all," she concluded, "then I guess I'll beat it for home."

"Good-night," he said without hesitation.

She paused once more.

"What are you goin' to do?" she asked again.

"I dunno."

"I s'pose you know that if you hang round here all night you'll git pinched."

"Pinched?"

"Arrested."

"Well, I can't help it, can I?" he answered weakly.

She frowned.

"I'll bet if I was your size I'd help it," she replied.

"How?"

"Why, I'd—I'd—"

When she stopped to think of it, what would she do? What could he do? And yet it was ridiculous for this bulk of a man to stand there as helpless as a lost child. She frowned again. Then she laughed. Somehow he made her feel as though it was her duty to take him home and see him safely tucked in for the night.

"Hain't you gut no friends at all?" she demanded, with a smile.

"Only Mr. Johnson, an' he's—"

"Oh, don't!" she broke out. "For Lawd's sake, don't! They oughtn'ter let you leave home without a nurse."

She meant no insult, but the words cut him to the quick.

"Don't you worry 'bout me," he answered.

"Don't worry 'bout you?" she retorted. "Good Lawd, d'you think I can help it? D'you think I can sleep thinkin' of you wanderin' round the streets like a kid what's lost his mother?"

"I'm all right," he answered surlily.

"Oh, yes, you're all right. You're fine and all right. You're the most all-right thing I ever seen. Now you come along with me and I'll find a place for you to curl up those long legs of yours."

Without giving him time to answer she led the way back to Atlantic Avenue. He couldn't do anything but follow. Up one street and down another she hurried him, looking for all the world like a small tug towing an ocean liner to its berth. When she stopped, it was before a house bearing the sign "Beds; twenty-five cents." She reached beneath her over-skirt and drew out a purse. She handed him a quarter.

"Here," she said imperiously, "take this and go in there and get a bed."

He drew back his hands.

"I can't take money from a girl," he answered.

"Take it," she cried, impatiently, shoving it into his hand, "take it. Don't make me hang round here all night. Come back and tell me if you find an empty."

"But —"

She placed her hand on his big arm and shoved him forward.

"For Lawd's sake, don't stand here chewin' the rag."

He went upstairs and put his question to the man behind the desk.

"Sure," answered the latter.

He started back.

"Where goin'? This way."

"Just a minute," answered 'Gene; "I've gotter see my friend."

She was waiting in a shadow.

"All right?" she questioned.

"Yes," answered 'Gene. "An' — say, I can't thank you — I —"

"Cut it out," she answered. "Look me up at the restaurant in the mornin'."

"Won't ye let me see you to the boat?"

The question pleased her. It was not the courtesy of one bred to courtesy. It expressed simply an honest desire to protect her. Even after she had paid his lodging for the night, he was still the man — still, with his big body, the protector.

"No," she answered in a voice grown tender. "I don't take no chances on your gettin' lost again."

"You've been mighty good to me."

"Good-night," she said.

He held out his hand. She hesitated and then took it. For a moment she let it rest there with a wistful sort of smile. Then she suddenly withdrew it and without another word hurried off.

CHAPTER VIII

THOSE HE LEFT BEHIND

'GENE'S departure was not discovered until noon of the day he left. In the morning it was thought that he had merely gone off without his breakfast, but later in the day, the mother, becoming anxious, Nat went down to the little red school to make sure. He met Julie coming up the hill alone.

When she saw him, she stared at him as at a ghost.

"I — I thought for a moment you were 'Gene," she explained as soon as she recovered her breath.

"Isn't 'Gene at school?" he asked.

"At school?" she answered in surprise. "Why, don't you know? He's gone!"

"Gone where?"

"To sea. He heard last night from Captain Barclay and left this mornin'."

She gave the information weakly, as though feeling it were only vain repetition, but she had no sooner spoken than she gathered that it was, after all, real news.

"Didn't he tell you? Didn't he tell his mother?"

"No," he answered slowly, "but he must have told you."

"He did," she admitted, growing uneasy under his steady gaze.

"Well," he said, "if he's gone that's the end of it."

Personally he was glad of it. It seemed to clear up matters all round, but he was honestly surprised that 'Gene had shown courage enough to go.

"Nat," she said suddenly, "I must see your mother."

"All right," he answered.

"And — I wish to see her alone."

"All right."

He walked back up the hill with her, and his heart beat faster merely by being at her side. Her cheeks were even rosier than usual and her eyes snapped with excitement. At the barn he turned aside and she went on to the house.

At sight of Julie, Mrs. Page began to pluck nervously at her apron. She had learned what the sudden appearance of some one outside the family generally meant. Her thin face grew passive, almost blank, as she waited for what was to come. Julie stepped forward and took her hand.

"Don't be frightened, Mrs. Page," she began gently. "I'm not bringing very bad news."

"It's 'bout 'Gene?" stammered the mother.

"Yes," nodded Julie. "You come inside and let me tell you all about him."

The little woman suffered herself to be led into the kitchen. She sank down in a chair without removing her eyes from Julie. She waited like one who expects the worst. The girl felt like kneeling at her feet. She had always liked this mother, but now, as the mother of this new 'Gene, Mrs. Page took on a glory that was almost sacred. She gave the girl her first real vision of the wonder and mystery of motherhood. Julie's own mother had never made her feel this as now did the mother of 'Gene. It was hard to be forced to conceal the great joy they had in common over 'Gene.

"I don't know why 'Gene didn't tell you," Julie began. "I know he meant to tell you, but I suppose he — he thought it might be easier if he wrote."

"Wrote?" questioned the mother. "Then 'Gene has gone away?"

The mother eyes looked so anxious that the girl was frightened. She couldn't understand. She herself had not been frightened. She herself had been glad he was going. 'Gene wouldn't have seemed truly 'Gene without this big adventure in prospect.

"Don't look like that," pleaded Julie. "Why, he's only gone to sea! 'Gene has only gone to sea."

"To sea!"

"To India and to South America," Julie ran on in her endeavor to place it in its really attractive light. "He had a wonderful opportunity. He's going with Captain Barclay and he sails to-night. Oh, he'll see the whole world before he comes back."

Her own eyes flashed with enthusiasm, but Mrs. Page raised her apron to her face and began gently to sob. Julie placed her hand upon the sagging shoulders. She couldn't understand why Gene's mother should feel so sorrow-stricken. She had expected her to be very proud of the boy. She had expected her to look forward, as she did, to the time when he should come back tanned and stalwart and rich. She concluded that she was weeping because 'Gene had not said good-by. She frowned. He should have done that. It was thoughtless of him not to have.

"I think — I think he didn't tell you because he didn't wish to pain you at parting," Julie apologized for him.

"He's gone! 'He's gone!" moaned the mother.

"But he's gone to sea," exclaimed the girl, as though this brightened up the whole adventure. "He's gone to make his fortune. Why, he's going to Rio de Janeiro. And he's going to India. And he said he would get some tigers."

This fact, to be sure, hadn't put

much heart into Julie herself, but she thought that perhaps the mother, being of hardier stuff, might appreciate the opportunity even as 'Gene had. But Mrs. Page only began to rock to and fro, as though this were quite the end of the boy. Julie kept her hand on the mother's shoulder and without being able to say more felt her own spirits sink. In spite of all the arguments she brought forth to herself to excuse 'Gene, she felt keenly that in going after this fashion he had done something unworthy of himself. He hadn't been quite direct. He ought to have confided in her anyway that his family did not know of his plans. If he had done that, she would have made him return and tell them. She determined to scold him for this in her next letter.

"Oh, my boy!" moaned the mother. "Oh, my darling 'Gene!"

Julie stooped and kissed the white hair.

"Can't you just think of when he's coming back?" she whispered. "It will be almost before we know it. Can't you think of that?"

Mrs. Page shook her head.

"It's easy enough to talk when he ain't your own," she sobbed.

Julie started back. For a second she resented the speech. Before she quite recovered herself the kitchen door opened and Mr. Page strode in. His face was hard as flint.

"Nat says the boy's gone to sea," he growled.

Mrs. Page didn't even look up.

"What fer you cryin'?" he demanded.

"He's gone!" she repeated.

The father leveled his hard eyes first upon his wife and then upon Julie.

"Serves him right," he answered. "It may knock a little sense into him."

"Mr. Page!" gasped Julie.

He faced her. He waited. She did not reply.

"Serves him right," he repeated, and strode out of the room.

Julie glanced at Mrs. Page, who had now stopped crying.

"Ef he'd only let me pack his clothes and git his things ready. I don't b'lieve he tuk his flannels."

"He — he had a bag with him," said Julie with some confusion.

"I'm goin' right up to his room this minute an' see what he did take," declared Mrs. Page.

She hurried out and left the girl standing there. Julie was disappointed. She felt almost like an intruder. Here in 'Gene's own home she had been treated like an outsider. But as she stood alone for a minute, this feeling vanished before a warm glow of content from within which mastered her even as the kitchen clock on the mantel over the stove seemed to subdue all other sounds in the music of its own ticking. This was 'Gene's home, and everything in it was associated in some way with him. How many times his eyes must have rested on that scarred old clock face; how many times his lips must have touched the tin dipper hanging over the wooden sink; how many times his fingers must have grasped the iron lifter on the stove. Year after year he had looked at the drab-painted boards which sheathed this room, and at the yellow-bound Farmer's Almanac hanging by a string from the mantel. He had sat in these chairs with the painted grapes on the backs. The red tablecloth, and the dishes upon the table set for luncheon, and the cupboard by the side of the sink, and the tin dishpan over it — even those things, because they had been the setting of his daily life, brought him nearer to her. In giving herself up to this thought she almost saw and felt him. She heard his steps coming through the woodshed. She saw him open the kitchen door.

But it was Nat who entered — not 'Gene.

(To be continued)



(Continued from page 161)

"I will get my hat and coat," said Merton, rising.

"Just a moment," said the priest. "We are to act as witnesses. The matter concerns Senator Hampton. I have communicated with him and his car will be here presently."

As the clergyman stepped into the automobile, the thought came to him that perhaps the priest desired aid from the silk mill for the child and had taken this method to obtain it.

During the ride Merton had no opportunity to talk with Mr. Hampton, who sat on the other side of the priest, but the mill owner seemed to have grown worn and aged.

The motor stopped in a village at some distance from the mining city, and preceded by the priest Merton and Mr. Hampton entered a small cottage. Within, the living room was in disorder; articles of clothing and dirty dishes stood on chairs and on the stove.

"The poor child's hand is still so bad that she can do but little," remarked the priest.

The men passed into an inner room and took places near a bed that stood against the wall. Covered with disordered bed clothing and a torn black coat a woman rigidly lay with her face turned outward.

The face, blue-white, was lined with deep wrinkles, and the light-blue eyes were dim and filmy.

"You've coom!" she exclaimed. And pointing to a litter of things on top of a bureau she requested the priest to give her some medicine.

She swallowed the restorative with difficulty and raised herself on her elbow.

"Before I goes I has ter turn over th' child to him as has his rights," she said, her eyes staring at Mr. Hampton. She added, "Me man in his drink is th' devil! He's a bad un, when he has his drink. He's been made so. Once his heart was like most, but now he ain't fit to be wid a girl if there ain't women about." Her eyes sought Merton's, then she turned them again

toward Mr. Hampton, as she added, "Besides, Emory Hampton has his rights."

The voice had grown faint, and the priest, stepping to the bureau, poured out a glass of water from a pitcher and held it to the woman's lips.

"It's me heart!" she whispered. "It grips me at times and then it lets up again!" The priest wiped her lips, and she continued:

"Me man; he doesn't know about it. I've kept it from him. Ye see, he remembers, an' it's no ways sure he wouldn't kill th' girl. Besides he might have blabbed! Ye sees, that would have spoiled it!"

"Tell your tale, woman!" suddenly commanded Mr. Hampton.

The face turned from the color of ashes to scarlet; she choked as if about to strangle. The priest hastened to give her some of the restorative, after which he turned to the mill owner.

"I warned you, sir; it is better that you should not anger her."

"Let him alone!" exclaimed the woman. "Ain't Emory Hampton got his rights? God! he'll take them anyhow — he always has! But Emory Hampton, ye can speak or ye can keep yer mouth shut; it makes naught difference. Yer money can't help ye, for I've had me vengeance."

The mill owner dropped his head forward and gazed at the floor. The woman's harsh voice continued: "I was young when I married, an' ye won't believe it but they say I was pretty! An' I'd been working from th' time I was six! Think of it, ye men! I say I'd been workin' in a cotton mill from th' time I was six! Ye sees it was worse in thim days; and it's bad in a cotton mill! It's a wonder I'm livin', indeed it is! That was far from this valley."

She lay back and the priest stepped to the bed and arranged her pillows. She propped herself again on her elbow, and her voice, now a harsh whisper, continued:

"I married th' man who in thim days was bad, maybe, but trouble hadn't made him a devil. That's what he is,

a devil! But then he was different an' th' last baby coomed! There was three, an' they all coomed dead but one! Ye sees a woman can't work ten and twelve hours a day from th' time she is six till seventeen without she isn't much in doin' what nature intends! An' after th' last coomed, for years an' years I got out of me bed but it might be a day a week. An' what wid th' hard times, an' what wid th' whiskey for him, an' bein sick an' all, the poor darlin' went to work in th' silk mills. The only, and she a girl! Nothin' but a baby as ye might say!"

The hoarse whisper ceased, and Merton heard through the walls the rattle of a trolley car and the call of a street vender. Suddenly the woman's voice broke out fiercely:

"Talk of kidnappers! Talk of kidnappers! If all th' girls th' mills has taken from mothers an' sent to their graves could coom back, th' big factory yards couldn't hold them! Talk of kidnappers!"—she raised herself and weakly shook a gaunt, clenched fist at the man opposite, who shrank back in his chair and continued to look at the floor.

"Talk of kidnappers! When yer time cooms, Emory Hampton, as it's comin' to me, may all th' poor little faces of those yere mills has murdered coom ter ye! An' Emory Hampton kidnapped me girl an' killed her; killed her just as much as if he had dashed out her little brains. What's th' difference? Hard work; gettin' up long before day; poor food; ten an' twelve hours of stoopin' an' risin' an' stoopin' again at th' loom,—an' a wee bit of a girl!"

The accusing voice dropped to silence and Merton heard the mill owner breathing heavily.

"I'm almost through!" exclaimed the woman. "You've been a hard man, Emory Hampton, a hard man! An' when yer daughter ran away wid one of yer clerks, ye wouldn't ever see her again, an' ye wouldn't read her letters. She tol' me that th' night she died! An' she left a little girl! Ye know that, 'cause ye were told. An'

ye didn't care enough to try to find yer own grandchild! Yer a hard one, that's what ye are. But it's all coomin' back to ye! Yer'll sit, an' think, an' think, an' wish, an' wish!"

The voice had diminished to the faintest of whispers, so that the sounds of the street were loud in comparison. But it broke out fiercely once more to dwindle again.

"An' say what yer kin, Hampton of th' kidnappin' mills, I've had me satisfaction!"

The priest raised his hand.

"Let me speak!" exclaimed the woman. "Let me speak! I say I've had me revenge! He wouldn't understand if I didn't say why I kept 'er. I ask ye," she turned her dim eyes to the clergyman—"I ask ye, sir, ain't it revenge? Ain't it, sir? To see th' grandchild of Emory Hampton gettin' up in th' dark an' cold of a winter's mornin' an' takin' her bit of food and goin' to th' mills an' th' back-breakin' loom same as me own poor darlin'! Think of th' child workin' an' 'er granther makin' his stint out of her ackin' little fingers—an' he wid his millions! Ain't that revenge? Ain't it, sir?"

Merton shuddered. He wished his duty had not brought him here; he wished he were hundreds of miles from this valley with its tenements and its brutality and its want and all that goes with mining towns and mills for exploiting the labors of children.

"I'm near me end. I've had me revenge, and I'm no so sure that I'm sorry."

She turned her eyes toward the priest. "Go get him his grandchild. If he don't believe th' God's truth I've been tellin', let him have th' old trunk in th' corner there. It's got some of his daughter's things in it. But he knows I'm tellin' th' truth; he must have heard how her husband ran away from her an' how she died of th' fever.

"Oh, he knows th' story well enough! An' he thought it wouldn't coom back. Things has a way of coomin' back. They've all been coomin' back to me as I've been lyin' here. They'll be a'

coomin' back to me an' him till th' very end!"

The following evening the priest came to Merton's rooms.

"The meeting of the child and the grandfather was a terrible thing!" he exclaimed. "The resemblance of the girl to her mother is evidently extraordinary; he could hardly believe his only daughter had not come to life."

After a moment the priest added, "I see you are still packing."

"Yes," replied Merton. "I have written Mr. Hampton that I cannot accept his offer to stay."

"Whether you go or remain," remarked the priest, "the mills controlled by Senator Hampton are closed. They are changing the looms. Never again will they employ young girls."

"And the child's arm?" asked the clergyman.

The priest lowered his voice as he replied, "The child will have everything wealth can purchase,—but the great surgeon, hastily summoned from New York, says that she will lose her right hand."

THE UNCOMMERCIAL CLUB

By FREDERICK W. BURROWS

SENATOR CRANE'S announcement that he will not stand for re-election to the United States Senate has been received with quiet regret. It is significant of the impression made by Mr. Crane's personality that no questions are raised. It is universally assumed that he knew what he was doing and why he did it. No one has seriously thought of attempting to persuade him to change his mind.

That is not because there are not thousands of people who would be glad to have him do so; rather, simply, that no one believes it possible. He is looked upon as a man of deliberate and sober judgments, of few words and decisive action. It is true that under the leadership of such men the Senate ceases to be a great public forum of debate for the formation and crystallization of public opinion. But it is also true that the executive business of the body is performed with a swiftness and certainty unknown to men of the opposite type. It will always be advantageous to have men of both types in the Senate, and it will always be an advantage to the state to have

the same diversity of temperament in its senatorial quota at Washington.

We do not question the wisdom of Mr. Crane's decision; no one ever does. And that is the true senatorial dignity. Mr. Crane has honored the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, upheld the dignity of the great body of which he is a member, and adorned it, not with the florid rhetoric of debate, but with sanity and wisdom of judgment. It is difficult properly to eulogize such a character, for minutiae of daily detail that are most powerfully and happily affected, vital as they are, do not stand out conspicuously, but his absence will be keenly felt. Washington in the past twelve years has had no more pervasive influence. He is one of a group of men who made the United States Senate the most silent legislative body in the world. Western Massachusetts will say that he is a splendid representative of Berkshire manhood, and when they say that, they know very well among themselves what they mean.

Plato was of the opinion that he whose genius was *par excellence* one of expression had no place in the

ideal state, from which, in particular, he ruled out all but a very sad kind of poet. But I wish to say a word in defense of the gift of expression.

Man is so far the noisiest of all animals that he invests silence with an air of inscrutable mystery, which has turned to the advantage of many very stupid people; and, undoubtedly, the tongues that hang in the emptiest heads wag the fastest, but that is not the gift of expression. It is often the mere enjoyment of noise for its own sake, or at least the inability to endure silence. Nor does linguistic facility constitute a gift of expression. Often such a flow of words conceals entirely what little thought there may be behind it. I have in mind a man in Boston, of some slight literary fame, who is so cursed with the habit of yielding to this facility of speech that he never thinks. He has been, I understand, a somewhat prolific writer.

The gift of expression is something entirely different from that. It springs from a mental intensity that may labor long for its word, often creating, or at least recreating verbal meanings. This intensity of thought so quickens the imagination that words, which are a kind of picture-writing formalized, resume their pristine freshness and vitality. If minds so gifted did no more for the world than to restore and maintain the beauty of speech, their service would be very great. But they do much more than that.

Words treated as mere algebraic formulæ omit a very important element in the search for truth, or rather have no capacity for the expression of a phase of truth,—that, namely, which has to do with beauty and feeling. One line of Homer gives us a more adequate conception of the Greek religion than any amount of formal dissertation could do. It would be absolutely impossible to gain any idea of a thunderbolt from Clerk Maxwell's treatise on electricity and magnetism. The daily realities of life have to do with things in their final manifestation. I awake and hear the robin sing and am glad-

ened. In the grime and grind of the city no amount of scientific description can renew for me that sensation; but a single word of poetry can do so with all its original vividness—nay more, the poet can carry me with himself into experiences which I have never enjoyed by direct observation.

And I am persuaded that we find God, not through a study of the stages and structure of creation, but by our daily direct contact with the outward appearance of things—trees, flowers, sky, sea, sun, moon, stars, and the voices and faces of noble men and women, their struggles and victories, and the course of human history both public and personal. Through this world the poets, whether versifiers or not, are our guides.

And now, very pat to the theme, comes to hand a lovely little volume entitled "The White Hills in Poetry," an anthology edited by Eugene R. Musgrove. An introduction by Samuel M. Crothers characterizes the White Mountains as "the biggest little mountains in the country." We are tempted to reverse the order of words in regard to the poetry: it is the littlest big poetry in literature. Truly, if it were not for John Whittier and friend Lucy Larcom and their "buggy," it might have been difficult to make up a book of such respectable size. What a length of time is required ere the spirit shall possess its own! For three hundred years, more or less, the most intellectual portion of our population has dwelt almost in the shadow of these mountains. Here, if anywhere among us, art and letters have flourished. And, so far as poetry is concerned, this is the result? Heaven forbid! Let us rather believe that something of the rugged freedom of the hills lies concealed in Whittier's nobler and better verse, in Emerson's sincerity, Longfellow's calm and Lowell's patriotic integrity. And yet to trace the influence of the hills in this way could scarcely be the work of an anthologist of place poems. "Enthralled," by Celia Thaxter, is

truly felt and nobly expressed, and the well-known "Hills of Dartmouth," by Richard Hovey, is full of verve and youthful enthusiasm expressed with a fine musical sense. Another oasis in the desert is Emerson's "Monadnock," and, of course, Whittier's beautiful "Monadnock from Wachusett." Perhaps that is enough for only one quarter of a millennium, but when we consider that that many years gave the world the bulk of Greek literature, we are not inclined to enthusiasm over protestant democracy and modern science as creators of art.

Of course the book itself has quite another reason for existence than its intrinsic merit as literature. Many of these poems have come to be loved by the lovers of the hills, and for all such they are presented in Mr. Musgrove's volume in a singularly attractive and accessible form. The illustrations, indices, and notes will add to its value. The introduction by Mr. Crothers is in a very happy vein. To the many thousands of sojourners among the hills of New Hampshire the book will be a very welcome addition of mountain-lore. It is published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

There was much that was notable in the trials for the American Olympic Team at the Stadium on Soldiers' Field, Cambridge, June 8th. The athletes were the guests of the Harvard Athletic Association. The audience was largely made up of those keenly and intelligently interested in athletics and the utmost sympathy was displayed for all earnest effort. While in some events the well-known leaders had everything their own way, in others new men came to the front. The trials were notably thorough and careful. The disposition appeared to be to give to every man an opportunity to show what he could do, and there was little evidence of the management of trainers and coaches who seek to pull off a win regardless of merits.

While the rivalry was intense, there appeared to be the best of feeling among the athletes themselves. There was but little protesting and quibbling. A few men fell notably behind their best, and, on the other hand, a number of world records were made. If the spirit shown in this meet should become the prevailing type of American athletic competitions, there will be an enormous increase of interest on the part of the public. There is no fair play without courtesy and consideration. Rules, however carefully devised, are capable of unfair use by shrewd manipulators and wise ones. Y. M. C. A. athletics are open to serious exceptions in this regard. Instances of flagrant unfairness to visiting athletes are too common, and the "trainer" often earns his money by his knowledge of tricks of this nature, such as secret signals from race starters, trumped-up protests and disqualifications, etc. Of all this nothing was apparent in the Cambridge meet. While individual athletes had their enthusiastic backers, their manifestations were restrained. Everyone present was the friend of every contestant, and only desired that he should do his best; and the enthusiasm of the entire audience was aroused by the breaking of records, in which there appeared to be the keenest interest. The desire that America should make the best possible showing at the Stockholm games predominated over individual partialities. The enormous national expenditures for athletics will be justified if the typical American contest reveals a spirit so manly and broad as this.

Under the daintily poetic title of "Mrs. Spring Fragrance," the McClurg Co. are bringing out a book of Chinese-American stories by Sui Sin Fan (Edith Eaton). The author knows her field with a fulness and accuracy, that tells in the minutest turns of phraseology, as well as in formal statements and descriptions. With the aid of this knowledge, an unflinching sympathy and considerable

literary tact, she carries us nearer to the human heart of Chinese-American life than many of us have ever been before. As an introduction to a little-understood human group the book is as important a contribution to the brotherhood of the race as Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto." Miss Eaton is gifted with a fine sense of humor that is as dainty and delicate as the grotesqueries of a Chinese fan. There is but small hint of a possible dark and tragic side of the story, and it is well that it is so. That phase has been overdone in many a lurid under-world tale. In Miss Eaton's book our Chinese friends have a quaint wisdom, mingled with childish simplicity and childish cunning, boundless good-nature

and a prevailing right intention, that is all as human as possible.

Such a book justifies the printing press, because it brings us all nearer together. The volume is charmingly made, bound in red, the Chinese good-luck color, and printed on paper having a Chinese bamboo design under the type,—a beautiful ornament for a boudoir or library table. While this is the author's first published volume, her stories are familiar to the readers of the best magazine literature, who will welcome their collection in this permanent form. By all means make the acquaintance of her Chinese-American daintiness, "Mrs. Spring Fragrance" and with the very substantial virtues of her worthy husband.

WHY NEW ENGLAND SENTIMENT DEMANDS THE NOMINATION OF GOVERNOR FOSS OF MASSA- CHUSETTS BY THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE believes that the best interests of the country are subserved by drawing as sharply as possible the real issue in the coming election. No two candidates that could be placed before the people would so accurately represent the two ideas of the dominant political questions of the day as President Taft and Governor Foss. With Mr. Taft nominated by the Republicans and Mr. Foss nominated by the Democrats, the people have before them concisely and clearly the issues that have been drawn between the conservative and radical elements in national politics to-day. Furthermore, it would be difficult to select any other two men whose candidacy would accomplish so perfectly this desirable situation. If we are indeed to have a government by the people, the party nominees must represent the actual issues, which are then decided by the vote of the people.

Mr. Foss left the Republican party because he was discontented with the conservatism of its management. He has been twice elected, by good Democratic majorities, governor of Massachusetts. He has consistently advocated and labored for those things in which he felt that the Republican party was remiss. He is the most typical figure prominently before the public of what may be termed "The New Democracy." The NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE believes that these are questions which should be submitted to the vote of the nation. By the nomination of Mr. Foss as the opponent of Mr. Taft, they are so submitted. The Republican party, by the nomination of Mr. Taft, has done its plain duty and places before the people the man who most distinctly represents the more conservative ideas that dominate a very large percentage of the people of the country, a sentiment which has long been entrenched in the Republican

party. It is now the plain duty of the Democratic party to make an equally decisive nomination, and there is no man whose name shall come before the convention who does not stand in the minds of the people for something that is wholly aside from the vital issues of the day.

The country further demands of the Democratic party, and of all parties, that they shall nominate a safe man, a man of sanity and self-control. We cannot risk that any chance politics should pass over the authority and influence of the presidency of the United States to any man lacking in mental balance and moral fiber. Mr. Foss, as governor of Massachusetts, has shown himself to be a safe and firm executive. Although himself opposed to capital punishment, he did not allow himself to be swayed by weak sentimentalism in the notorious cases that have recently been appealed to him. In the important agricultural and railroad legislation of his administration, he has consistently advo-

cated such measure as accorded with his campaign speeches to avoid influence. At the same time, he has administered the affairs of state soundly, prudently, and efficiently. He has given to Massachusetts a clean-cut business administration and has never allowed politics to interfere with the sound management of the public business. With Mr. Foss in the White House, no legitimate business interest would need to fear the possibility of sudden and erratic action by the national government, and at the same time those issues which have been proclaimed so loudly as the new democracy of our day would have a consistent and unyielding champion. As a non-partisan and politically independent journal, the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE believes that it is voicing the best sentiment of this section of the country in applauding the nomination of Mr. Taft and the nomination of Mr. Foss. Let the people fairly decide a clean-cut issue fairly placed before them.





A NEW ENGLAND MOWING SCENE

NEW ENGLAND GOLF NOTES

By R. C. FARNSWORTH

THE month of May contained a great deal of golfing weather, and a great deal of golf was played on the various links. Now that it is getting warmer, many of the golfers are thinking of their regular summer trips to the mountains where the breezes are cool and the going good.

A golfer who has just returned from a reconnoitering trip through the hills reports that the golf courses are in far better shape than he has ever seen them at this time of year, and that the greens are already in midseason form. Of these the best, so far, are the newly laid out Maplewood course, the Twin, Crawford's, and Bretton Woods courses.

The first big tournament of the season was the Wollaston cup event, which was finished on May 4th and was won by Arthur G. Lockwood, the Belmont golfer, who defeated Beverly E. Jones, of Concord, by 5 up and 3 to go. Jones got into the semi-finals by defeating H. P. Farrington, of Woodland (a player who has been runner-up in more tournaments than any other golfer in the game, and who is a hard man to beat, no matter in what company), and in the semi-finals defeated J. B. Hylan, of Vesper, at the eighteenth green, where Hylan took three putts. Lockwood came into the finals by defeating P. Bigelow, Belmont Spring, 6 and 4, in the second round, and J. E. McLaughlin, of Wollaston, in the semi-finals by 5 and 3. The final round showed some pretty golf by both players, Lockwood winning by 5 and 3 with a medal score of 78 for the 18 holes.

The spring tournament of the Country Club started on May 12th, fifty players turning in cards on one of the worst days ever. A. S. Browne and T. M. Claffin of the Country Club

turned in the best cards, both getting an 87, A. G. Lockwood, winner of the Wollaston cup on May 4th, getting an 88 in the qualifying round.

The tournament was won by F. J. Ouimet, of Woodland, who defeated C. W. Bass, of Portsmouth, by 7 and 5 in the final round, thereby getting his name engraved on the trophy, which has been in competition in spring and fall tourneys since 1902. Ouimet's most spectacular shot was at the fifth, where he was on the green in two and holed out a 25-foot approach for a 3. Ouimet was on the green again in two at the tenth, and still again at the twelfth, a 400-yard hole, where a 275-yard tee shot, an iron shot, and a putt gave him a 3.

The annual open amateur event at Meadow Brook brought golfers from many clubs to Reading on May 18th. The best scores of the medal play event were as follows:

Best Gross — Ralph A. Wood, Lexington, 39-37-76.

First Net — E. A. Knight, Woodland, 80-14-66.

Second Net — J. A. Loring, Meadow Brook, 87-20-67.

Most Fours — Brice S. Evans, Belmont, 10.

Ralph A. Wood tied E. A. Knight's net score of 66, as his handicap was 10 strokes, but he took the gross prize. C. A. Loring, president of the club, and father of J. A. Loring, just missed the second net prize by one stroke. F. H. Hoyt had a gross of 77, B. S. Evans and N. Raymond were 78, and C. W. Brown was 79. The par of the course and the best scores in detail follow:

Hole	Yds.	U. S.	Par	Wood	Wood
1.....	325	4		6	5
2.....	175	3		3	3
3.....	390	4		6	4
4.....	260	4		5	4
5.....	220	3		3	3
6.....	430	5		5	5
7.....	215	3		3	3
8.....	290	4		4	6
9.....	275	4		4	4
Totals.....	2,580	34		39	37-76

F. H. Hoyt, Allston:									
Out	4	3	5	4	3	4	4	5-36
In	6	3	8	4	4	6	3	4-41-77
B. S. Evans, Belmont:									
Out	4	4	5	3	4	5	4	5-38
In	5	4	5	4	5	5	4	4-40-78
N. Raymond, Chestnut Hill:									
Out	4	4	5	3	4	6	4	5-4-39
In	5	4	5	4	4	5	3	5-4-39-78
C. W. Brown, Meadow Brook:									
Out	3	5	5	5	4	6	3	6-4-41
In	4	6	5	5	3	4	3	4-38-79

The Woodland open tourney, which was completed on May 25th, resulted very nicely as far as the Woodland players were concerned, for a Woodland man was at the top of every heap. Harry P. Farrington broke his rule of being runner-up, and carried away the Woodland cup in the first flight by defeating J. B. Hylan, the Vesper crack, at the nineteenth green. Farrington's card for the 18 holes was 42-39-82.

Shelley E. Thayer won the president's cup, defeating P. F. Schofield of Albemarle by 1 up, his card being 40 out and in for an 80. T. E. Kenney won the third flight from A. H. Baker, of Brockton, by 2 and 1.

The gold medal for the best score of the qualifying round was won by F. J. Ouimet, who got a 72, four strokes lower than his nearest competitor, L. J. Malone, also of Woodland, who got a 78.

Mrs. G. W. Roope, of Brae Burn, won the woman's golf title of Greater Boston on May 25th, by defeating Mrs. E. C. Wheeler, Jr., of Wollaston, in the final round.

AMONG THE CLUBS

On May 4th the weather was better than prevailed on most of the days when events were scheduled, bringing out large fields at all the clubs. At the handicap medal play at Commonwealth, W. M. Johnson equaled the bogey of the course, something that has not been done for some time, turning in the following card:

Out 4 4 3 7 4 5 6 3 4-40.
In 4 4 3 4 3 3 6 4 3-34-74-6-68.

The bogey handicap at Woodland was divided into two classes: G. L. Sweet winning in class A, with 4 up, and B. F. C. Winters in class B, with 1 up.

At Albemarle the best three in a bogey handicap event were C. B. Somers, F. O. Jellison, and P. Schofield, who got 6 up, 2 up, and 1 up respectively.

The Newton Golf Club enjoyed a handicap medal play event, which was won by A. L. Harwood, with 81-4-77.

The Harvard Golf team played the Rhode Island state team at Agawam Country Club, the match resulting in a tie.

The low net in the qualifying round for the handicappers' cup at Lexington was won by Dr. Hitchborn.

Nobody was up in the handicap against bogey at the Meadow Brook Golf Club. R. W. Brown fought the Colonel the hardest, playing from scratch and finishing 1 down.

The winners in the four-ball foursome event at Oakley were H. O. Underwood and H. H. Baldwin, who brought in an 88-15-73.

At the Bear Hill Golf Club, L. M. Howe won the low gross with 86, and Norman Parker the low net with 79 in an 18-hole handicap event.

Bellevue Golf Club at Melrose enjoyed a selected 9 out of 18 holes competition which resulted in a tie between G. W. Myrick and George Clough, each having 40 strokes. K. M. Holmes had the low net score of the afternoon.

The Winchester Country Club handicap medal play resulted a win for W. D. Eaton of the low net with 97-24-73; G. W. Bouve getting the low gross and the second low net with 83-8-75.

On May 11th the courses were wet, although the day was fair, and large fields turned out to try the hard going. The Brae Burn Club had the largest field in a handicap medal play which resulted in a tie between W. E. Smith and P. Nelson, who had net scores of 76. W. C. Chick was low gross with an 80.

At the Commonwealth Country Club, W. M. Donaldson won the handicap medal play event with an 85-16-69.

Another medal play with handicaps was enjoyed at the Newton Golf Club, where C. N. Fitts had the best selected nine out of twenty-seven holes with 37-5-32.

At the Chestnut Hill Golf Club a two-ball foursome was won by M. L. and A. M. Crosby, who turned in an 85-8-77.

The Albemarle Club played four-ball foursome matches with the following results:

J. L. McKeon and C. B. Somers beat F. M. Copeland and W. H. Rogers, 2 up.

F. S. Arend and C. M. d'Arcy beat H. F. Beal and W. L. Wadleigh, 3 up.

W. M. Shelton and S. Barker beat A. B. Hart and J. Hamblin, 3 up.

C. B. Willy and R. E. Briggs beat C. C. Briggs and J. H. Willy, 1 up.

B. L. Johnson and E. B. Trask beat J. O. Jellison and C. F. Atwood, 1 up.

In the Tombstone event at Woodland, C. P. Whorf, with a handicap of twelve strokes, got to the 19th green, 12 feet from the cup, J. E. Oldham, 9, getting to the same green but 13 feet farther away from the cup. L. F. McAleer, 24, got to the edge of the green, while T. C. Donovan, 12, had one shot for the 19th.

The card at the Bellevue Country Club, Melrose, was match play *vs.* bogey, three-fourths handicap, and the winner was G. R. Clough with 1 up.

At Lexington Golf Club the play was an 18-hole handicap medal, with C. O. Skinner the winner with 76.

J. A. Loring won the net prize in an 18-hole handicap match at the Meadow Brook Golf Club, with a score of 91-13-78.

The play at the Winchester Country Club was the bogey Sandborn cup handicap. A. B. Saunders was even.

In the goat match at the Bear Hill links a fine exhibition was put up by W. Gilchrist and W. R. Crossett, and it was not until the 19th hole that the former got Crossett's "goat," 1 up.

On May 18th a good day for golf went to waste, play being held at but few clubs, as far as club events were concerned. At Woodland C. E. Eaton won the class A handicap with 82-11-71, and J. G. Jones the class B, 97-18-79. Three pairs tied for first place at Commonwealth in a four-ball foursome event; W. C. Colt and E. C. Townsend, D. R. McMinn and E. N. Lacey, and H. Thornton and E. W. Baker turning in 70's.

At Newton Golf Club, G. S. Sprague was the only one to defeat the Colonel in a bogey competition, this to the tune of 1 up.

Country Club handicap medal play:

C. T. Crocker	86	6	80
T. S. Dee	94	13	81
G. P. Hamlin	96	14	82
K. Winsor	90	8	82

At Winchester Golf Club, team A beat team B by 10 matches to 9. The Bear Hill Golf Club, at Wakefield, held a Kickers' handicap which was won by A. H. Mork with a 95-16-79, while the Lexington Club celebrated the day by playing the qualifying round for the president's cup, E. A. Howes with 90-14-76, and H. G. Hitchborn, 92-16-76, tying for low net. At Wollaston, R. R. Freeman won the low gross with an 82-6-76 and W. S. Brophy the low net with 85-19-66 in the qualifying round for the handicap

match play, played for the club championship.

On May 25th, the Thorney Lea Golf Club celebrated the opening of its new club house with putting contests and a general good time for the members; over fifty of them were present. In the evening fireworks, dancing, and refreshments were enjoyed. The 18-hole handicap was won by C. C. Crocker with an 88-22-66.

The Massachusetts golf team won its first match from the Rhode Island team on the Wannamoisett course, taking eleven matches, while the Rhode Island team took four. F. J. Ouimet was the star of the occasion, winning from D. Fairchild by 8 and 7.

At the Brockton Country Club, George H. Wilkins with a net of 67 was seven strokes better than his nearest competitor. His gross score of 85 tied with Winslow Gray's for low gross honors.

At the Wannamoisett Club, Providence, the match play for the Foster cup resulted in a win for C. H. Hunkins over W. K. Lowe by 2 and 1. At the Agawam Club, E. B. Merriman was the winner with an 94-12-82.

In other club events the leaders were:

CHESTNUT HILL HANDICAP MEDAL PLAY

W. S. Drowne.....	85	18	67
M. R. George, Jr.....	91	22	69
H. E. Nesbitt.....	82	17	71
F. E. Withee.....	94	19	73

ALLSTON BOGEY HANDICAP

J. F. Sanderson.....	14	5 up
J. H. Aubin.....	12	2 down
W. H. Potter.....	17	3 down
F. I. Jaquith.....	6	4 down

BRAE BURN HANDICAP MEDAL PLAY

F. P. Hayward and F. E. Mason.....	92	18	74
A. D. Cook and J. J. Mitchell.....	98	20	78
C. W. Davis and W. S. Wait.....	89	10	79
W. E. Stiles and W. S. Carlton.....	87	7	80

ALBEMARLE BOGEY COMPETITION

F. S. Arend.....	4 up
F. M. Copeland.....	3 up
C. B. Willey.....	3 up
B. S. Bankhart.....	1 up

COMMONWEALTH BOGEY HANDICAP

H. P. Williams.....	8	4 down
W. D. Mattocks.....	9	6 down
E. C. Townsend.....	5	7 down
W. S. Cooling.....	9	7 down

NEWTON HANDICAP MEDAL PLAY

E. Loring.....	90	14	76
E. G. Hapgood.....	89	12	77
W. B. Sharpe.....	93	16	77
N. O. Potter.....	95	16	79

WINCHESTER FOUR-BALL MATCH

J. Newton and F. M. Smith.....	89	20	69
P. B. Poirier and P. A. Hendricks.....	87	16	71
F. C. Hinds and G. W. Fitch.....	90	18	72
H. G. Davy and R. B. Wiggins.....	91	18	73

BELLEVUE HANDICAP MEDAL PLAY

H. Coldthurst.....	88	12	76
S. E. Eldredge.....	96	17	79
Geo. England.....	106	27	79
G. W. Myrick.....	89	6	83
C. P. Clough.....	85	2	83

MEADOW BROOK HANDICAP MEDAL PLAY

H. H. Boardman.....	90	4	86
G. W. Brown.....	57	1	86
C. W. Martin.....	90	4	86
G. N. Howes.....	108	21	87

Lexington defeated Winchester in a team match at the Lexington course by 5 matches to 3.

The Bear Hill Golf Club at Wakefield held a flag event, in which Chester J. Ferguson planted his flag nearest the 18th hole.

Invitation tourney at Thorney Lea, Brockton:

C. C. Crooker, Thorney Lea.....	88	20	68
Ralph N. Hall, Thorney Lea.....	88	18	70
William N. Nute, Thorney Lea.....	93	23	70
Walter T. Stall, Thorney Lea.....	87	14	73
F. H. White, Brae Burn.....	82	8	74

ALLSTON

Morning — Four-ball Match

F. H. Hoyt and W. H. Emerson.....	66
C. E. Eaton and E. S. Foster.....	66
W. T. Hollis and F. L. Carter, Jr.....	68
F. I. Jacquith and T. H. Baldwin.....	69

Afternoon — Mixed Foursomes

Mrs. G. W. Roope, Brae Burn, and F. H. Hoyt, Allston.....	87	3	84
Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Marshall, Allston.....	100	10	90

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE



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Beautiful New England

STUDIES OF THE DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF NEW ENGLAND LANDSCAPE

V. The Waterfall

THE waterfall in New England at no point attains to majestic proportions, but with our many rock-ribbed hills makes up in number and variety what it lacks in mere proportions. The sense and the music of falling water is never far away. Slippery moss-green boulders cool under the shadows of the drooping hemlocks bring a sense of rest and of the poetry of nature. They are suggestive of perpetual rejuvenation and as cheerful in their symbolism as in their melodies. They weave our cloth and grind our corn and are not ashamed to be harnessed to such toil. This source of power and wealth loses none of its beauty on account of its utilitarian quality. The painter of New England landscapes can select no more distinctively local subject, or one more vitally linked with the pleasures and toils of the New England people. Sober in color with its brown shadows and stern granite boulders and pure in quality with its thrice-filtered waters, rarely reaching freshet proportions and still more rarely failing, it is an epitome of the New England character. It tells us that thrift and quiet beauty, grace rather than abundance, charm rather than power, shall characterize our art and letters as in the slow evolution of the race the soil asserts its full influence.



THE SLIDING FALL



CARVED IN GRANITE



A WOODLAND GROTTO



RALPH L. FLANDERS
General Manager of the New England Conservatory of Music.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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NUMBER 5

A NEW ENGLAND IDYL

By ROMOLA DAHLGREN

PROLOGUE

INSPIRATION usually comes under pressure of one sort or another, while a dreary, monotonous life with beautiful surroundings seems to yield less willingly to the brain's demands; and so I feel the difficulty of best telling my tale, simple though it may be, for have I not a long lazy summer to tell it in, and am I not surrounded by the most perfect of conditions,—in the heart of New England country,—wonderful views, delicious soft air, restful rural sound, and my only incentive a desire to share with the world a love story which has come to my knowledge,—a story which the world is never tired of hearing, as in essential points it is as old as the world itself?

Picture to yourself, then, a room in an old-fashioned New Hampshire farmhouse, the living-room as it was called, and a charming one, showing on all sides evidences of great taste and refinement. It had that indescribable look which makes you know you will like the owner; and although the house outside looked like dozens of others, the moment you entered it you were conscious of a different element from what you expected to encounter.

In this living-room on a winter's evening before a blazing wood fire sat a man and woman, so unlike in every word and gesture that you immediately begin to puzzle to yourself, as I did, why they should ever have married, for husband and wife they cer-

tainly were, and at the moment we see them they were busily discussing a very important subject.

"I can't quite agree with you," said the man, musingly, as he looked into the fire. "For all the education I had came from this village school, and though it wasn't much, it's been enough for me, and if the lad is only as lucky in life as I've been, he'll have no reason to complain."

"Yes, dear, I understand," answered the woman,— "I understand exactly what you mean, and if the boy grows to be like his father, I shall be more than content, and yet I hate to have him go with the rough village children, learning so much I could shield him from, and I really think that you and I, between us, could give him all the education he will need for the present."

"That's all very well," said the man, looking at his wife with an expression which showed his dependence upon her never-failing sympathy. "But we mustn't have our boy a 'molly-coddle,' I want him to be a sturdy farmer, and to be that he must grow with the other farmer lads. Just as the grain does."

Meanwhile the object of this conversation lay wide awake in his little bed upstairs. In spite of his father's fears, there was nothing in the room to indicate he was being unduly shielded from the rigors of a New England winter, and yet there was the same indefinable look, which pervaded the house, that no ordinary farmer's

wife could have given it. Over the boy's bed hung the picture of the "Good Shepherd," loved by generations of children, above the minute fireplace was a cheery print of "Riding to Hounds," while on the other side of the room a set of shelves was filled with books, and fishing rods and kit were carefully put away on top, ready for another season's sport. As the curtains of both windows were thrown aside, the clear starlight beauty of a winter's night lighted the room, and the child, warmly tucked up under blankets and comforter, was thinking very hard, instead of dreaming as his mother fondly hoped.

Why shouldn't he go to school, as all the children in the neighborhood did, and above all, when father had said he might, and then mother, looking so sweet and serious, had said, "No, dear, I think not, you must have misunderstood father,"—when he hadn't at all! Of course father and mother didn't always agree at once,—but then mother wasn't in the least like the mothers of the village children! Oh! a thousand times nicer in every way. He only wondered at it.

Solved a problem could hardly be solved by the wisdom of ten years, and in fact not by those of far greater experience than his; for why should a cultivated, beautiful woman have married so evidently beneath her? Handsome and manly as her husband was, she was obviously cast in a finer mold. What inducement could he have possibly offered to induce her to leave her sheltered home?

To answer your very natural queries, I must leave you, and the prologue having presented to you the *dramatis personæ* of my little tale.

CHAPTER I

Some twelve years before this particular evening there arrived at a certain old-time New England inn an elderly Professor and his beautiful daughter, Angela. It was late September, and already the evening air was keen, with a foretaste of coming win-

ter. A few interested inmates of the inn watched the father and daughter descend from their carriage, but one spectator in particular seemed spell-bound, as he gazed at the rare vision before him. He was a louting young farmer, who during the summer months gave whatever time he could spare from his own planting and hoeing to the proprietor of Turne Inn, Mr. Dale, whose genial and original personality always seemed to compel willing service from all who came in contact with him. Jock Holmes despised the village maidens: they seemed to him a set of vapid creatures laughing about nothing, thinking only of their own appearance, and being generally uncongenial to him in every way, but he had his ideal of woman all the same, and Angela, as she stepped from the carriage that September evening, seemed the realization of his dreams. Her clear gray eyes, her graceful, womanly figure, her soft, refined voice, no wonder the poor lad sat transfixed, as she cast a casual glance at him, never thinking, as she idly pronounced him in her mind a typical rustic, that in six weeks he would be her husband.

Angela and her father were on the last stage of a summer's trip in the mountains. Professor Forbes had been seriously ill in the spring, with an aggravated form of brain fever, coming after too severe work during the winter, but careful nursing had pulled him through, and the devoted, untiring attention of his only child, Angela, who had been his constant companion since her mother died when she was a child.

Angela had fully appreciated the efficient services of the trained nurse during her father's long illness, but never had she for a moment suspected, what her father had just told her, that Miss Fellowes, the nurse, was soon to be made her stepmother!

"Well! my dear," the Professor had said the day before, as they took a farewell stroll in the Crawford woods, "I felt so grateful to her,—and of course to you, too, dear,—but then

you had your filial affection as inspiration, whereas Florence—" here Angela shuddered, but the Professor went on unheeding—"Florence gave disinterested care, and to my amazement, when I used to thank her day after day, she would reply that 'it was a privilege.' Now, my dear," continued the Professor, half smiling to himself at the retrospect, "three solid months spent with a person in my mental condition at that time would not ordinarily be called a privilege, so I used to wonder, as I lay there more or less helpless, what I could ever do to show my gratitude to the good woman who had done so much for me, and I could think of nothing—nothing adequate. Then my thought turned to you, Angela, my devoted daughter; and I realized you had given up much for me—almost your youth—for you are thirty, aren't you, dear?" Angela nodded dumbly, half blinded by tears. "And I felt, perhaps, if I married—ahem—married Miss Fellowes—you would be free to do what you wished. Not that you have ever seemed to wish to leave me, but then, as you know our means are small, barely enough for us to manage with, even when I am able to lecture; and I couldn't help thinking a very worldly thought, Angela, how nice it would be if you should marry Rudolph Granger, and have plenty of money for the rest of your life, while Florence, who considers it a privilege to be with me when I am well, might not mind the straitened means and the rather narrow Cambridge life. It's all very logically planned, after all, isn't it, dear?" he queried anxiously.

Angela sought for self-control, which, however, failed her, and she could not trust such trembling lips to frame her words. They walked on in silence, the Professor greatly disturbed at the realization of his worst suspicions, for he had not dared disclose his secret before, putting it off all summer, fearing it might spoil the happy quiet days, and thinking, manlike, that it would be "time enough" when they

started homeward. At last Angela steadied her voice, which sounded strained and unnatural, as she said:

"I shall never marry Mr. Granger, father. I refused him last spring when you were so ill. I've never cared for him, as you may have suspected, but when the definite question came I wondered how I could ever have had any indecision in my own mind. And then," piteously, "I couldn't live in Pittsburg, father, I, who love the country so dearly. It seems as if Nature was the only dependable friend one had, always ready to help in all moods. I know I could endure anything in the country. The mere peace of it makes everything easier to bear."

That, unknowingly, was the sowing of the seed which was to bear such important fruit later on. Ah, instinctive, passionate longing, coming to one in a moment of deep distress, I am sure is the nearest expression of the heart's real need that we can have in this world, for then we are too unhappy to consider consequences, or weigh advantages; we only know, as the wild woodland creatures know, that escape and solitude must be found when the huntsman is heard approaching. All that night, after the Professor's disclosure, and during the long drive the next day, until they alighted at Turne Inn, Angela was going over and over in her mind any possible future outlook for herself, for she certainly couldn't make one of the new ménage, and as for earning her own living, that no doubt would have to come; but even such a dreary outlook must be considered carefully,—and in the meantime!!

CHAPTER II

"Well, Miss Forbes, here's a grand evening to welcome you to our mountains," came the cheery voice of the proprietor, Mr. Dale, as she and her father came out from the simple country supper. "These mountains you see before you are the finest in

New Hampshire, none to beat 'em anywhere. No wonder my regular people keep on coming, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen straight summers! Why shouldn't they? Where would they find anything better, I'd like to know?"

"It is marvelously beautiful," said Angela, dreamingly, looking at the lovely expanse before her. They were standing on the inn veranda, a narrow, well-kept country road ran directly past the door, with the usual New England grassy slopes on either side. A wooded valley, with glimpses of a rushing stream, filled the immediate foreground, and gave one a sense of peace. Directly across the valley rose the gentle foot-hills of the higher mountains, and then far along in the distance, standing well up against the background of clear evening sky, the stately giants gave the crowning touch to the varied and wonderful view.

"How is it here in winter?" asked Angela, hardly knowing why she cared for the answer, yet subtly feeling it was a question of vital importance.

"Oh! it's a mite chilly," laughed Mr. Dale, "but we have rare old sport, too, don't we, Jock?" turning to the young farmer, who had been gazing at Angela from his chair near by as if he were actually beholding an angel.

"Good enough for us," he growled, seeming to imply that such fair visitors would need a serener clime.

"But, in spite of the cold, it must be an entrancing sight, with the clear, winter sun and the bright sparkling snow! Oh! I know I should love it!" and Angela's face lighted up as if she actually saw the inspiring scene.

"Come and try it," said Jock abruptly, getting up and joining the group. "Here's Mr. Dale, he'd keep you tight and warm, and we'd hitch up our best sleighs and give you the finest there is going!"

"Well, Jock, my lad, you've certainly found your tongue, and it seems to me winter plans ain't seasonable now. I don't hold with winter parties myself," said Mr. Dale. "This time of year's about good enough for me!"

Angela and her father retired early,

both of them too dazed mentally, with such changed prospects before them, to be able to take part in any detached conversation.

The next morning, another radiant September day, Angela started off alone after breakfast to explore and get some comfort from her beloved Nature. She crossed the upland pasture, opposite the inn, found an alluring little path which led to the trout stream and across to the woods on the other side. On the bridge stood Jock fishing, and Angela came upon him so suddenly that she had no time to retreat, which she would certainly have done, as she was in no mood for talking to strangers. But then, Jock seemed more in accordance with his surroundings than the average person would; he was so silent and elementary and good looking, in a manly, uncouth way — fine large features, clear red coloring, thick fair hair, parted roughly. He looked up, startled, as Angela appeared, and flushed a deeper red as he shyly and awkwardly removed his hat.

"I have been thinking about you all night," was his rather startling greeting. Angela, too, flushed, not knowing exactly what to say. But he quickly went on, evidently expecting no reply. "I wish you'd never come, for I'll never get you out of my mind, and there'll never be any one like you again, in these parts. It's cruel to put such upsetting thoughts in my head." Here Jock laid down his rod and turned to her, with such a look of supplication that Angela, who, at first, had felt almost inclined to laugh, saw it was some new situation she was called upon to face, and that she must not ridicule what, apparently, was a most unexplainable but sincere statement. Jock fortunately helped the situation by continuing his strange outburst with the same impetuosity, while Angela, leaning against the bridge, with the background of the stream sparkling in the sunshine, the fresh autumn breeze giving her a bright color, seemed ample justification for having inspired such sudden passion.



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"You see, it's like this," Jock went on, "I'm all by myself in the world, with time enough for fancies, and plenty of them, winter nights 'specially. I've never cared for girls, but spite of that, how I've dreamed and dreamed of a woman." The lad half choked with the recollection of his lonely thoughts. "I do a bit of farming down yonder," jerking his thumb over his shoulder, "a farm my dad left me; he died almost a year ago, and mother, when I was a youngster, but they say she was a rare one, and dad always told me I got my tastes and fancies from her, for I can scarce remember her myself. Well! I got my bit of schooling up here in the winters, and minded the farm with dad in summer, doing any odd jobs, like what I'm doing now, to help out; but in the back of my head I've had time for thinking, too, and now—"

Here, instead of facing Angela, looking straight into her eyes, as he had done during the entire recital, he turned from her, and leaning both arms on the wooden railing of the bridge, buried his head in his hands. Angela quickly crossed the bridge and timidly stood before him.

"I think I understand," she said, half shyly. "It came as a surprise to you, seeing any one but the village girls, but I assure you there are many others just like me, and if you saw them often you would soon grow used to us," smiling.

Jock raised his head abruptly, and looked earnestly into her eyes again.

"Oh! no," he said, simply. "You are you — there couldn't be any one like you; and it's funny, too, that it's you I've been dreaming about all these years!"

He was so utterly unaware that he was behaving in a most unusual and unconventional manner, that Angela had not the heart to bring him back to "time and place." It was as if a dumb animal had suddenly found speech, or that possibly a wood fawn, or even Pan himself, were paying her

a passing visit. "You see," said Jock, straightening himself up, "you're not the first of your kind I've seen. I've been helping up there at the inn many summers, driven many ladies, old and young, about these mountains, but they always seemed, however good looking and well dressed, just like people — some nicer than others — but I never wanted to talk to them, and never knew what to say when I did. You ask Pa Dale up there! Why, after you went away last night, he turned to me and said, 'Jock, my boy, what's come to you? I never knew you talk up so to a lady before,' and I just said, 'No, sir,' for how could I explain to him that I seemed to have known you always, so, of course, I wasn't afraid of you, — and I'm not now, — me, Jock Holmes! talking away like that babbling brook, and wishing I could go on forever. You do understand, don't you?" he asked pleadingly. "You know I don't mean any disrespect, and indeed no one outside will know the difference — only," he paused, with a sudden clouding of his happy eagerness, "if I should ever have the good fortune to speak to you alone again, I may talk myself out, as I am doing now — mayn't I?"

"Of course," said Angela, slowly, looking down into the swift moving water. "It's all so strange and interesting and real," half to herself. "After all, the only things in life that are worth while are the real things, — conventionalities and customs are all very well, — but we have to come to reality in the end, and in the spirit world I am sure there is nothing else." Here steps on the path leading down to the bridge warned them that their unexpected day-dream had come to an end, and Angela, putting out her hand to her companion, said, with her usual gentle dignity, "Thank you for what you've said to me this morning," and then turned to meet her father, who was stumbling along the rocky path, not too well pleased to have been left to his own devices for so long.

CHAPTER III

Professor Forbes had only intended stopping at Adams for a few days, on the way back to Cambridge, where there were some necessary preparations to make before his marriage; but Angela pleaded for more time in the lovely place, urging that it was their last chance of being together alone; then, too, as day after day dawned so inspiringly beautiful, it seemed wrong to go back to city streets and sordid cares; so the time slipped away until almost the fortnight had passed. Jock Holmes, true to his word, had behaved in a perfectly natural and unobtrusive way, but he was usually to be found very easily when any drive or excursion was in order; so that his services as either driver or guide could be available. Mr. Dale, unsuspecting, thought Jock had greatly improved in usefulness, and even promised him more satisfactory recompense for another season; but Jock himself was oblivious to the impression he was making on others. His intensity of feeling had taken such possession of him that he was only thankful to be living, in order to serve the perfect being who had come so suddenly into his life. Angela could not help being influenced by this strange adoration. It seemed so full of unworldliness and self-sacrifice — and even spirituality. During the few additional talks she had had with Jock since that morning on the bridge they had been able to meet, oddly enough, on a certain plane of congenial thought; for whatever his influence may have been over her, her influence over him was quite remarkable. It unloosed his tongue and enabled the dumb spirit, pent up for so long, to find easy and natural expression in words. At last, as I have said, almost a fortnight had passed, and the first dark day dawned. It found Professor Forbes restless and unwilling to put off any longer the return home. Angela must have been drifting, mentally, more than she knew, for when her father said "Good morning," and added, "too

bad it should rain for our last day!" she seemed to receive a shock almost like a sudden blow.

"But why our last, father dear? This rain is almost over. See. It's already clearing, and we shall have more than enough time at home, if we stay on for another week, and I believe this air has done you more good than all the rest of the summer."

"I'm not so sure — not so sure," grumbled the Professor moodily, looking out of the window, where indeed things were brighter. The sharp mountain showers were blowing away, leaving the country refreshed and more beautiful than ever. "It's very dull for you, too, child," he said suddenly. "Really, a quieter little place than any we've been to, and what you find to make you so contented I can't imagine. I'm afraid it's because you dread going home, and I thought I was doing it more for your sake than my own. Oh! Angela, do you mind it very much, and are you going to desert me? You haven't told me once what you really feel about it all!"

The poor Professor leaned back in his chair, helplessly depending on the prop and stay of so many years for aid in the uncomfortable situation he alone was responsible for. Angela, with a sympathetic woman's instinct, saw that matters were too well developed for her to change them now, and also she felt that her father was not strong enough physically for her to yield to her own gloomy forebodings, so, half suppressing a sigh, she replied, as she knelt beside his chair, taking his hand in hers and gently stroking it:

"Don't worry about me, dear pater. It must be intended for the best, but as for deserting you, as you call it, I'm sure Miss Fellowes would think otherwise, and with such a capable companion I sha'n't feel uneasy about leaving you."

"But where will you go, Angela?" half peevishly. "You can't pay visits indefinitely!"

"I sha'n't pay visits at all," answered Angela quietly. "I'm not in

the mood for them. In fact, this wonderful little place has completely spoiled me. I feel as if I should like to live here forever."

"But you know you can't," answered her father. "Really, Angela, you don't seem to talk very sensibly this morning, and, after all, it's a serious question, and one to be decided soon, also the exact date for our departure. You say you wish to wait, and how long, may I ask?"

Angela did not reply at once; she was looking past her father, out at the lovely view,—sunshine and shadow chasing each other across the wooded slopes, the hermit thrush's liquid notes rising clear and hopeful after the rain,—the whole scene most appealing to one who already passionately loved nature.

"Don't let us decide anything to-day, at least, dear," she said, getting up. "I enjoy it all so much more when I don't have to measure it by hours, and I promise not to keep you too long! Now," looking at her watch, "I believe I'm almost late for an appointment I made to meet young Holmes over at his farm. Mr. Dale tells me it's quite an unusual little place, and so well kept up. He often rents it in summer, too, living himself in one of the outbuildings, and generally superintending everything. I thought I might as well see it, for one never knows when one might want something of the sort one's self. Why don't you stroll down the road with me, even if you don't feel like going all the way?"

"No, thank you, my love," said the Professor, rather drearily. "I've writing to do, and the view from this window could hardly be equaled, if I should have time to look at anything; but remember, Angela, to-day is Thursday, and by Monday, at latest, we must make some definite plans for leaving."

"I'll remember, father dear, and in the mean time I feel as if I'd been granted a reprieve."

She laughed as she opened the door and hurried off to keep her appoint-

ment. She had a vague sense of excitement as she walked briskly along, for she realized thoroughly that it would be playing with fire to spend a morning with Jock Holmes as host in his own establishment. To be sure his old cook and general helper, Prudence, was there to play propriety. Then she, herself, had Jock so perfectly under control,—a control she had never been obliged to exercise, but she knew a mere look or gesture of disapproval would immediately check him, so she had persuaded herself into believing it was quite a commonplace situation, and that she was only doing what dozens of others probably did each year, and that Mr. Dale would not have understood if she had declined his suggestion to look at Jock's farm. What an all-powerful argument is the one in favor of what one wishes to do!

"Here! Miss Forbes, you passed the turn," broke in Jock's voice, suddenly, behind her.

"How stupid of me!" said Angela, smiling, as she retraced her steps. "I was in such a hurry, knowing I was late, that I overlooked all the guiding landmarks you told me about. Of course there's the brook, and here's the first lane to the right after it. How perfect it is, and what a wonderful approach this grassy footpath makes!"

"It isn't the regular entrance, you know," said Jock, striding along, happy and proud beside her. "But it's a good half mile shorter, and I thought I would take no chances of your missing it, spite of my direction, so I've been sitting there, it seemed to me, forever, when all of a sudden I heard a fearful row in a bird's nest yonder, and while I ran down to see what ailed 'em, that very moment you appeared and passed, so I almost missed you after all. But I'm mighty glad to welcome you to the farm, and Prudence has been up since daylight getting things to rights. Though I must say, the old lass keeps up her end most of the time. She's as good as they're made, I believe; she's been with us ever since mother

died, and never been paid a cent, but given her board and lodging, of course, and she does more than fifty paid servants ever would, for it's just like her own. Here we are!" Jock beamed as he opened wide the front door. The brass knocker was polished brilliantly, and the cheerful hall and wide, low rooms on either side seemed to shine their welcome, so immaculate was everything, and so full of suggestive comfort. Prudence, smiling in the background, gave the last additional touch needed, and Angela found herself without words to express her pleasure in all that she saw.

"This is my realized ideal of a New England farmhouse," she said at last, after turning first from one room to another, and finding in each just what the educated imagination has always pictured as the interior of a farmhouse. "How very modest of you never to have talked of your lovely home, for if Mr. Dale hadn't suggested my coming to see it, I might never have had this enjoyment." She looked half reprovingly at Jock.

He, however, was too much overcome by a strange embarrassment to make any adequate reply. One of his usual charms with Angela was his freedom from self-consciousness, so that now even she, for a moment, was at a loss when she saw his flushed countenance and awkward movements, but she quickly recovered herself, and looking out into the hall again discovered Prudence still standing in the back entry.

"I've heard about you, and all your wonderful doings," she said, advancing towards the old servant. "I should dearly love to see your kitchen, which I am sure is a model one."

"I'll be proud and glad to show it to you, ma'am," said Prudence, quickly leading the way into more remote regions, talking as she went. "'Tisn't often I have any one who cares to see anything for my poor lamb yonder," indicating Jock, following slowly in the rear. "He leads a lonely life, I tell him, and needs a bit of nature now and then,—as scripture tells us

'man ain't fit to live alone,'—or something like that,—and he least of all mortals."

"But you take such good care of him he is probably more content," answered Angela, entering the cheery kitchen, where Prudence reigned supreme. Pots and pans, in shining rows; neat red tiled floor; quaint old flowered china, ranged in orderly rows on shelves; an immense roomy table, on which lay appetizing preparations for the mid-day meal. Homely and simple though everything was, it had the most satisfactory look of all, which is the result of a lifelong obedience to good old traditions, and to which the appreciative mind must always turn with longing, for no so-called modern improvements ever give the atmosphere of real comfort which can still be found in a conservative New England farmhouse.

"Prudence will never let you leave the kitchen if you give in to her," said Jock, coming in, apparently having recovered his self-possession. "I've a hundred things I'd like to show you, Miss Forbes, and it's more than a pleasure to show things to people who seem to like them, isn't it, Prudence lass?"

"Deed, Jock, you'd do well to take old Prue's advice," she replied solemnly. "And what's more, the advice of Holy Writ, when it tells you to 'leave your father and mother and marry your own helpmeet.'" With this novel and free translation of the Bible, she turned with her pail to fetch fresh water from the little spring house at the end of a path leading from the kitchen door, leaving Angela and Jock facing each other across the kitchen table, hardly able to help laughing.

CHAPTER IV

It was Sunday evening, and a rarely beautiful one for Angela's last, the Professor having absolutely refused to stop another day. A full harvest moon was appearing over the top of the opposite mountain, as father and daughter came out in the porch after



supper. Jock had just heard of their proposed and most unexpected departure, and was waiting for them, with a face full of determination and a certain sort of new manliness, which even the absent-minded Professor observed as the young man came forward to them with "Good evening!"

He responded very genially. "You are giving us a very good evening indeed for a last one. I don't remember seeing such a fine moon since I was quite a lad, or else one's impressions are more vivid at that age, and the recollection stands out, effacing all intermediate ones, which may be equally impressive at the time."

Jock stood silent at this rather quenching introduction to the moon. He was all absorbed by the intense longing to speak to Angela alone, to tell her, even if he died in the telling, before she left that he would dedicate his life to the memory of these days spent near her, and sometimes with her. He felt he could not endure the lonely days that were coming, if he did not have the entire outpouring of his soul to remember, to realize he had told her everything, without a single reservation. It was such a pure, passionately unselfish love, that there was literally no thought of return in it. It did not even cross his mind to imagine what she thought of him, only he could not keep his own feelings to himself, so half trembling at his darling, for the Professor awed him, he said abruptly:

"It's a great pity for you to leave to-morrow, sir, when there's still so much to be seen in Adams, and I came over to ask you if you'd allow me to show Miss Forbes a wonderful moonlight view we are very proud of in these parts. 'Tisn't often, either, we get all the conditions right, not too cool or too warm, and the full moon. It isn't far, so we'll not be late, I promise you."

The Professor seemed less startled by this suggestion than Angela herself, as Jock had never before come forward with any plan of his own; but her father made any hesitation on her

part seem unnecessary by replying, "Certainly,—certainly. I only wish I could join you, for I used to love a scramble for a view myself long ago. Don't hurry, as I shall retire when I wish to, without waiting for my daughter, as I know I can trust her in your hands." Then turning to Angela, he patted her gently on the shoulder.

"I'll say good night, my dear, only don't be overtired for your journey to-morrow."

Angela looked half shyly at Jock as they walked away from the inn. She was not used to his assertiveness, and the eternal feminine responded at once to the influence of strong masculine power. They strolled on in silence for a bit. It was not a night for light or trivial conversation. The solemn grandeur of the view seemed to give everything in life its true proportion. One felt in touch with the Infinite, and at such times mere speech is strangely inadequate. Jock, too, had entirely lost his masterful mood, for to have gained his point so easily was almost disconcerting, and to be actually in possession of complete happiness is sometimes quenching. They had reached now the wooded part of the road where the view was hidden, but the clear moonlight shone through the trees, lighting their way and giving the familiar path a peculiar mystical charm.

"Why! we're walking towards your farm, aren't we?" said Angela at last.

"Yes," answered Jock. "But we shall strike a mountain path before reaching my lane, and then there's only a short climb to a ledge, where, on a moonlight night, there's nothing like it this side of Heaven, I believe!"

"Oh! How often I shall think of this happy fortnight!" sighed Angela. "You know I'm going back to a very changed life from any I've ever had before. My father is going to marry again, and I shall leave home and go"—she paused—"I really don't know where; but then, I've no time to think of myself, for the next four weeks, which is a great blessing."

"We turn up here," said Jock rather curtly, jumping on to a low stone wall and holding out his hand to help Angela.

As she took it she was surprised to see how cold it was, for they had been walking quite rapidly, and it was a warm night. She thought it odd, too, he had no word of sympathy for her, as it had been an effort to say what she did, being so naturally reserved, and in spite of their intense and congenial talks, he, of course, was more or less a stranger. He apparently had nothing to say on any subject as he stood beside her, warning her in short, nervous sentences of bad bits in a none too smooth path, and in this silent, hurried way they climbed the hill, reaching at last the level ledge, which commanded an uninterrupted view of the intervale, its rushing stream, sparkling like silver in the moonlight. Angela, quite glad to rest, sat down and looked with wonder at the lovely scene, which, by an optical delusion, seemed to be miles below them. Their ascent had been very sudden and steep, though not nearly as much as it appeared from where they sat. Jock had placed himself with his back to the view, facing Angela, and as she glanced at him his eyes seemed on fire, his face was set and determined, his breathing short and uneven.

"We've come too quickly, even for you, I think," she said, trying to laugh and bring back a normal atmosphere. But the turning point in Jock's life had come, and he could not be diverted.

"I shall die when you go," he answered. "I'd thought if I could only tell you how much I loved you, nothing else would matter; but now I see I can't live without you, and why should I? Who cares what becomes of me? No one but Prue, and she, poor old soul, won't be long for this world. Is this what's called being in love, I wonder?" he asked irrelevantly just as a child might, but not waiting for an answer, as the floodgates were open, and the difficulty now was not what he should say, but what he could

keep from saying. "Until just now it seemed as if there was no way out of the misery I'd been feeling ever since Mr. Dale told me you were going to-morrow, but—" He hesitated, and his voice sounded strained with emotion. "Down the road yonder, as we came along you said something about your own trouble, and you even said you didn't know where to go when your father's wedding was over. Now, I've never dared think of it before." Here he stood up in front of her. "But I'm going to tell you what's been in my mind ever since you said that! There's my little farm down yonder, you can see it gleaming white in the moonlight,—you said you liked it,—so it's yours already, for anything of mine, that you like, couldn't help being yours; then," breathlessly, "there's the country all about which you like, and then,—there's — me. And perhaps you might even grow to like me some day. Oh! to think of being able to work for you and do for you and give to you! Why, it wouldn't be living at all,—'twould be just what we hope to have when we die,—only we're not sure of that, and this would be certain heaven on earth all the time!"

He paused for a moment, but as usual, when talking to Angela, did not seem to expect a reply. He had a curious understanding of her point of view, as if she had already spoken, and all he wanted was to explain his meaning to her.

"I'm telling everything to you first," he went on, now seating himself beside her and seeming to follow her gaze as she looked far off on the dream-like vision stretching before them. "For I want to make it clear to you how I could ever do what I'm going to do." Here he turned suddenly to her, clasping his hands in front of him as if in prayer. "Will you marry me?" he said.

It seemed to him as if the end of the world must come after such a question. His ears were ringing, his heart was thumping, and above all his tumultuous agitation. The great harvest moon

shone down placidly, quite undisturbed by his amazing presumption.

Angela's eyes were full of tears as she looked at him.

"How good you are!" she murmured. "Why should you care so much for me? I'm afraid I wouldn't really make you happy at all."

Jock jumped up with such a bound that he almost lost his balance. "Do you mean to say that you are actually thinking of it seriously?" he gasped, beside himself with joyful hope.

"Didn't you expect me to?" answered Angela, half mischievously.

"I don't know what I expect, unless it's to wake up and find I'm dreaming, at home. It's all so new to me, you see, this idea of asking you to be my wife. It's only come this evening, since you spoke as you did on the way here. Up to that time I'd only thought of living for you here and dying when you went away."

"It's all very new to me, too," said Angela, slowly. "But I've been thinking — thinking — and it seems to me it's what would be called a 'marriage made in heaven,' it certainly isn't our doing. We seem to be mere puppets, acting according to some already arranged plan. You are offering to me what ought to make any woman proud and happy,—your good true self, your lovely home in this beautiful country. Oh! Jock, if you think I'm the one to make you happy, I will try to do my best!"

"Have you said 'yes' yet?" asked Jock, quaintly, his mind evidently full of the usual story-book question and answer; and Angela laughed as she said, "Yes!"

CHAPTER V

There was little sleep for Angela that night, and yet, in spite of her "waking thoughts," she had a feeling of calm; her mind was at rest, for unconsciously her uncertain future had been troubling her greatly and constantly.

She did not analyze Jock's worldly position or social standing; she did not

compare him with other men, and little crudities of speech were more than counterbalanced by his simple courtesy and unaffected reality. No knight of old could have behaved with more exquisite and innate tact than he had this evening. He seemed to know she would shrink from any outward demonstration of affection, and had not presumed upon his rights, or even shown that he had any rights as an accepted lover, and yet there was nothing servile in his manner toward her, or humble, in the accepted sense of the word, only the ideal and highest fulfillment of true love, the desire to serve the beloved object.

He had talked with her of his mother on the way home, trying to explain what he considered his own lack of culture by the fact that his mother died when he was still a child. She had been the daughter of a Scotch divine, quite celebrated in the community, whose only daughter, Jock's mother, had fallen in love with the handsome young farmer, who sang so lustily in the choir of her father's church each Sunday. They were the "short and simple annals of the poor;" but it was no mean heritage, after all. There were no disgraceful scandals to hide, no extravagant living, ending in debt to be ashamed of, and yet Angela knew it would be difficult to persuade her father to see it in the right light, for, although he had no proclivities as a match-maker, he had always considered his daughter as entirely superior to any one else in the world. Not with snobbish or arrogant pride, but merely putting her upon a stationary pedestal from her early childhood, taking her beauty and general charm as a matter of course, hardly noticing them, for how could Angela be otherwise than perfect in any way? Her various admirers (and she had had many) found it a difficult attitude to face in a prospective father-in-law, for they were considered unworthy to approach the shrine and made to feel so merely from the easy cordiality of the Professor, who seemed able to convey to each and all the

subtle impression that while "a cat may look at a king," it is generally considered wiser for the cat not to pursue the intimacy. Fortunately, Angela had never chafed in this atmosphere; in fact had hardly realized it, having on her side always felt much honored by the care and constant companionship of so cultivated and distinguished a man as her father. The Professor's intellect had certainly been weakened by his illness, or he would never have yielded to such a passing impulse as that which prompted his asking Miss Fellowes to be his wife. But the question now in Angela's mind, which kept her tossing restlessly through the long night, was, how her respected and loved but unreasonable parent could be approached on the morrow. Has any one ever solved a difficult question by diligent thought at night, when physical fatigue and tired nerves preclude normal decisions? I am much more a believer in clear judgment after a refreshing night's sleep, especially if the morning is a bright one, and one's spirits rise, renewed with the rested body, while sane, clear thoughts come easily to the mind. After first deciding to defer telling her father until they had reached home, she then felt she must tell him as soon as the day dawned, without even waiting for their conventional meeting at breakfast; but not until she had wakened from an exhausted sleep did the situation seem to right itself, and she wondered why she had given it a moment's thought, for of course she must let her father know, and as soon as possible; but she would wait until he had had his breakfast and they were all packed and ready to go. Then — she would tell him her great decision. She dressed as if still dreaming, knocked at her father's door to let him know she had gone down to order his breakfast, as usual, but did not hear his accustomed answer of "Yes, my dear, I'll be there directly." She hurried down to the dining-room, thinking he might be there waiting for her; but he was nowhere to be found. Mr. Dale, however, reassured her as

to his safety in a most unexpected way.

"Oh! your father's improved wonderfully since he came up here, Miss Forbes. Why, he's actually had an early breakfast and gone off for a walk, and taken Jock Holmes along for company. He can be mighty good company, too, when he wants to."

Angela flushed as she saw the futility of all her plans. Jock was evidently taking matters into his own hands, doing what any man in her world would have done. She hardly dared picture to herself their conversation, her father's stilted phrases and poor Jock's embarrassment. She felt sure that, with her woman's tact, she could have eased everything, and wished she had warned him not to precipitate matters.

At last she heard voices, apparently coming from the upland meadow, and in a moment two tall forms appeared, crossing the little stile on the other side of the road. She hardly knew what to do herself, and finally decided to retreat to her room and wait until her father came, for she dreaded the uncertainty of their meeting.

The Professor walked slowly along the piazza, came slowly up the stairs, haltingly stopped a moment at his daughter's door, which, however, Angela opened before he had a chance to knock.

"Dear pater, has he told you?" she asked, eagerly.

Her father laid his hand on her shoulder, and looked earnestly into her eyes.

"I hardly know what to say, my dear, dear child," he said, solemnly; "have I forced you into ruining your life? I feel completely bewildered and unable to cope with such unexpected complications. Can you honestly tell me that you love this young man, and if so, when did it begin? We have been here a comparatively short time, and this is a most serious step you are contemplating."

Angela drew her father to a chair, and then kneeling beside him, as she was fond of doing, answered quietly,

"Dear father, I hope you will grow to be fond of Jock. I respect and trust him thoroughly. Don't ask me when I began to care for him, as I don't know myself. I am only sure that I have been led by a higher power. Do, do believe with me, that it is right, for I know I shall be contented to live in this dear country, and oh! father, don't you remember how I've frequently said I should love to stay on here for the rest of my life, little thinking my wish would be granted."

The Professor, poor man, was, as he said, bewildered. The peaceful life of years, so full of regularity, each season bringing the familiar duties and pleasures, was to be completely changed. How could he grasp at once the fact that, instead of his beloved and congenial daughter, his new companion — alas! his own voluntary choice — was untried except in the capacity of nurse, and then to have Angela, his rare, exotic flower, marry a farmer! His whole soul rebelled at the thought, and he could not readily adjust his mind, or give the quick, favorable answer Angela longed for.

"We seem to be in very deep waters, my love," he murmured, as if musing to himself. "Too deep for the inexperienced, and after all, what are we but inexperienced children, needing a stronger guiding hand than any of us can give each other?"

Angela bent over to kiss his forehead. "That's just what I said a moment ago, father dear. I have felt as if I were being led ever since we came here, and even the ending, unexpected as it is, seems in keeping with all the idyllic tone of this enchanted spot.

Do just be guided by circumstances, as I have been, and believe me, darling pater, I will be happy!"

EPILOGUE

Have I tried your patience too long in giving you all the details of this romance? Does it not seem worthy to you of a few moments' passing thought, as it did to me when I first heard it?

For quite apart from one's interest in sentiment, there seems to me great charm in the acceptance of any inevitable situation, with clear, well-balanced flexibility of mind, such as Angela showed.

Of course, many may say that such temperaments are rare, and that I am upholding a council of perfection, but she seemed to me very much like the average woman who has had a shielded and protected life, with natural refinement and high standards. It did me good to hear her love story, and, as I said in the beginning, I felt I must share it with others.

As to the fulfillment of her happiness, of that, too, you have had a glimpse. Jock's mad infatuation may have subsided with the years, as human love very often does, but Angela's strength of character and her womanly sweetness would be sure to keep his affection through everything.

So, again, we leave them, sitting together before the fire, planning, as good parents should, even though not always agreeing, for the education and welfare of their little son, the greatest bond in their lives.

IN THE ONION FIELDS OF MASSACHUSETTS

By GURDON I. MEAD

IT was a clear, warm night, the second really springlike night of the year, when Henry and I arrived in the little farming community of W——, and we were greeted with a hearty "Hello, boys," by our genial host, Mr. Brown, who was waiting at the end of the car line with his team.

He was a very prosperous farmer, and unlike some prosperous people didn't act as though he had reposing in the bank at Greenfield the profits made during the past year from nearly a hundred thousand bushels of onions,—profits which would make the farmers of the old school, like their brother who saw a giraffe for the first time, say, "Tain't possible."

It was only a short ride to the house, and we went in as quietly as possible, for although the clock hadn't struck nine, these people in the country almost can be said to go to bed with the chickens and get up with them, and the wife of our host and the children were already asleep. Mr. Brown, however, before we went to bed insisted on taking us into the buttery, and there we had some mince pie that was real, home-made nectar, together with some cheese and a pitcher of milk that because of being intended for home use and not for city customers was innocent of all separators and coolers.

Then, after a quiet pipe, we went to bed and tried to get to sleep quickly as we were to spend the next day in the onion field and had to get up before the sun rose in order to go with the help.

It seemed as though it wasn't over an hour later when I woke with a jump, only to find my supposed earthquake was Mr. Brown pounding on the

door and saying that it was "four o'clock, and do you still want to go out to the onion patch?"

I thought there was a little bit of doubt in his tone, so it didn't take me long to dress and get down to the kitchen where Mrs. Brown was flying around trying to cook and keep the men supplied with "victuals" at the same time. Henry was already there, and I soon finished the griddle-cakes and the fried eggs and potatoes, and by the way, those griddle-cakes had real maple syrup on them.

By this time the team was waiting at the door and soon we were on our way to the field. On the road we passed light-haired men and boys, all going to the onion district, there to work on the different farms until late at night. Each had a lunch, which I found out was composed mostly of bread and an onion or two, and I mentally made a grand salaam to them in honor of their lack of worry about the high cost of living, or as Mr. Hill puts it, the cost of high living.

And that two-mile ride was a ride that one would never forget. The sun was just peeping over the Leverett hills, and the whole valley seemed filled with a glow of life; of spring-time, as though some fairy god had touched it with a magic wand and had said, "Awake."

Look where one would, no breaks in the chain of hills could be discovered, and it seemed as though the stately Connecticut found its source at the base of old Sugarloaf standing squarely at the north portal of the valley, and then mysteriously ended at the foot of Mt. Holyoke guarding the south.

In the west, rising from the Connecticut valley, are the beautiful Berkshire hills, and in all its grandeur at

the southernmost point of the onion district stands the Mt. Holyoke range, which seems to be on dress parade for these people who work and play in the belt, for it presents its most impressive side to them, its peaks and depressions appearing like some vast sea-serpent with Mt. Tom for a head, on its way from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

As I looked at all these magnificent hills and the peaceful valley, I wondered how any person who had once lived here could find any attraction in the city.

The onion field, which was of a sandy loam and absolutely free from all stones, had been plowed, rolled to make it perfectly level and free the soil from all lumps, and then disked.

The sets, or plants, were already in the ground, as they are planted about the middle of April so they can reach maturity by the last part of July or the first part of August, for then they are not placed in storage, but are shipped at once to the market and command high prices. It is a slow job to plant these sets, as it is necessary to put them in by hand.

The seeds are planted a little later, from the twentieth to the last of April, and these mature the last of September. They are put in the ground with less work than the sets, as there is an ingenious little machine used which makes the furrow, drops the seed about one inch apart and then covers it up and rolls it down, besides marking out where the next row should go.

When the weeds begin to grow a cultivator is used between the rows, but it is the weeds between the plants that cause the real work, for these must be pulled by hand. This is usually done by Polish women, and it is a picture worthy of a Millet to see them in overalls down on their hands and knees freeing the plants from all unnecessary growth.

There is little or no trouble from insects, and consequently no spraying is considered necessary, neither is wetting necessary, for the land is sufficiently moist, and the crop grows

merrily on through the summer without care other than cultivation to keep it free from weeds.

When the crop is ready to gather the tops are clipped off by hand, and then if the season is late and the onions are good and hard they are raked out of the rows with an iron rake and then left in the sun to dry. When this is completed they are screened, much as coal is, to remove all the loose dirt, and are then sorted into two grades and put into sacks which hold about two bushels.

About this time buyers from the big New England produce houses come along and the crop is soon sold, the price being based f. o. b. the field where they are raised.

The smallest and poorest and softest are put on the market by the produce houses at once, but the number one grade, or the largest and hardest, and these constitute nine-tenths of the crop, are put into storage in one of the warehouses of which there are a number in the district, all owned by the produce houses, there to be held and let out onto the market gradually during the winter.

In former years the price for onions has been as low as fifteen cents per bushel, but it has averaged fifty cents for the three years previous to last year, when it jumped to seventy cents.

Nearly two million bushels were harvested last year in the belt, and the average yield per acre is estimated at five hundred bushels, although some sections turn out nearly one thousand bushels. This at seventy cents equals \$350 per acre gross income, or \$1,400,000 for the belt.

The labor cost is estimated at \$80 per acre and fertilizing at \$60, so the farmer who has an average crop gets a net profit of \$210 per acre.

Most of the farmers own their land, and it is worth from \$300 to \$500 per acre. There are many stories around of purchases in the belt, one of the most recent being of a Pole who two years ago bought fifteen acres for \$5,000, going into debt for this amount. He paid it back in two years.



AN ONION FARM



AN ONION FARM



AN ONION FARM

Some of the growers, however, rent the land, but their profits are materially decreased, as rent runs from \$50 to \$90 an acre.

There is still land in some portions of the belt which may be had for about one-half the regular price, but from present indications it won't be there long.

As we jogged along home that night we went over a bridge spanning a shallow, swift-running stream, and there below us, where the current was the swiftest, a Polish housewife, bare-

footed, stood in the icy water doing the family washing.

It was a bit of the mother country that brought us to more clearly realize to what extent these slow, hard-working Polish people had acquired the rich fields along the Connecticut, and we were filled with wonder at the way the old Yankee farmers had stepped aside and given up these lands which were theirs by inheritance, containing riches the extent of which they did not know.

Truly, men who have eyes do not always see.

IN THE MAKING

By ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN

How long the mighty dream was nursed, who
knows —
Ere palest mist of matter rose in space?
While yet the darkness reigned, was all foreseen,
The finished miracle of fern and shell,
Or grew the dream, as grow the dreams of men—
Who add unto the grace of yesterday
The finer vision of to-day.

Not ours to know how long within the void
The deep designs of heaven and earth were
veiled;
But o'er the unfolding universe
God smiled at last, and white eternity
Was rainbowed into tinted time for man,
In heaven's bright calendar of nights and days.
All finished then, the pied enchantments rare,
Of tree and fruit and flower: the deep-notched
leaves
Of maple, oak, and shadow-weaving palm.
In lithe perfection waved the grasses tall,
Wind-swept in rhythmic measures o'er the
plain,
While birds their carols sang in plumage fair
As brodered purple worn by fleur-de-lis.

And yet amid a world of finished works
Stood unperfected man — a miracle
Surpassing all the wonders wrought in time:
For this the crowning masterpiece reserved
By one whose breath creates a soul,
To bring to perfectness the spirit meshed
In all the turbulent desires of man.
Unto this end the throes of continents,
The ages grim, when monsters lived and fought
And left their clay-writ chronicles to man;
The sacrificial burials sublime
When forests gave their lives to keep alive

A finer flame, half human, half divine.
Still incomplete —
Though wrought upon by centuries untold,—
By famine, pestilence, and wasteful war,—
By peace and love and all the spirit-tides
Whose mingling currents flow 'twixt man and
man.

Invisible, impalpable the soul —
Yet mightier far than all things visible
It waxeth great on things ethereal,
A swift eye-beam, the signal-light of love,
A shadow's purple-blue, the amber gleam
Of wayside buttercups and golden-rod,
Or fragrant alchemy of rose and thyme.

A tender code it glimpses in the tints
Of gems that flash their mystic poetry,
And all the shimmering delights that fill
A world: the still tuition of the stars,
The blended hues of pearl and amethyst
Which gentle clouds divide with peaks forlorn;
And never-ending awe the spirit lifts
When dreamy strains the flowing rivers chant
Through flower-fringed pathways winding to
the sea.

A million visions mirrored in the eye,
A million sounds that sweet enchant the ear —
All these the signs of heavenly tutorship
Enlarging still man's kingdom mutable,
Whose boundaries recede in mists of time.

Unsated yet, the soul — the brimming cup
Of all the universe may not suffice;
Lures still above the fairest shape it knows
A fairer form invisible —
The perfect beckoning unto its own.

THE GUARDIAN*

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER IX

THE NEXT BEST

DAY after day Julie sat by the side of the road after supper and watched for old Lyman Chase, who on his return from work brought back with him from the Hio post-office the Miller and Page mail. Day after day he shook his head at her outstretched hand. She had expected 'Gene to write her at least a note from Boston before sailing, and for a week bolstered up her hopes with every conceivable theory which might send the letter astray. Then she computed how long it would take for the first mail to reach her from India, and being unable to cut it down below three months cried a little, and after that no longer waited by the side of the road.

But she waited everywhere else — even in school, where she went about her tasks mechanically with 'Gene's empty seat always before her. During recitations in physical geography her cheeks flamed hot and her eyes grew blurry until she couldn't distinguish South America on the map from Africa. Across the face of every distant continent there was but one name printed, and that read 'GENE. April dragged into May, May into June, and every passing day left her more and more restless. She herself felt the wanderlust and began to resent the hills and mountains that hemmed her in.

She turned her eyes longingly towards the summit of Eagle. From there Nat had told her one could see some forty miles in every direction. If she could go up there and have one broad look, she felt that it would clear her brain and break the monotony of

the waiting. Furthermore, the physical effort would give some outlet to her pent-up emotions. Preferably she would have gone alone, but that was manifestly impossible. The alternative was Nat. She suggested it to him one day, and he fell in with the idea eagerly.

"It's a hard climb, but I guess ye can do it," he said.

"I — I don't suppose you can see the ocean from there, can you?" she asked wistfully.

He laughed.

"I'm pretty poor on geography, but I do know the ocean's about a hundred miles from here," he answered.

"Yes, yes," she admitted with a little laugh herself; "of course it is, but I didn't know but on a clear day —"

"There's a lake way off near the sky line that looks like the ocean," he said.

"Then we'll see that," she decided.

"If it's fair, we oughter see that," he agreed.

"And the next best thing to seeing the ocean is to see what looks like the ocean," she said.

"So?" he asked.

She grew confused, for her brain had instantly suggested an unexpected expansion of this idea; if one couldn't see 'Gene, wasn't the next best thing to see some one who looked like 'Gene? Certainly ever since 'Gene's departure Nat had been more welcome to her than he had ever been before, though at times he irritated her to a point where she found it difficult to control her temper. He was apt to be unpleasantly direct, unpleasantly matter-of-fact. Furthermore, she didn't like his attitude towards his brother. He refused to talk about him. His very silence was a slur upon 'Gene.

She turned away abruptly.

"I don't know as I'll go, after all," she announced.

"Any time you're ready," he said.

But as the weeks passed, the top of Eagle, and the strip of blue on the horizon line which Nat had mentioned, called to her with increasing insistence. She must do something to break the strain of this waiting.

It was the sixth week after 'Gene left and the week school ended that she informed Nat she would go on the following Saturday. She wrote her mother simply that she would not be home until Sunday. She did not tell of the proposed trip because she knew the latter would worry unnecessarily about it. She reached this decision only after an hour or so of uncomfortable thought. It was not her usual way of doing things. Even though her argument were a fair one, it is doubtful if she would have pursued it at all had it not been for 'Gene's example. It was true that she had not at all approved of the latter's conduct, but now it not only served to justify her, but her own resulting act served in a way to justify his. Here was a subtle bit of sophism that might puzzle the philosophers, but once she had worked it out it no longer disturbed her at all. To have done the same thing she disapproved of in 'Gene placed 'Gene in a much better light in her eyes. Furthermore, she concealed her evasion from Nat. She knew the latter would think, of course, that she had consulted her parents about the adventure.

As a matter of fact, it was unusual for a girl to attempt the summit of Eagle Mountain. The mountain itself was high, its sides were precipitous, and there was no trail. It was a feat which even the hardy young men of the neighborhood boasted about. Nat himself was an exception. To him, who was more familiar with the woods than he was with the broad highways, and whose stout legs had never yet failed him on any task he set them to do, the undertaking was only a holiday jaunt. Furthermore, his knowledge

of the physical capabilities of women was slight. Even if his experience had convinced him they were a weaker sex, he still would not have applied the knowledge to Julie. He put no limitations of any sort upon her. He imbued her not only with all the dainty graces of her sex, but with all the resolute qualities of his own. He announced to his father on Friday evening that he would be gone all next day.

"Whar?" questioned the father.

"Up Eagle," answered Nat.

"Fishin'?"

Nat hadn't thought of this, but it struck him as not a bad idea. There were several good trout streams on the way, and he might take along a line, some bait, and a frying-pan.

"Yes," he answered.

His mother never questioned him about his trips, and as he himself never thought of offering to any one information upon any subject which wasn't asked, it happened that he left the house without conveying to his own family the fact that he was not going alone. This was wholly unpremeditated and wholly without design. Had he been asked, he would have answered frankly and without embarrassment. He had nothing to conceal.

It had been agreed that they should start early. It was somewhat impracticable to carry out Julie's first excited impulse to leave before sunrise, but he was up at four. Coming down into the cold kitchen, he kindled a fire while still the world was enveloped in the hush of night, though lighted by a dawn which revealed without warming. Sounds leaped out of the stillness until he seemed to hear them for the first time. The iron rattle of the stove covers, the thud of the wood in the wood-box, the tramp of his own feet which during the day were merged into the general clamor of life, now called attention to their individual personalities.

From the tin tobacco box on the mantel he took out two fish lines, a half-dozen hooks, and a piece of sheet

lead. He cut up enough salt pork to fry the fish in, and packed these things, with the generous lunch his mother had put up, in the frying-pan. He added a small tin of coffee. He filled his pocket with sulphur matches and made sure that he had his jack-knife. In the meanwhile he had cooked himself some coffee and boiled some eggs. He ate these with a relish and was ready to start at half-past five.

When he came out, the sun was well up in a cloudless blue sky, and the world was fairly awake. Julie met him before he reached the Miller house.

She was wearing a white shirtwaist with a low rolling collar which fitted loosely around her neck and throat. Her skirt was blue, and at his advice she had put on heavy shoes. A blue Tam-o'-Shanter set at a jaunty angle on her black hair, but before they had gone a mile she had given him this to add to his pack as well as the blue jacket which she had carried on her arm. As she trudged by his side, taking two steps to his one, she looked very body-free. She walked straight from her supple hips with an ease that made her movements seem to be without conscious effort.

They had two miles to go from the foot of the hill before they struck into the woods. From this point their course led them for another mile through a tangle of pine and fir with a scattering of young maples. An old wood road made the walking easy and kept them out of the undergrowth still wet with dew. The big sword-ferns which grew almost waist-high along the way gave a tropical appearance to this part of the trail which her quick imagination seized upon instantly. She was no longer with Nat, who strode ahead of her. She threaded a tropical forest close upon the heels of 'Gene. Nat's broad shoulders and his light hair which curled a little about the neck furthered the illusion in startling fashion. From behind it was almost impossible to tell the brothers apart. With the two side by side Nat would have shown the heavier and clumsier, but at this moment it was

'Gene himself who walked ahead of her. She found herself responding to the fancy as heartily as though it were fact. In the sturdy swing of those long legs, in the easy poise of the big back, she saw 'Gene and 'Gene alone. She endowed Nat's every movement with that supple grace which so pleased her in 'Gene. He walked with the steadiness of an Indian, with a commanding self-assurance which left one nothing to do but follow. She felt that she could keep on behind that big frame indefinitely. He seemed to sweep fear aside as easily as he did the birch twigs which lay over the path. She could walk clear across South America if only he led.

Nat turned.

"Am I goin' too fast?" he asked.

She stared at him in so dazed a fashion for a moment that he grew anxious. She brought her hand to her heart. She had suddenly grown all out of breath.

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "I didn't know I was windin' ye."

"Go on, go on!" she pleaded.

"I'll slow down a bit," he answered.

"No, don't slow down!" she panted. "Don't speak! Don't do anything but keep on!"

He admired her pluck. He turned away, but chose a slower pace and made as much ado as possible about getting over the fallen logs.

Once she saw again only his back she recovered herself. It had been a shock when he faced her. As she followed on, she asked herself why. Why was he Nat and why was 'Gene 'Gene? A woman could not ask for kindlier or more trustworthy eyes than those into which she had stared when Nat turned. They were the same color as 'Gene's and much the same shape. And yet they were Nat's eyes and not 'Gene's eyes; they snatched her back from the romance of the tropics to the sober reality of the Maine woods. They brought her down from the clouds to the dull, sober earth. They made her again a school-teacher at Hio, with life rather a

serious affair. They forced her to feel a certain kinship with the sober eyes of these round-shouldered bearers of many children who trudged through the gray routine of their lives as farmers' wives.

In a few minutes the balmy perfume of the pines, the patches of golden sunlight on the shadowed moss, the ferns, and the whispering young birches had again carried her beyond herself. Once more she had crossed the ocean to foreign parts, and with the blood hot in her cheeks was trudging through the jungle about Rio de Janeiro, close upon the heels of 'Gene.

At Carson's brook they turned aside from the wood road. The borders of this ferocious little stream marked a path almost half-way to the summit, where it started from cool springs which bubbled up from the earth all summer long. At this point it was some three feet wide and carried a goodly volume of water. It was a mountain torrent in miniature, taking six-foot leaps with as much commotion as larger waters take sixty. It slid down slaty slopes as oilily as water over a mill-sluice, into dark pools three feet deep. During the centuries it had dug itself a bed through the broken granite for a considerable depth, with chasms at places quite five feet high. It was a baby Yosemite, bordered with moss and saplings and maidenhair fern and many delicate flowers. In it small trout ranging from a few ounces to a half-pound had the stream to themselves.

They stopped here to rest a moment before beginning the real ascent. Julie refused to allow him to make a birch-bark cup for her, but knelt on the bank and dipped her hands in the icy waters and drank man-fashion by bending her head to meet the stream lip to lip. This she did with excited laughter, ending by wetting her face to the fringe of her hair.

Nat could not imagine another woman who could fit so faultlessly into such a setting. He had been up here once before this spring alone. He had stopped almost at this very spot and

had pictured Julie in just such a position. Even then he had been conscious of a certain danger, but now, with her there in the flesh within arm's length of him, he sat down with grim deliberation and kept his two hands clasped before him. She chattered on lightly, but he made few replies. Whenever he spoke, his own voice disturbed the beauty of the picture. He felt safer in merely looking on.

For the next hour they climbed very steadily, with scarcely a word between them. The path was both rough and steep. From time to time he turned and saw her scrambling behind him, with her face very red and her hair loose about the temples. He didn't dare look very long. The higher up he mounted, the farther he worked his way from the settlement below, the more unfettered he felt. No comparisons were forced upon him up here, either for her or for him. In this clear air each stood for himself alone.

They continued along the bank of the stream, which grew smaller and smaller as they passed one tributary after another, until they reached its true source, the upper spring. Here again they rested. The spring itself was tucked away in a clump of denser foliage than that which lay outside its magic circle. Alders and birches pressed in close, as though to protect it. The waters, however, had kept clear a three-foot margin around it, green with grass and moss, so that once inside they were as sheltered as though in a tent. But it was a wonderful tent, richer in coloring than that of any Arab chieftain. Its roof was the blue of the sky overhead; its sides the white and silver of the young birches; its floor the emerald velvet of the tender moss. Near them a white-throated sparrow furnished music with his clear, plaintive whistle of "Pea, pea, peabody, peabody, peabody." In tones sharp as flute notes, the bird voiced the sweet isolation of higher altitudes. Over all the sun shone down in soothing benison.

She was the first to break the golden silence.

"Nat," she asked, "do you think we'll ever get to the top?"

"I reckon," he answered. "But you won't find anything up there better'n this."

She shook her head with a shy embarrassed laugh.

"You don't know what I'll find up there," she answered.

"I oughter know better'n you 'cause I've been there."

"But you've looked through your own eyes, Nat."

"O' course."

"And I — oh, I shall see the ocean and Rio de Janeiro and I don't know what all in that little strip of blue."

Nat glanced up at a ball of fluffy cloud which was scudding across the sky. She followed his eyes, saw it, and sprang to her feet.

"We must hurry," she exclaimed. "Suppose it should get cloudy?"

He smiled.

"No great harm done," he answered.

"But, Nat — Nat."

She grew petulant at the indifferent way he took this possibility. She had come up here for nothing else but to see the mock ocean. She stamped her foot.

"Hurry, Nat," she cried.

"Better take it easy," he replied.

She started off ahead of him, and he had nothing to do but leave his Arab tent. He soon took the lead again, for the trail became increasingly difficult. The big pines changed to a stubbier growth of small firs. At the end of an hour the setting had changed again to a barren surface of rocks and bushes. The last stage was as steep as a flight of stairs, and he tried to take a slower pace, but she urged him on.

Julie during the last half-hour had been gripped by a strange superstition. She felt that unless she arrived to see that blue line unclouded by mist she would be responsible for some dreadful fate overhanging 'Gene — probably

a tempest at sea. She tried in vain to shake off this fear, but the nearer she came to the summit the more it harried her. She blamed herself for having rested at all on the way up. She accounted for her desire to make this climb as a call from 'Gene. Far at sea and in danger, he had perhaps prayed for her to come nearer to him. Her physical fatigue left her still more open to the obsession. Finally she grew hysterical. To herself she cried, "Coming — coming, 'Gene."

At the last one hundred yards she reached her hand imperiously towards Nat.

"Help me," she exclaimed.

He waited for her to catch up.

"Take your time," he said coolly.

"Nat, give me your hand," she cried.

He grasped her hand.

"Run," she demanded.

"So — so," he warned, trying to calm her.

She broke free from him with a mad-dened groan and scrambled ahead. Near the top she twisted her ankle and fell. He was at her side in an instant.

"There — ye see," he chided her.

She reached for his shoulders.

"The top — carry me to the top," she demanded.

He lifted her lightly and easily and bore her the next ten yards. She turned her eyes towards the east. The horizon line was blurred with a line of gray mist. For three seconds she stared, speechless. Then she began to sob.

"So — so," he comforted her, as she still lay in his arms.

"Put me down," she commanded.

He hesitated. She struggled passionately, fiercely. He lowered her to the ground. As she caught sight again of the dark horizon line, she turned upon him in a final outburst.

"Oh," she shuddered, "how I hate you for this!"

(To be continued)



HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES

Drawn by Louis H. Ruyl for "Historic Summer Haunts," by F. Lauriston Bullard.
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"ORCHARD HOUSE," CONCORD

Where Louisa M. Alcott wrote "Little Women." Drawn by Louis H. Ruyl for "Historic Summer Haunts," by F. Lauriston Bullard.

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MME. RUDERSDORF

By C. L. H.

FOR Palm Sunday the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston had announced the Passion Music of Bach with notable soloists, augmented chorus and a special choir of boy voices to sing a high soprano chorus—this an unwarranted departure in those days.

For the occasion the best boy soprano voices had been culled from the various grammar schools. It was a joy unspeakable to each one of us as we found we had been selected. What an event to sing at Music Hall in one of the grand oratorios! Why, we walked on air and warbled whenever and wherever we found an opportunity, greatly to the annoyance of our parents and friends, who evidently did not relish the idea of our public appearance. But what did we artists care for that?

We were to sing the soprano ripieno chorus, sung by the angels in the early part of the oratorio, "O lamb of God all blameless, who on the cross hung dying." As the rehearsals progressed we heard the names of the artists who were to take part, and among them was Madame Rudersdorf. When we mentioned the fact at home, to our surprise the chagrin at our participation was turned to delight, for the Madame's name was a well-known one in the household, and thereafter we were admonished with, "If Rudersdorf sings then you will have to look out for yourselves."

We had often heard the Madame mentioned in the conversation of the older folks. The pater moved in musical circles and often met her at the houses of friends; we would hear how divinely she had sung at certain concerts, what a glorious voice she had, and how at the time of the wonderful World's Peace Jubilee, which the

celebrated band master Gilmore had instituted in the immense buildings out at the Back Bay, her tremendous vocal power had filled the vast space of the Coliseum. Of course we pictured the Madame as a most wonderful woman. And now here we were to sing with her at Music Hall. Could the gods have granted us anything more delectable?

Well do I recall that evening of Palm Sunday at that old temple of music in Boston, when finally the music of Bach's Passion was sung. We, the special choir, were on hand early and seated up in the topmost gallery at the end over the stage on a level with the top of the great organ. The bronze statue of Beethoven standing on the stage before the vast instrument looked small to us from our height. Gradually the auditorium filled with a brilliant audience, and at last the chorus bustled out to their places on the platform, the soloists swept to their seats in front of all, and then the strains of the mighty organ began to swell upon the air. The great chorus began and soon upon a sign from our leader, a cornetist, we, the angels, burst forth in our clear boyish voices and sang for all we were worth. Like the breeze of the zephyrs upon the roaring of the ocean our voices sailed high upon the heavy current of the chorus. Then came the Madame's voice, pulsating, soaring through the hall as with much feeling and power rose the words of her solo, "Only bleed thou dearest heart."

Mme. Hermine Rudersdorf, the mother of our Richard Mansfield, was born at Ivanowsky in the Ukraine, on December 12, 1822, during one of her father's concert tours. Her father was Joseph Rudersdorf, a distinguished violinist, from whom she inherited her great

talent. He had three daughters, all of whom were musical, but Hermine's voice showed the most wonderful power and sweetness; she displayed a great deal of talent and longed for a career. But the slender family purse forbade all thought of a musical education, till finally with great sacrifice her father managed to send her to Bordogni at Paris, where her successful studies only served to create a stronger desire to appear before the public.

Her means becoming exhausted, she returned home. Here she found a fairy godmother in the person of Sophia, Duchess of Baden, at whose court she had spent much of her time during earlier years. Noting the wonderful improvement in the voice of her young friend which had been made during her stay in Paris, and noticing that diligence and effort were not lacking on the part of her protégé, she later assisted her and sent her to Milan, there to study under the Chevalier de Micherout. Remaining under the Chevalier for some time, she at length made her first appearance at Coblenz in the rôle of Lucia.

Her success was immediate, and Mendelssohn hearing the young singer admired her voice to such a degree that he engaged her to sing at the first public performance of his "Lobgesang" at Leipzig, in June, 1840. The following year she appeared at Carlsruhe in opera, singing all of the principal rôles that were then in vogue, arousing much enthusiasm. She was invited to sing the soprano part in the first oratorio — the "Messiah" — ever sung in the French capital. Her first appearance in London was made at Drury Lane in 1854, when she sang in German the rôle of Donna Anna in Mozart's opera of "Don Juan." Such was her success that she remained all during the next winter.

She was a woman of average height, but of a presence that was striking as well as commanding, and easily dominated her environment. Her hair was raven black, her eyes brilliant and expressive. Her voice was a soprano of considerable power and range, but of

not always even sweetness. Her best efforts were invariably called forth in music of a dramatic nature. In concert work she was most appreciated; nevertheless, her powerful voice, combined with an admirable power of declamation, certainty of execution, and a thorough musicianship, enabled her to take high rank as an oratorio singer. Especially did she excel in music such as the opening soprano recitative from the "Messiah," "Rejoice greatly," the final air and chorus of "Israel." During the great Handel Festivals in London her voice would ring out with wonderful effect against both band and choir.

Her repertoire was large, with a wide range of parts, both dramatic and coloratura. She sang the soprano parts in the lighter operas of the day and the heavier rôles of Donna Anna, Agatha, Fidelio, Elvira, and Margaret of Valois. She revived the great scenas of Mozart, "Ahi lo provideo," "Misera dove son," and the wonderful "O sleep," from Handel's "Semele," all of which she sang with a powerful dramatic effect. Randegger's scena of "Medea" was a great favorite with her and was rendered with more than usual success at the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig in 1869.

Whatever she undertook she always showed herself the thorough artist, devoted to her work, full of enthusiasm, energy, and determination. When later, in America, she taught her celebrated method, she was called by her pupils and friends, "the musical whirlwind."

She resided in London for a number of years after contracting her second marriage in 1851 to Maurice Mansfield, and was very prominent in musical circles, singing in concert and always in demand for the leading soprano parts of the great oratorios. Occasionally she visited Germany to fulfill engagements in either concerts or musical festivals.

She came to America in 1871, having been engaged by Patrick Gilmore to sing at the great musical festivals he had inaugurated to celebrate the

World's Peace Jubilee during 1871 and 1872. She came under contract at a salary of \$3,500 and expenses per week, an unprecedented amount in those days. But then such wonderful voices were rather a scarcity at that time. She created a great furore and society fell at her feet, and many were the inducements held out to her to remain in the country of the free.

She evidently saw at once the greater financial possibilities here in America and decided to remain, settling in Boston where she became a teacher of singing. For many years she resided at the Lagrange Hotel on Tremont Street, not far from the Common. Her pupils came from the ranks of the best and wealthiest families of the city, and many became prominent in concert and operatic work. Her impression on musical art was strongly felt and her rooms were

the meeting place of all the well-known names in music, literature, and art.

Later she gave up her residence in the city and spent most of her days at a beautiful country place at Lakeside, near Berlin, Mass., where she taught and lived happily among her flowers, woods, and hills. This house was destroyed by fire and all of her valuable possessions lost, while she herself suffered injury.

She passed away on February 22, 1882, and was laid at rest in the far-famed and beautiful cemetery of Mount Auburn, that nestles among the Blue Hills of Massachusetts. Here a large granite boulder overgrown with ivy marks her resting place. Richard Mansfield, as long as he lived, never failed to have the stone encircled with rows of flaming scarlet tulips, as a filial tribute to his best and dearest of friends,—his mother.

COMING BACK

By JOHN E. HARRIS

BACK somewhere on the dusty shelf of boyish memories is laid away a fragment of reflection on the happy days of childhood, when it is so easy to paint a rainbow or gild a cloud. Indeed, it is the natural and usual occupation of the childish mind and the ever-present resource of the childish heart. Truly, while heaven lies about us in our infancy, every goose is a swan, and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

I remember a little boy on a Vermont farm more than forty years gone by, who, though an only child and far from neighbors, yet lived among the heights. He was a busy little fellow with his childish tasks, but in his mental loneliness he was adopted by the great open places of Nature and attuned his ear to her teachings. He was a serious little boy, with only the companionship of the wide outdoors, and in his heart was born a deep love for the universal mother and her myriads of voiceless children. The animals were kind and congenial

friends, the huge trees of the forest were big brothers, and even the tiny wood flowers bore to him the incomprehensible message of the mysterious fatherhood and motherhood over all.

Any little boy so placed may form such bonds of fraternity with all life, but that one who will not draw the line at fishing is abnormal. He may include the fishes in his endless chain of friends, but — when "but" intervenes he abandons all scruples and starts for the brook. About a half mile from the old home was a fairly compensating trout stream in those days, wandering along through the back pasture and woods, under sunshine and through shadows away off into the deep forest, ever widening, out beyond the horizon of all things.

Much has been said of the ethics of going fishing, but the desires which prompt it and the feelings which it engenders in the mind of boyhood or serious manhood are far beyond exact expression in words. It is not essentially a sport, though it may be a recreation. From the moment when one

casts his line in the first pool time is at an end and eternity begins. The past is a blank, the present is a dream, the future holds nothing. Into this dreamland we wander on and on, regardless of the speeding hours and always with the lively expectation that the next pool will certainly bring us that good fortune which thus far may have been deferred. It is the dream and the tragedy of life materialized into present certainty, a lifetime condensed in a day, the story of existence.

On one cool and cloudy day "when the wind was in the south" and the morning's little labors were completed, when father's permission to go down on the brook fishing had been gained by promises to be home in time to help get up the cows, the little boy busily arranged for his long-hoped-for visit to finland. Mother thoughtfully contributed a bread and butter sandwich, and after many cautions and promises to be home in time she stood in the doorway and watched him as he trudged eagerly down through the pasture bars and out of sight.

Arriving at the brook the little boy cut his alder rod, attached his cotton line, and to the other end his cheap little hook, pityingly impaled a struggling worm from the squirming mass imprisoned in one of mother's discarded tin mustard boxes, and then slowly wandered off into that realm glorified by such a light as never shone before on sea or land. Hours passed with varying fortune, realities scarcely acknowledged by almost unconscious nibbles on mother's lunch, until the yellow tinge of the descending sun warned him that he must desist and go home. Reluctantly he cut off his rod just below the line, wound it in and again wakened to life's actualities.

He was back home in a half hour, welcomed with partially disguised relief by father and mother, and after all was made snug at the barns the bountiful supper was spread. The little boy was very tired from his long wandering, and soon afterward was asleep in his narrow bed up chamber and dreaming of the day that was done.

On a mild hazy spring day forty years afterward the little boy came back to the old home. Through the decades he had kept sacred those memories of his childhood, and his mental pictures were never allowed to fade or tarnish. During the years he had seen many changes in his own environment, but in his mind the old home had escaped all consequences of time's eternal flux. So must come the sad awakening. The little boy and the father and mother and the old home and all the life that had made that "home" the most blessed word in any language were long gone. The old house was inhabited by strangers, and Shorthorn and Bess and old Billy were no longer waiting and watching for the little boy at the pasture bars.

But surely the brook must be there still, and so the world-worn man who was once the little boy again wandered away in the well-remembered direction. He could not find the path around and past the big birch, the old hemlock which was the little boy's landmark was gone, and the silvery brook was only a moist trail through a sere and dead pasture and devastated forest. Shady glades and clumps of evergreens, through which the sunbeams danced and flickered in long summer afternoons, were obliterated, and desolation had laid its heavy hand on all things.

Hoping against hope to find a familiar face where once all had been so kind to him, the once-little boy wandered on until the lengthening shadows reminded him dimly that he must keep his promise to father and return home in time to do his small part in the simple tasks of the closing day. Then the ashen-faced truth which must come to all smote his heart. There was no longer the old home, and it was somewhere else beyond his mortal sight that father and mother were waiting his home-coming and holding out their hands in everlasting welcome.

Oh, the dreary coming back, children of all ages! But possibly, under the great law of compensation, that one day in childhood's dreamland pays for all that must come after.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

By S. ARTHUR BENT

The Harvard Law School

FROM Yale College to the Harvard Law School was not at all "a far cry." I began professional study, however, in the office of Henry W. Paine and Robert D. Smith, the latter a member of the class of 1857 at Harvard, of whom ex-Governor Long, Robert M. Morse, and Francis Bartlett are distinguished survivors. Brilliant himself, he brought other brilliant men around him, classmates and men of his time, some of them my associates in other societies for many years, as Joseph Willard of '55, whose death removed from the bar one of its brightest, most learned, but equally unassuming members. He joined the Society of Colonial Wars as a descendant of that doughty colonial fighter and town-maker, Major Simon Willard of Lancaster, on the ground so worthy of imitation by the descendants of our early patriots that the name of Willard should be represented among us. Both Smith and Willard were men who had a fund of anecdotes which they would apply to the simplest greetings, so that one could hardly say "good morning" to either of them that he was not led by successive pleasantries from Ben Jonson back to Cristophanes.

Both these men were not only well-read lawyers, but were full of rare and envious learning. They could discuss with subtlety an intricate question of law or quote with gusto the eccentricities of the "Portuguese grammar," or the decision of the English justice Maule. Either of them could have taken a first prize in locating an obscure character in "Pickwick," as well as in analyzing the last volume of the Massachusetts Reports. Of Smith himself, dying at an age when

his aged talents, the charm of his personality, and the felicity of his conversation adorned with wit and anecdote as in the case of few men, were finding each year a wider circle of admiration of him, as of all the men by whom he was surrounded. I may say that to know him was "a liberal education." Among such men I was happy to be silent, especially when others were talked about unknown to me, as in the dark hours of 1862, when I entered 30 Court Street, and when the flower of Boston's and Harvard's youth were falling in the pitiable fashion of that year, when, for the first time in that first fratricidal conflict, fathers were beginning to bury their sons and when the muffled drum-beat for the dead was heard as often as the martial music which sent their brothers to the field.

Even more inspiring by reason of his past learning on subjects I was particularly interested in, the history and politics of England, his native country, upon which he was ever ready to converse, was Clement Hugh Hill, who attained a position in the literary and historical circles of Boston, due entirely to his own ability, unaided by social advantages. Mr. Hill was assistant attorney while Judge Hoar of Concord was Attorney-General in President Grant's first administration, and was often present in his chief's absence at meetings of the Cabinet. He told me that whatever the General may have been elsewhere, there he was anything but silent, talking forcibly, giving his views without hesitation, and referring in moments of relaxation to the scenes of his earlier life. Of Judge Hoar it may be said that loyally attached to President Grant, he bitterly resented the attacks upon

him by, for instance, Wendell Phillips. When asked if he should attend Phillips's funeral, then about to take place, he replied, "No, but I approve of it." The following anecdote was told me by Judge Hoar himself, and I repeat it, because it preserves the point which has been lost in a recent publication: When the Treaty of Washington was being signed by the commission of which Judge Hoar was a member, Lord Tentnoen, the British agent, having affixed his signature and seal, asked Judge Hoar, "Have you not a seal or family crest that you can affix to this document?" The Judge replied by alluding to Sydney Smith's remark that the Smiths never had any arms, but invariably sealed their letters with their thumbs and suggested that he had a sleeve button that might answer the purpose.

I may say that the debates in the "Parliament" of the Law School were generally worthy of a company of men mostly graduates of college. As a debater, as a wielder of idiomatic English, although of a style more flamboyant than that of his illustrious father, of an elocution that was vehement and nervous, William Everett easily took the palm. During the campaign of 1864 I heard him speak for Lincoln's re-election in the Cambridge City Hall. Having heard his father's Washington oration, I pronounced the son the greater natural orator of the two. Nor has time reversed my verdict. In politics, in history, in *belles-lettres*, even in the pulpit, where he occasionally appeared, Everett's genius had full scope for forty years, so that finally his other Cambridge Alma Mater recognized his claim to distinction by inviting him to deliver there a course of lectures, which his last attack of illness made him unable to give. During these years I saw Everett more often than any other of my friends of the Law School. Sometimes brusque and unavailable for conversation, at others he would be delightfully communicative. Thus, one day, I said to him, "Doctor, I understand that the accent of the

word *angina* (*angina pectoris*) should be placed upon the antepenult." "That is true," he replied, and he added that a medical writer in the Middle Ages composed a poem in which the word *angina* was so accented, *ángina*, not *angína*.*

The member of the school who attained the highest distinction in his profession was Oliver Wendell Holmes. It was a pleasure to all his early associates to hear him pronounce the oration at the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the school. That, and the after-dinner speech of my friend Hackett, which convulsed the hall filled with graduates and past members, were the features of the day. Holmes's appointments, first to the Supreme bench of our Commonwealth and then to the Supreme Court of the United States, were the fitting climax of a brilliant legal career.

Nor must I forget the silver-tongued Chamberlain, known to all Yalensians of our time as "Dan" Chamberlain of the class of 1862. We thought in college that he had modeled his style and manner after Wendell Phillips, but I now think that they were distinctively his own. His manner was certainly quiet, his style severe, his elocution direct, his diction rarely given to embellishment. I remember but one instance in which he seemed to force a metaphor, when in a Linonio prize debate he spoke of planting the rose of beauty on the brow of chaos. But the charm of that simple, direct manner, the peacefulness of his delivery, where elocution was hidden beneath the evident sincerity of his utterance, were such that when he ceased to speak "awhile we thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear."

After graduating from the school, he entered the army, and later became Governor of South Carolina. Chosen

*I found shortly afterwards in the second volume of Benson's *Life of his father*, the Archbishop of Canterbury, a long footnote, explaining how the line of which Everett spoke was so changed that the accent fell upon the penultimate syllable (*angína*). Mr. Benton quotes this line, mentions the poem, and gives the author's name.

a delegate to the Constitutional Convention, his intellect easily dominated a body composed almost entirely of negroes. Then, after a struggle for constitutional guarantees, he succeeded in bringing the convention to adopt a constitution modeled upon those of Massachusetts and New York. Then came the distinction of offices. Every one in the gift of the State lay at his feet. Most men would have chosen a seat in the United States Senate, as the appropriate reward of faithful service and the field of new triumphs of oratory and constructive skill. But Chamberlain put that office by and, with an abnegation to his honor, chose to see the constitution well and duly applied to the newly arising exigencies of the hour by becoming attorney-general of the State.

After such scenes of political turmoil he returned to the more congenial practice of the law in New York. I saw him but once before his lamented death, when he was visiting his brother Leander,* at the latter's beautiful villa at Magnolia, on our North Shore. Of the two, it may be said, *par nobile fratrum*. During our conversation, largely devoted to old days at Yale, the Governor mentioned the fact that at a point in Sherer's oration before our class, he alluded to the departure for the war before graduating of a classmate, Heber S. Thompson, who became one of the brightest ornaments of our Roll of Honor, and, until his death, was one of our most substantial and successful representatives. Sherer, a resident of St. Louis, then disclosed that the nineteenth century was not going to be beaten by the fourteenth, and thereupon, added Chamberlain, President Wooley, who occupied the pulpit, started as by an electric shock.

It is unnecessary now to speak of all the bright men who gathered about

the club-table at the head of which sat William C. Whitney of Yale (1863), afterwards Secretary of the Navy, and near him Charles S. Fairchild of the same year at Harvard, afterwards Secretary of the Treasury. Several of my classmates had preceded me in the school, of whom attained distinction, Baldwin, Governor of Connecticut, Higgins, United States Senator from Delaware, Hemenway, president of the Boston and Massachusetts Bar Associations, Towle, State Senator and *litterateur*. "Judge" Newd, later minister to the Netherlands, and member of the first Hague Conference, remained, and there we were joined by Frederic Adams, judge of the United States District Court in New Jersey, Judd, Chief Justice of Hawaii, and Charles Eustis Hubbard, secretary from its organization of the American Telephone Company, all of 1862; Henry F. Drimock, fellow of Yale of 1862, and others. The Harvard Law School was then and has always been a favorite resort of Yale men. I think I may say that her representatives were mostly of their Alma Mater. When I recall our life in the Law School with its old and new associates, no face comes more frequently before my moistening eye than that of the late Arthur Lincoln, who gave a charm to every society he frequented, especially when music ruled the hour. Five summers in his native town of Hingham deepened the regard I originally felt for him in Cambridge. His life was gentle, no enemy ever crossed his path: to know him was to love him.

The same feeling of regard and regret attaches to the name of John E. Hudson, Harvard, 1802, my friend then and until his untimely death. For years he conducted the affairs of the American Bell Telephone Company, with ability and seeming ease, until his mastery of the vast system of that organization was universally recognized. To the quiet manner of natural poise was joined a modesty of demeanor which no momentary disturbance could ruffle. This calm assurance of ultimate victory in the

*The Rev. Leander T. Chamberlain, D.D., long and still interested in the Evangelical Alliance, had the unique distinction of taking the highest honors in scholarship, literature and oratory in the class of 1863 in Yale College; the valedictory and the DeFoust gold medal for the best written and spoken oration.

midst of great telephonic "storm and stress" contributed in no slight degree to the confidence which stockholders and the public reposed in him, his associates, and the corporation.

There were three men in the school among the Harvard graduates who did not practise law, but made a knowledge of it accessory to studies in other directions. William Sumner Appleton, of the class of 1860, was a son of the Hon. Nathan Appleton of Boston, an early cotton manufacturer and one of the founders of the city of Lowell. His son became an authority on numismatics and genealogy, succeeding his father at an early age in the Massachusetts Historical Society. His classmate, Henry Austin Clapp, then and always my friend, was too well known as a Shakespearean lecturer to need a word of mine. He maintained a connection with the law as clerk of the Supreme Court, and was a dramatic critic of taste and discrimination. John Fiske, of the class of 1863, attended lectures regularly without attacking problems in the moot courts. He employed his knowledge of the principles of the science in the composition of those monographs upon American history which have become of undisputed authority. To these may be added the names of active practitioners like William Hedge of Plymouth, Edward D. McCarthy (deceased), William T. Washburn of New York, and James Green of Worcester, of the class of 1862. There were also several members of the class of 1863,—S. C. Davis, Denny, Goodwin (lately deceased), Justice Kilbreth of New York, and others, already mentioned. In the clubs and moot cases we came into active and friendly intercourse.

Of the few persons of my time in the school, this may be said: Professor Parker, the venerable head of the school (they were all venerable, for that matter), some time Chief Justice of New Hampshire, a man of vast erudition, was thought to talk over our heads. When one day I asked him about another New Hampshire

justice, he replied that he spun his thread pretty fine. That was just what we thought of Parker. The fault, however, was not so much his profundity as our immaturity. To see him at his best, one should have enjoyed his hospitality. He was never so much at home as when entertaining in his charming house a few members of the school. I can see him now holding to his critical and appreciative eye his Rhine wine in its Bohemian or Venetian glass.

Professor Washburn, a man of most kindly instincts, made his lectures a trans-location of his work on real property. Having been Governor of the State one year, he returned to politics in his old age, and was chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, the leading position. The strain was too great upon his acute sensibilities, and he died in office.

Professor Parsons was one of the best story tellers of his day. Both the latter professors entertained us once each year with a personal talk, full of agreeable reminiscence. Washburn, I remember, advised us to stick to law "until we had made our pile. Then go in, boys, there's nothing like it," using a more colloquial expression. Parsons told the following story, which may be still remembered by my surviving contemporaries. During his college course he roomed with a nephew of John Randolph of Roanoke. On a certain vacation he accompanied his chum to Washington, as Randolph's guests. During a large dinner party, Parsons being at the foot of the table, the eccentric statesman pointed a long and attenuated finger in the student's direction, with his shrill and penetrating voice, fixed the gaze of all his guests upon him, saying: "Mr. Parsons, are you descended from William Parsons, who was hanged in England for murder in such a year?" To which the youth, unabashed, replied, "Mr. Randolph, I am descended from neither an American nor an English savage," alluding to the accident of Randolph's birth. I remember

the applause which the school then and doubtless in every year gave to this audacious reply. But on thinking it over, I for one was sure that such an answer from such a boy to such a man was impossible. *Credat Idumeus Appolos non ego.* He would never have dared say it, but, from long thinking how telling such an answer would have sounded, he had come to believe, in his old age, that he did say it. Let us, charitably, so understand it.

After another six months in Mr. Smith's office, I was admitted to the Suffolk Bar by Chief Justice Bigelow on motion of Mr. Paine, a priest of

exceptional ability, one of the great men of the bar of that time, a man of rare wit and of profound learning, who would have adorned any bench, but declined appointment, preferring his practice as referee in important cases, sitting at such, he once told me, more days in the year than the Supreme Court in hearing arguments in appealed cases. One of his quick retorts was long remembered and may linger to this day, that in an argument before the full bench, one of the justices interrupted him to say, "You know, sir, that that is not law." "It is law," Paine replied, "until your Honor spoke," and continued his argument.

NEW ENGLAND GOLF NOTES

By R. C. FARNSWORTH

THE merry month of June has been thoroughly enjoyed by the golfing fraternity as good weather prevailed on nearly every day when events were scheduled in the royal and ancient sport. The State championship was decided at Brae-Burn on June 15, and for the first time went to a golfer from the interior of the State, H. W. Schmidt of the Worcester Club, winning from F. J. Ouimet, the wonderful young golfer of the Woodland Club, by 1 up in a 36-hole final, the match having been all even at the turn. Gilbert came through to the finals by defeating L. J. Malone of Woodland, in the first round; P. W. Whittemore on the Country, by 1 up in the second; Percival Gilbert of Brae-Burn, title holder in 1909 and medalist of this tourney, by 6 and 5 in the third, and Harry W. Stucklen of Brae-Burn, title holder in 1910, by 5 and 4 in the semi-finals. Those who went down to Ouimet were J. E. Kedian of Belmont, W. S. Wait of Brae-Burn, G. F. Willett of the Country, and R. R. Gorton of Brae-Burn. Gilbert's medal score in the qualifying round was 78.

AMONG THE CLUBS

NEWTON MEDAL PLAY HANDICAP

R. L. Chipman.....	84	8	76
D. B. Eddy.....	89	8	81
W. B. Sharp.....	93	12	81
H. I. Cook.....	96	14	82

ALBEMARLE MATCH PLAY EVENT

G. H. Adams beat P. F. Schofield	4 up
F. S. Arend beat B. L. Cumber	8 up
L. A. Bowker beat E. E. Wakefield	1 up
H. F. Beal beat W. N. Shelton.....	3 up

COMMONWEALTH FOURSOME TOURNAMENT

J. F. Kennedy and J. C. Welton....	85	16	69
H. P. Williams and W. D. Mat- tocks	84	11	73
Y. M. Edwards and C. F. Under- Wood	89	15	74
W. C. Cooling and C. O. Garrett..	88	13	75

BRAE-BURN MEDAL HANDICAP

CLASS A

P. Gilbert	74	3	71
W. E. Stiles.....	81	5	76

CLASS B

B. L. Weaver.....	92	20	72
F. J. Burrage.....	90	17	73

WOODLAND MEDAL HANDICAP

F. W. Sprague.....	86	16	70
L. J. Malone.....	80	6	74
P. Tewksbury.....	81	7	74
J. E. Oldham.....	83	9	74



MOUNT JEFFERSON AND THE CASTELLATED RIDGE

BELLEVUE MEDAL HANDICAP (LADIES)

Miss Ethel Fernald.....	54	18	36
Miss Helen Abbott.....	63	20	43
Miss Jennie Hall.....	63	20	43
Mrs. F. M. Cleveland.....	66	22	44

LEXINGTON MEDAL HANDICAP

C. O. Skinner.....	93	20	73
S. F. Shannon.....	99	18	81
F. E. Rice.....	112	26	86
G. L. Walker.....	104	18	86

ALLSTON MEDAL HANDICAP

J. H. Aubin.....	38	9	29
W. C. Hager.....	39	9	30
J. F. Sanderson.....	38	7	31
T. H. Baldwin.....	39	7	32

NEWTON LADIES' MEDAL HANDICAP

Miss Colby.....	111	24	87
Miss Cutler.....	124	22	102
Mrs. Tuttle.....	132	28	104
Mrs. Bothfeld.....	133	24	104

JUNE 14

Meadow Borok defeated Bear Hill, 36 to 8
in a team match.

OAKLEY FOUR-BALL FOURSOME COMPETITION

E. W. Fiske and L. E. Martin.....	82	15	67
G. M. Johnson and P. Walcott.....	88	19	69
N. W. Dean and J. T. Lodge.....	80	10	70
F. T. Clarke and O. T. Russell.....	81	11	70

COMMONWEALTH MEDAL HANDICAP

C. J. Chapman.....	92	22	70
Y. M. Edwards.....	83	12	71
J. C. Welton.....	95	24	71
W. M. Johnson.....	80	6	74

JUNE 15

WINCHESTER MEDAL HANDICAP

W. E. Eaton.....	93	24	69
M. F. Brown.....	80	10	70
R. L. Smith.....	85	12	73
A. B. Saunders.....	87	14	73

NEWTON BOGEY COMPETITION

W. B. Sharp.....	5 up
E. G. Hapgood.....	3 up
C. G. Hunt.....	3 up
R. L. Chipman.....	3 up

ALBEMARLE MEDAL HANDICAP

F. J. Lyons.....	78	7	71
R. W. Kimball.....	96	24	72
A. H. Carr.....	92	19	73
E. F. Bowker.....	93	20	73

WOODLAND BOGEY HANDICAP

J. E. Oldham.....	even		
A. H. Howard.....	even		
W. E. Weintz.....	even		
H. L. Paine.....	1 down		

CLASS B

J. F. McGrennery.....	2 up		
C. N. Prouty, Jr.....	1 up		
F. W. Sprague.....	even		
E. E. Bird.....	1 down		

OAKLEY MEDAL HANDICAP

F. C. Davidson.....	75	3	72
G. H. Sawyer.....	92	19	73
H. E. Lodge.....	87	13	74
O. T. Russell.....	89	15	74

BELLEVUE HANDICAP VS. BOGEY, THREE-QUARTER HANDICAP

W. Underwood.....	2 up		
G. Blaisley.....	1 up		
G. R. Clough.....	1 down		
C. G. Merrill.....	1 down		
A. W. Rice.....	1 down		
H. E. Baker.....	3 down		
E. E. Babb.....	3 down		
Dr. Wallace.....	4 down		
A. L. Tash.....	5 down		
H. C. Morse.....	6 down		
G. Towne.....	7 down		
A. L. Carr.....	7 down		

The best ball foursomes was won by C. G. Mitchell and A. L. Tash, who were assisted by a 14 handicap.

WOLLASTON MEDAL HANDICAP

J. H. Churchill.....	79	13	66
Morton Alden.....	91	19	72
H. C. Benchley.....	92	20	72
G. J. Murphy.....	83	10	73

Bear Hill played the first two rounds of the Spring Championship.

OPEN TOURNAMENT AT BELMONT (50 ENTRIES)

Ray Gorton, Brae-Burn.....	73	4	69
F. H. Hoyt, Allston.....	77	5	72
C. W. Brown, Belmont.....	84	9	73
C. N. Prouty, Jr., Woodland.....	92	18	74
J. E. Kedian, Belmont.....	80	6	74
F. G. Thayer, Wollaston.....	89	13	76
A. G. Lockwood, Belmont.....	81	4	77
R. M. Purves, Woodland.....	83	6	77
W. Peterson, Belmont.....	90	12	78
J. S. McNeil, Brae-Burn.....	90	12	78
Brice Evans, Belmont.....	83	5	78
J. J. Hazelton, Brockton.....	88	9	79
Walter Wait, Brae-Burn.....	85	5	80

JUNE 17

ALLSTON OPEN MIXED FOURSOMES

Mrs. C. B. Shirley and C. E. Eaton, Allston.....	90	11	79
Miss S. Macdonald and S. Macdonald, Brae-Burn.....	95	11	84
Mrs. F. H. Hoyt, Bellevue, and F. H. Hoyt, Allston.....	95	11	84
Miss M. C. Friend and T. H. Baldwin, Allston.....	101	16	85

ALBEMARLE (MORNING) MEDAL HANDICAP

C. F. Atwood.....	83	14	69
E. S. Barker.....	93	20	73
F. M. Copeland.....	93	20	73
B. L. Cumber.....	99	21	75

(AFTERNOON) BOGEY HANDICAP

C. F. Atwood.....	2 up		
F. M. Copeland.....	1 up		
B. L. Cumber.....	even		
W. H. Rogers.....	even		

COMMONWEALTH MEDAL HANDICAP

B. D. Sabin.....	83	12	71
Y. M. Edwards.....	83	12	71
B. Lewis.....	97	24	73
F. F. Benson.....	97	24	73

WINCHESTER MEDAL HANDICAP

F. E. Barnard.....	81	12	69
A. T. Smith.....	95	24	71
J. W. Russell, Jr.....	90	18	72
G. W. Fitch.....	90	18	72

HATHERLY MEDAL HANDICAP

W. Cutler.....	96	26	70
H. T. Wise.....	84	10	74
E. M. Taft.....	81	6	75
W. C. Cogswell.....	97	20	77

NEWTON MEDAL HANDICAP

R. L. Chipman.....	37	4	33
G. S. Sprague.....	39	6	33
W. H. Ham.....	39	6	33
E. W. Pierce.....	43	10	33

LEXINGTON MEDAL HANDICAP

Neal Wainwright, Concord.....	89	18	71
H. B. Farrington, Woodland.....	76	5	71
C. W. Brown, Meadowbrook.....	81	8	73
Paul Winsor, Weston.....	86	12	74

WOODLAND MEDAL HANDICAP

H. L. Paine.....	79	10	69
F. H. Hoyt.....	73	2	71
J. E. Oldham.....	80	9	71
P. Tewksbury.....	78	7	71

BRAE-BURN MEDAL HANDICAP

F. M. Briggs.....	86	14	72
A. L. Squier.....	85	5	73
W. E. Smith.....	85	12	73
R. R. Gorton.....	78	4	74

GOLF IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

Golfing in the White Mountains started the last of June and by the first of July there were many golfers on the various courses. The first tournament was held at Maplewood on July 4, at which Judge H. A. Gilder-sleeve of New York was the winner.

The most important tournament of early July was the tourney of the American Golf Association of Advertising Interests, which was played as usual on the Bretton Woods course. In this tourney R. M. Purves of Woodland met T. M. Sherman of Yahn-nadasis in the final match, this being the first time in the history of the tournaments that a New England player has reached the finals. Purves was defeated by 6 and 4 in a 36-hole match,

and was dormie for the last three holes of the match. The scoring of both players was far below bogey, nearly every hole being won in a stroke under bogey. The medal scores for the 36 holes were Sherman, 72-73-145, Purves 76-76-152, the bogey being 80 for 18 holes, or 160 for the 36. As Sherman is considered one of the best amateurs playing golf, and holds the record of the Bretton Woods course, the showing of Purves was remarkable.

Many of the most prominent advertising men of the country were represented in tournament, among the Boston players being C. B. Smith, E. Chichester, G. C. Dutton, W. B. Munroe, W. L. Crocker, R. R. Whitman, G. A. Musgrave, John Shepard, Jr., and Frank Presbery, who has a Boston branch of his New York office, and who, by the way, took home a cup.

EDITORIAL OPINION FROM NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND

IT is not to the great metropolitan journals alone that we may look for political wisdom and a clear perception of the issues of the hour. The local press of New England is conducted on lines of sturdy independence and is a training school of political intelligence to which the country is deeply indebted. We take pleasure in quoting from time to time the editorial wisdom of these competent journalists. Here are some recent paragraphs.

[From the *Kennebec Journal*, Maine.]

"President Taft and Republican leaders are aware of the benefits to be derived by this country in years to come from the services of a permanent tariff commission of experts on that important subject. After the November election, if President Taft is re-elected, the tariff commission which the Democratic party has legislated out of existence by refusing to make appropriation for maintenance, will be re-established. The fixing of tariff schedules no longer will be left to the fickleness of political exigencies.

"The tariff commission plan is one of the most progressive of all the so-called progressive ideas. It is in distinct keeping with the best of progress. There is no argument against it. The Democratic House realized its impotency

to overthrow the commission by any logic or respectable manner of procedure, so it adopted the cowardly way of cutting off the provision for maintenance.

"But we were saying that business interests are prompt to recognize the inevitable issue in this campaign. It is not a battle over men but over great fundamental policies.

"Woodrow Wilson, could he be elected on Republican principles of governmental and business stability, would be a safe proposition; elected on Democratic policies framed to appeal to a sentiment of unrest, he would be a menace to peace, prosperity, and happiness."

The *Rochester Courier* recently said: "A Taft Progressive is about the only sort of candidate that can be elected governor this fall." This leads the *Washington (D. C.) Times* to ask, "What is a Taft Progressive?" Editor McDuffee makes answer in no uncertain terms, and it is probable that the *Washington* editor will know more about New Hampshire politics after reading it than he did when he asked the question. After telling of the original progressive movement and the men connected with it, Mr. McDuffee says:

"When Governor Bass essayed to deliver the vote of the State to Theodore Roosevelt for a third term in the Presidency, a large number of the Governor's associates and fellow-workers refused absolutely to follow him. Opposed to boss rule as much as Governor Bass or any other man, abhorring corrupt politics and with their fighting toes still on against any form of corporation control, these men differed from Gov-

error Bass completely as to the wise course to pursue in national politics. While admitting that President Taft had made mistakes politically and deploring his seeming surrender to the reactionaries at times, we still felt that heroic and statesmanlike advocacy of great measures, like universal arbitration of national differences, reciprocity with Canada and many other things, far outweighed any of these political disappointments. We felt a serious menace to our national institutions and government in the overweening ambitions of the third term seeker. We knew that President Taft had actually done more to enforce the Sherman anti-trust law than had Mr. Roosevelt, with all the latter's shouting.

"Accordingly, we called a meeting of the Progressives of New Hampshire, who refused to follow the Governor's lead in this matter, and at this meeting the writer had the honor to preside. There were as many present as were at the meeting when Governor Bass formed his Roosevelt organization. Included in the list were three of the original thirteen who originated the Progressive movement in this State, before Governor Bass had ever been heard of.

"This meeting of the Progressives of New Hampshire who supported President Taft for renomination and re-election undoubtedly carried the State for the President. And the moral effect of the New Hampshire victory, coming at the psychological moment, has often been acknowledged to have been the deciding factor in the campaign.

"The Progressives of New Hampshire who supported and still support President Taft include such men in their ranks as ex-President William J. Tucker of Dartmouth, Hon. Sherman E. Burroughs of Manchester, who made such a vigorous contest two years ago for Sulloway's seat in Congress, Hon. R. W. Pillsbury of the Manchester Union, William H. Walbridge of Milford, member of the committee of the last House on railroad rate legislation, and scores of others whom we cannot enumerate for lack of space. As one of them voices our attitude, it is this: 'We believe in evolution, not revolution.'

"If they do not know what a Taft Progressive is in other parts of the country, we know up here in New Hampshire mighty well. It is a Progressive without personal ambitions to serve, a Progressive who is not an office-holder under Governor Bass, and not an office-seeker under him, Roosevelt or any other man; it is a Progressive who looks with broad views at national questions and whose love of country is higher than his desire for gratification of personal spites; it is a Progressive to whom the lingo of the prize ring does not appeal as an argument for his vote in a national election; it is a Progressive who has the ideal of universal peace among nations as the goal of world progress, who will therefore support the President who has made this the greatest of living issues and who will never lend support for an instant, no matter what other qualifications he may have, to any man who opposes this magnificent movement for the good of all mankind."

THE GREATER VERMONT ASSOCIATION

ON February 17, 1912, a number of gentlemen from different parts of Vermont met at Burlington to consider the formation of a State-wide organization which should devote itself to the general development of the Green Mountain State.

This conference was in response to the following invitation:

GENTLEMEN:

There is a growing conviction among the citizens of our State that the time has come for the forming of a State-wide organization which shall devote itself to the general development of Vermont.

Such an organization would stimulate the activities of local boards of trade and commercial clubs and would lead to the organization of such associations where they do not now exist. It would supplement the publicity work done by the State government. It would foster activities along lines of progress. It would study the needs and possibilities of the "Green Mountain State."

A number of gentlemen from different parts of the State will meet at the Hotel Vermont on Saturday, February 17, to consider the organizations of such an association.

You are cordially invited to be present.

Those present at the conference were Millard F. Barnes of Chimney Point, President Guy Potter Benton, Clarence P. Cowles, Max L. Powell, and J. L. Southwick of Burlington, W. C. Colton and W. H. Crockett of Montpelier, Charles R. Cummings of White River Junction, ex-Governor G. H. Prouty of Newport, H. W. Randall of St. Johnsbury, President C. H. Spooner of Norwich University, James P. Taylor of Vermont Academy, and W. R. Wheeler of Vergennes. Letters of approval of the movement were read from the following gentlemen: George T. Chaffee and Percival W. Clement of Rutland, Joseph A. DeBoer of Montpelier, Allen M. Fletcher of

Proctorsville, Frank R. Greene, and J. W. Hanley of St. Albans, Frederick L. Houghton of Brattleboro, Frank E. Howe of Bennington, George B. Lawson of Saxtons River, R. W. McCuen of Vergennes, Frank C. Partidge and Redfield Proctor of Proctor, President John Thomas of Middlebury College, and Theodore N. Vail of Lyndonville.

The proposition for a State association was discussed with enthusiastic interest. The difficulties which face such an enterprise were described; the possibilities of good that lie in successful organization were stated. After full deliberation the members of the conference took action with cordial unanimity. Since it was deemed wise and possible to form such an organization, they resolved to organize an association to be called "The Greater Vermont Association." They appointed Messrs. Taylor, Colton, and Cowles a committee with plenary powers to make arrangements for a general meeting of the citizens of Vermont. They directed the committee to extend special invitations to representatives of Boards of Trade and of such other associations as might seem advisable.

The meeting at Montpelier on Friday, March 29, 1912, was very successful. More than seventy-five gentlemen were present. Many of them took part in the discussion. All seemed to be enthusiastic over the proposition for a state organization of citizens. The following villages and cities were represented: Barre, Brattleboro, Burlington, East Hardwick, Essex Junction, Hardwick, Hartford, Highgate, Island Pond, Montpelier, Morrisville, Northfield, Pomfret, Randolph, Saxtons River, St. Albans, St. Johnsbury, Swanton, Waterbury, White River Junction.

A constitution was adopted. A nominating committee was appointed. The meeting instructed the chairman to appoint committees which should take under consideration the institution of "Vermont Week," a week of

travel in Vermont and of inspection and study of the State by its citizens, and "the celebration in 1916 of the 125th anniversary of the joining of the Union by the first State and the most unique State to be added to the original thirteen." The nominating committee was instructed to fix the date of the next meeting. Provision was made for the appointment of specialists who should suggest to the next meeting plans and policies for the work of the Association as it might be carried on by the standing committees provided for in the constitution.

Mr. Guy W. Bailey, Secretary of State, was invited by the meeting to describe the work of the State Publicity Department. This account was followed by a general discussion of matters concerning the general welfare by many of the gentlemen present. The Association adjourned to meet in Rutland at the call of the committee on nominations and program.

The meeting to complete the organization of the Greater Vermont Association will be held at Rutland on Wednesday, July 17, in the Grand Army Hall. There will be two sessions, the first at 11 A.M., and the second at 1.30 P.M. Headquarters for those attending the meeting will be the rooms of the Business Men's Association in the Mead Building.

Reports, suggesting policies and plans of work for the Association along several lines, will be made by the following committees:

Hon. S. Hollister Jackson, "Transportation"; Hon. Clark C. Fitts, "Industrial Development"; Superintendent Mason S. Stone, "Education"; Levi P. Smith, Esq., "Publicity"; Professor Joseph L. Hills, Willis N. Cady, Elbert S. Brigham, "Agriculture."

The reports will be followed by a general discussion of the suggestions and recommendations of the committees. This conference will be successful and significant provided there is a large representation of the citizens of the State.

English-American Number

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE





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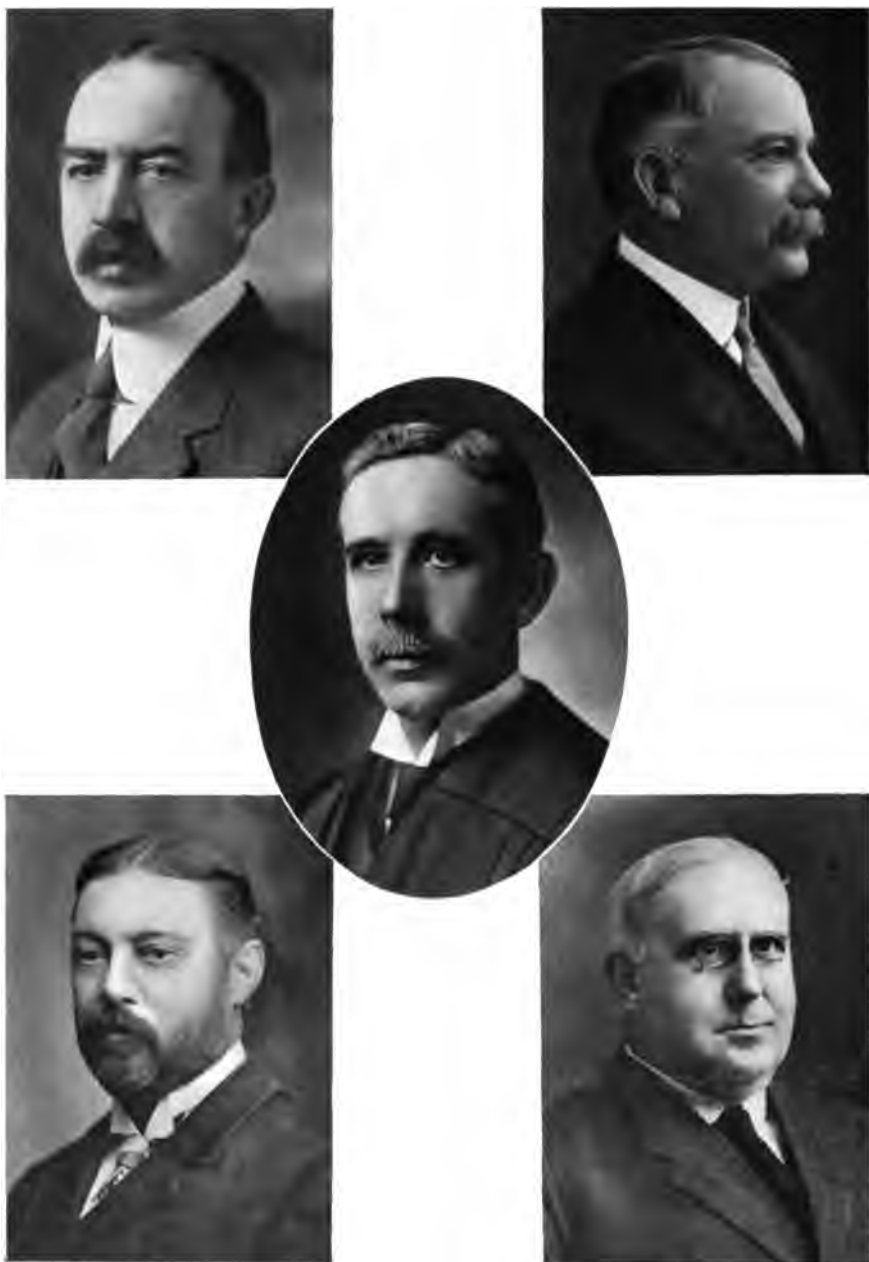
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OUR NATIONAL DEBT TO IRELAND

COMMERCIAL reorganization, which is the most engrossing activity of our time, calls for imagination and diplomatic tact, gifts that have always characterized the Irish race, so that, on second thought, it is not at all surprising to note the prominence of men of Irish-American stock in so-called "big business" to-day. Pat and his pick built our railroads. His lively wit, boundless optimism, and ability to get along with the boys formed the nucleus of the section gang and smoothed the rough corners of the construction camp.

To-day these same qualities call him to higher activities. He is occupying the executive offices of the railroads that his labor made possible. His brain is directing what his brawn produced.

It is no longer possible in America to refuse to take a man seriously because his ancestry hailed from the Emerald Isle, and it is high time to efface the soical line of cleavage that has existed between the Irish-American and English-American stocks, particularly in our Eastern States. Nor is the racial flavor of a man's patronymic an excuse for voting against him.

Distrust of the patriotic sincerity of the Irish-American is not to be justified by any event that ever transpired in our national history. The not infrequently observed solidarity of the Irish-American vote is more often due to an unreasoning opposition than to any other cause. It is not the result of ecclesiastical ambition, nor of that

rule or ruin factionalism that is dividing at least one of the great parties. As long as a given name from the calendar of the Saints is, in certain quarters, looked upon as *prima facie* evidence of guilt in any charge of political corruption, just so long will there be an "Irish vote." And until we can achieve a higher standard of social justice than such an attitude indicates, municipal good government is a subject for purely academic discussion. All this was narrow yesterday, inexcusable to-day, and intolerable to-morrow.

The Irish stock in America has made good, and only a fool or a bigot can fail to recognize the fact. The best mayor Boston ever had was an Irish-American. Our most brilliant journalists have been Irish-Americans, and to-day our most constructive railroad executives are of the same virile stock.

If I were greatly concerned about the roots of my family tree, I had much rather boast their derivation from a coming than from a dying race. Let every American's patent of nobility rest upon what he and his contribute to the future of our country.

The recent reopening of the rich veins of Irish national literature puts before us irrefutable evidence of the native genius of the race. I do not know upon what foundation we could rest a notion of their inferiority to other northern nationalities.

In the final make-up of the American race, the contribution of the Irish stock will be important. The mere physical contribution is not to be despised.

The Irish-American young women average the most beautiful in Boston. The names of Irish youths are prominent among the victors in athletic contests. These facts, of course, are bound to have an effect in hastening the elimination of the undesirable line of cleavage that, it must be admitted, still exists. Youthful blood is warm and not inclined to tolerate the prejudices of the elders. But the historian of the future will trace far more important elements of our national life than physical appearance or even strength to the tides of Irish immigration that have been so important an element in peopling our Atlantic seaboard.

In Ireland the Irish are still quite largely an agricultural people. They are not prosperous, having been held back by landlordism of the most flagrant type,—that is to say, by non-resident landlordism. They came to us poor and with the usual earmarks of rural "greenness." But they are not criminals nor fools nor physical derelicts. They have no anarchistic notions. They take on American ways with amazing quickness. And it should be remembered that with modern educational methods one generation is equal in cultural power to three generations a hundred years ago. But the greater part of the Irish immigration to America is already of several generations standing. The tide reached its height, numerically, many years ago. The immigration began in Colonial days, and no small portion of the Irish-American stock is as indigenous as any American stock, excepting the North American Indian. It must be very nearly true to-day, and inside of a score of years will be unqualifiedly true, that three-fourths of the Irish-American people are Americans by at least three generations. In all that period they have contributed no Benedict Arnolds to our armies, no

Aaron Burrs to our politics. They have never waved the green banner with the golden harp above the stars and stripes. They have never paraded under the red flag of socialistic revolutionism. They have brought us no epidemics, no scurrilous diseases. They have not grabbed up a handful of our silver and hastened away. They have not remained supinely indifferent to our political institutions. Their women have not filled our brothels nor their men our prisons. On the other hand, their names are enrolled among the brightest of those that have given us the beginnings of a national literature and a national art. They have led our armies in every war, including the Revolution, they have taken high rank as jurists, and are seated on the judges' benches of our highest courts. They have assisted in laying the foundations of our industrial and commercial wealth. In short, they are of us, sharing in and contributing to all that constitutes the glory of our land. Ireland is as much the old homeland to Americans as England, Scotland, or Holland, and he is but a poor American who cannot give as lusty a cheer for the green as for the cross of St. George or of St. Andrew or the lilies of France or the imperial eagle of Prussia. As co-workers in the making of a nation that is still in the making, we have no room for irrational prejudices, and here in New England many of the best things await the complete disappearance of the old social cleavages. I venture one step farther. Every right-thinking man is concerned for the maintenance in our land of religious faith and spiritual ideals, and in our warfare against the forces of materialism that threaten to engulf us we have no more stalwart bulwark than the loyalty of the Irish-American stock to the religious beliefs of their fathers.

F. W. B.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN AS A CITIZEN

By JOSEPH SMITH

IN this Republic there are many societies and organizations of a pseudo-historical character, organized to perpetuate the memory, recall the activities, and glorify the achievements of various classes of immigrants who came to this continent during the colonial period; these bodies are usually more enthusiastically partisan than historically accurate; and each is convinced that the race or sect (and they mix these quantities dreadfully) it glorifies was the cause of all our modern greatness and glory. The Huguenot, the Hollander, the Pilgrim, the Puritan, the Virginian, the Quaker, and so on are glorious figures after the coffee and cigars; these supermen, products of gastronomy and garrulity, shrink sadly in the light of historical accuracy; but then post-prandial perspective is apt to blur its fact and fiction; and nobody accepts the after-dinner deliverances of these vainglorious enthusiasts very seriously, except perhaps historians of the New England school.

In an attenuated way these occasions represent the bigotries and egotisms, the intolernaces and feuds, of a dead past; they are an odd blend of ancestor worship and sectarian wrangling in their survival; and they evoke a smile from the modern-minded man who sees in these giants conjured from the bubbles of the wine only the figments of vain imaginings and the spent bullets of humanity.

When all is said and done the prosaic fact remains that the motives of all immigration to America have always been about the same, poverty, bad laws, and lack of opportunity at home, and the common human hope — if not belief — that happiness lies in new fields under new skies. To find re-

ligious peace and domestic tranquillity, and leave war, oppression, and persecution behind, were the motives of many; to believe that farm laborers, artisans, and fishermen — the vast majority of all immigrants — came here to found empires, reform the race, or bring in the Kingdom of Heaven is to excite the laughter and invite the ridicule of the earth. The Calvinist of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, whether he was English and stigmatized Puritan, or French and called Huguenot, was an uncomfortable, irritating, meddlesome, intolerant bigot, detested by his neighbors and suspected by his rulers, for he placed duty to his church before duty to his country; and he was much the same whether he was a Scot or an Irishman. Such glory as France and England have achieved in America and Europe has been achieved without the aid of either Puritan or Huguenot; both were rebels and trouble-makers in France and England, and antipathetic to their normal countrymen.

In dealing with the Irish-American to avoid all confusion of thought, I define him as an American citizen of Irish extraction, remote or immediate, settled in this country. I want the very obvious fact understood and remembered that whether he be Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile, deist or atheist, he is still an Irishman or an Irish-American. I merely restate this plain fact because Fiske, Lodge, and other disciples of the New England school of post-prandial history have acquired the comic habit of calling Protestant Irishmen and Ulster Irishmen, Scotch-Irishmen. How would the New England Unitarian like to be called an Anglo-Palestinian, or Mr. Lodge an Afro-Carpathian? These

terms are as illuminating and accurate as Scotch-Irish.

In estimating the value of any individual, or group of individuals, to the well-being of a country, it is philosophically reasonable and logically necessary to establish some standard of citizenship, and ascertain the elements that make good citizenship, and apply that standard of measurement to them. In estimating the value of the Irish-American as a citizen the same yardstick must be applied to him that we apply to others; fair play demands that he shall be judged by his best, not by his poorest types; justice demands that comparisons shall be between similar groups and callings; and that his detriments shall not be measured by the desirables of other races. In a word, he should be judged by his conditions, opportunities, fruits, and achievements; he should not be measured by intolerances and prejudices, which ignore truth, baffle science, defy fact, and are the indestructible Russian thistles of the human mind.

The United States is a democracy, a government of the people, by the people, for the people; the peace, permanence, and prosperity of such a government depend upon the character and intelligence of its citizenship, the sanity and purity of its ideals, and the humanity, wisdom, and sincerity of the principles underlying its collective plan of political life and living, which is called its constitution. More is demanded from the citizen of a democracy than from the subject of a monarchy, since the citizen is the government and must bear the burden of duty and responsibility. Good citizenship demands a wise patience and a broad tolerance; it comprehends obedience to law and respect for those chosen to administer and interpret it; it must be written into the life and expressed in the living of its units; its expression must be found in the morality of the home, in the purity of the family, in the willingness to serve the state in peace and war, in the patriotism that cherishes and the virtue that conserves the honor and good name of the Republic.

"To fear God and honor the king" is the basis of all good citizenship. In a democracy where every citizen is sovereign, and government is the selective choice of all its citizenship, it is entitled to the respect and obedience of its citizens, since it embodies the collective political self-respect of the land.

In estimating the value of the Irish-American as a citizen we should learn how nearly he approximates this standard; what gifts and graces, what virtues and values, he brings to American democracy, and what contributions of soul and sanity, character and conduct, he has made to the composite human document we call the American. To do this within the limits of a magazine monograph is impossible; I can only expect to give hints and suggestions to those honestly interested in the inquiry, and to cite a few examples in what has been the least promising field for Irish-American endeavor in the past, New England. While we look to the mountains for inspiration and beauty, we look to the level fields for the bread that feeds the race; and while our pride is flattered and our ambition stimulated by the example of those who have risen honorably above their fellows, it yet remains true that the strength and sweetness of a nation lie in the virtue and endeavor of its average people. As in the past, so in the future, the law of democracy's life demands that "fishers and choppers and plowmen shall constitute the state."

There have been two great epochs of Irish emigration to America, that of the eighteenth and that of the nineteenth century, and both were the fruits of the economic evils that were the outgrowth of Anglo-Irish misgovernment, political oppression, and a barbarous landlordism. From 1720 to the eve of the Revolution over five hundred thousand Irish immigrants landed in America; they distributed themselves in New York, Pennsylvania, the Carolinas, the Alleghany regions, and New England, mostly in New Hampshire. They were largely farmers and brought with them their



A GROUP OF PROMINENT NEW ENGLAND RAILROAD MEN OF IRISH-AMERICAN DESCENT

PRESIDENT CHARLES S. MELLEN

PATRICK F. SULLIVAN OF LOWELL

VICE-PRESIDENT T. E. BYRNES

household industries, spinning and weaving; and they became the pioneers of advancing civilization, manning the frontier and pushing back the Indian. In the previous century, during the Cromwellian days, many had been sent to Massachusetts and Virginia as prisoners of war to be sold into a species of slavery; and in all they went to make the largest racial element in the colonies. The Catholic Church being without organization or priesthood, outside of Maryland, they merged in time into the various Protestant sects, but they did not lose the memory of their homes, as their Irish place names and their active hatred of English government indicated. When the Revolution came they were active and enthusiastic in the Continental cause; they helped to man the entrenchments at Bunker Hill; they came from Pennsylvania and New York to the siege of Boston, and they

filled the ranks of the Continental line, furnishing more than their proportion of officers and men to the struggle. Sullivan, Stark, Knox, Wayne, Hand, Moylan, Ewing, Butler, Wilson, and Conway were among the general officers of the army, and with Rochambeau's French troops were two regiments of the Irish Brigade of France, Dillon's, and Walsh's.

Mr. Lodge calmly advises us that Washington's army from first to last was preponderantly "Anglo-Saxon"; that might have been true of the troops of Massachusetts, but it was distinctly untrue of the other colonies as a whole. When we remember that the Revolutionary leadership of New York, which contributed first and last some thirty thousand men to the war, was in the hands of Clinton, an Irishman, Jay, a Frenchman, Livingston, a Scotchman, Hamilton, a West Indian, Morris, a Welshman, Herkimer, a Dutchman,



EDWARD F. MCSWEENEY, ESQ.

Steuben, a Prussian, and Hoffman, a Swede, we may understand the racial admixture of that day; and when we recall much the same condition in the more southerly colonies we wonder whence Mr. Lodge obtained his historical data. In the lowest ebb of colonial fortunes, when the Continental Army went hungry and naked at Valley Forge, it was some twenty Irish merchants of Philadelphia who saved the situation by contributing

\$425,000 to Washington's military chest.

Again, when the Declaration of Independence was drawn up, of the fifty-six names signed to it, nine, including that of the Secretary, Thompson, were Irish; and later, when the Republic was formed of the thirty-six delegates who promulgated the Constitution of the United States, six were avowedly Irish.

These and kindred services by land



FRANCIS D. DONOGHUE, M.D.

and sea, from Maine to Georgia, show the quality of the Irish-American, and represent a fidelity to ideals, a courage, sacrifice, and tenacity of purpose, that are prime elements in good citizenship. It would be as cruel as unnecessary to indicate who were the deadly foes of the struggling colonies from first to last.

When days of stress came again in 1812 the Irish-American once more showed the fiber of his citizenship; and beyond question the national heroes of that struggle were Andrew Jackson on land, and Perry and McDonough on water, three Irish-Americans, for Perry's father, a prisoner of war in Ireland, married his mother in Drogheda.

Emigration, which had fallen off to a mere dribble during the Napoleonic wars, began to flow in again when Bonaparte was in St. Helena; the

second Irish epoch began to take on the volume of a torrent in the forties of the nineteenth century, and the Irish immigrant of those days was the raw material of the people we to-day call Irish-Americans. The Irish of the previous century had with other elements absorbed and changed over the characteristics of the American, differentiating him profoundly from the Englishman on the other side of the Atlantic.

The America into which this latter-day Irishman entered was vastly different from colonial America. The frontier had moved to the Middle West; manufacturing industries, under the stimulus of protective tariffs and a growing domestic market, began to dot the eastern States; cities and towns grew like mushrooms, and the building of railroads and canals opened up the lands of the West and stimulated



JAMES M. PRENDERGAST, ESQ., OF BOSTON



DANIEL F. DOHERTY, ESQ., OF WESTFIELD, MASS.



ROGER G. SULLIVAN, ESQ., OF MANCHESTER, N. H.



JAMES SMILIE MURPHY, ESQ., OF BOSTON

immigration from all Northern Europe. The Irish immigration had all the features of the flight of a nation, fleeing from famine and desolation. They came penniless, with no capital but stout bodies and strong arms, and, as has been so aptly said, dropped like tired sea-birds on the coast. They built the railroads and dug the canals, and by reason of their economic condition and untrained faculties, they became the hewers of wood and the drawers of water of the Atlantic States, since they were too poor to emulate the example of their compatriots of a century earlier and go upon the land. Many came to New England to find work in the mill towns, but New England was suspicious and inhospitable; it loved not the name Irish; it had a traditional hatred of the religion of Rome, and the New Englander of the lower class saw in the newcomer an economic competitor. Yet the newcomers had gifts that America sadly needed to leaven its lump. They had courage, tenacity, and loyalty; they had inexhaustible patience and humor; they were religious and reverent; they had traditions of splendid days when their land was a cradle of scholarship and a fountain head of religion; they had memories of kings and singers and epic poets; they were devoted to freedom; no race or people could point to them as the authors of their wrongs, the purloiners of their liberties, and though they stood in an alien land, naked and full of sorrows, yet they had the love of God and men in their hearts and the music of the ages in their souls. And these things were needed in a country and by a people made material by a long struggle with elemental man and nature. A distinguished French scholar, who some ten years ago dwelt among us for months, said that the influence of the Irish on the American had been the most profound of any other people, giving him that optimism and joy of living which the Briton was so sadly deficient in, and endowing him with that imagination which is the eye of the soul and without which

neither men nor nations can attain greatness.

Several generations have passed since the Irishman of the forties came here; he has faced poverty and unremitting toil; he has met obloquy and intolerance unflinchingly, allowing it neither to lessen his loyalty to his faith and ideals, nor weaken his allegiance to the land of his adoption; and he has practically come out unscathed from the dirt and depravity of the American city and the evil examples and practices of the low-class American who lived beside him. There are those who love to point the finger of scorn at the Irish politician; we Irish do not boast of him, such as he is; *he was made in America and not in Ireland*; yet when we compare the American politics of to-day with what they were in ante-bellum days, while we know that the Irish politician is not an ideal type, we are thankful that in morals, manhood, square-dealing, and common honesty he is as far superior to the native politician, who taught him the tricks of the trade, as an arc-light is to the lantern Paul Revere hung in the old North Church. The reason the Irish-American politician beats the other fellow to-day is the same reason that enables him to more than hold his own wherever there is a clear field and no favor,—he is a better organizer, he is a cleverer administrator, his wits are quicker, and his mental resources greater, he is patient and tactful, he is a student of men and their ways, he is optimistic, neither vainglorious in victory nor depressed in defeat, and he knows the practical value of square dealing among friends and allies. There are good, bad, and indifferent politicians; some people dislike all politicians; some dislike only the politicians of the other party; and others again dislike only Irish politicians. Politicians are largely matters of taste. My taste in politicians is tepid; but I try to explain him.

The first generation of Irish represented a clean-blooded, clean-living, simple people, fresh from the soil, illit-

erate, in many cases, coming from a land whose rulers refused him schools, and whose poverty debarred him from getting education elsewhere. This man, who raised, fed, clothed, and housed a family on a dollar a day, was often called thriftless by the village economists of New England; he might have been better off on the land; but in the city he had regular work and wage, he had schools for his children and opportunity for them later; he could live among his own and worship God according to his faith; and he learned in time in the stranger's land that God helps those who help themselves, and that he could secure with his ballot the treatment and consideration denied him by suspicion and intolerance; and in time even in hard New England there were men who felt it their duty to guide, counsel, and protect these strangers, and to-day they are recalled with gratitude and affection by the children of the alien.

Out of their sweat they built churches and schools; out of their toil they built homes and educated their children, for they had a reverence for knowledge and letters that was an inheritance from days when the ancestors of Pilgrim and Puritan were painted savages. They progressed; they entered the professions; they went into trade and commerce, and the arts and crafts, and to-day they are a people who have conquered the prejudice and captured the respect of their neighbors. They are in literature; few are the journals and magazines that have not got their Irish-American contingent; they are at the bar and on the bench; in seventy years they have made by their sacrifices and faith the Roman Catholic Church the strongest religious force on the continent; they are alert, open-minded, progressive, yet they stand as a lion in the path of Socialism and all the forces of social and political disintegration, and they are beyond question one of the most potent forces of good citizenship in the land. In the American Episcopal Church some of its most influential churchmen are Irish-Ameri-

cans; the history of Methodism in America shows the debt that church owes to the Irish disciples of Wesley; Irish Presbyterians were the backbone of that faith since Ulster men began to come to these shores; and the wisdom of Logan and other Irish Quakers was potent in making the colony of Penn what it is to-day. They may pray at a hundred different altars, but wherever the Irish-American is, there also are faith, religion, and reverence, and citizenship without these is merely dead sea fruit, turning to ashes on the lips.

The roll of the dignitaries of the Church of Rome in America, from its cardinals and archbishops down to its priests, and through its religious brotherhoods and sisterhoods, sounds as sonorously as a roster of Ireland's ancient clans.

In that great and vital industry, the railroad transportation service of the country, as in all the departments of human activity calling for courage, skill, fidelity, discipline, and steady nerves, the Irish-American is found from top to bottom. Charles S. Mellen and Timothy E. Byrnes lead in New England; Sir T. G. Shaughnessy, in Canada; James J. Hill, in the Northern Pacific; Thomas Fitzgerald, in the Baltimore and Ohio; James G. Hurley, in the Atchison, Topeka, and Sante Fé; Dennis Sullivan, in the Ohio River and Columbus; A. W. Sullivan, in the Missouri Pacific; and East and West, North and South, even down into sunny Mexico, it is an odd road that has not got an Irish-American acting as master-nechamic, general passenger or freight superintendent, auditor, chief engineer, or in some other position of trust and responsibility. Those who construct the roads, who tunnel the mountains and span the cañons and rivers, who are the advance guards of civilization, facing dangers and conquering difficulties that trade may expand and the wilderness blossom, bear Irish names more frequently than not.

In that other branch of transportation, electric car service, the same phe-

nomenon is seen. The Irish-American, with his alertness, nerve and prompt decisions in the crowded streets, is in a majority of cases on the front platform, and the man who collects the fares with a smile, soothes the irritated, placates the grumbler, suppresses the rowdy, and fills a humble but useful niche in an important service, is usually of the same race.

The Bay State Street Railway is probably the most important system of its kind on the continent; it has a trackage of 1,200 miles in three States; it operates about 3,500 cars and employs an army of 5,000 men. Its general manager, Patrick F. Sullivan of Lowell, is unquestionably the foremost and ablest man in his line in America; he has every detail of its manifold workings tucked away in the back of his head; he has a positive genius for figures, a photographic memory, and the Irish gift of managing men. Interlocked with the complex problem of street railroading is that of building tunnels and subways. The subways and tunnels of Boston built by Harry P. Nawn stamp him as the foremost man in his line in the country. The system of New York was built by the late John B. McDonald, a great constructor, born in Fermoy, Ireland; and it was an imaginative Irish-Tennessean who solved the problem of conquering the quicksands and tunneling the Hudson — William McAdoo.

In an humbler but equally useful sphere the two arms of public safety in our American communities, the police and fire departments, the Irish-American may be found in large numbers. They are such familiar figures that we think of them with a smile; we know them so well we are prone to forget their value and importance; but in the hour of stress and strife, when riot rages in the street, when the bells of terror ring out at night, we learn to know and appreciate the disciplined courage, devotion to duty, and unquestioning obedience of these two, who are so largely Irish-American.

In business and finance the grand-

children of the emigrants of the forties are beginning to take an assured place, for they have the mental gifts, and are, in these later years, securing the training and opportunity which spell success. The fields are wide and in the great metropolitan centers they are securing success. The New England financial center has yielded to the Irish-American slowly, almost grudgingly, but the increasing wealth and importance of the Irish-American in the East is making him a person to be reckoned with.

Mr. James Sullivan, of the house of Charles Head & Company, the leading State Street banking and brokerage firm, is one of the most respected men in Boston banking circles, and a man whose judgment and opinion are highly valued. William F. Fitzgerald, head of the banking and brokerage firm of Fitzgerald & Hubbard, is another man whose success represents courage, persistence, shrewdness, and knowledge. He is interested in copper mines and manufacturing industries, is a director in the Massachusetts Electric Companies and many other concerns. A public-spirited man, he is ready to lend a hand in all movements for the betterment of the community, and is a fine type of good citizenship. James J. Phelan, of Hornblower & Weeks, is another Irish-American who has made good in the same important field of business.

No better type of citizen and business man can be found in Boston than Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, president and treasurer of the Brown, Durrell Company, one of the great manufacturing and importing houses of the Massachusetts capital. Many Irish-Americans are men of wealth and influence; but these things are not always the evidences of good citizenship, nor do they always connote character and integrity. The Catholic University of Notre Dame, however, in 1905, selected Mr. Fitzpatrick for its *Latere* medal, a distinction which calls for other things than wealth, for the intangible things; he possesses character, conscience, conduct, charity, as

liberal as unostentatious, and a business record that makes his name a synonym for honorable dealing. His compatriots all over the land made him treasurer of the United Irish League of America, for though born in a country town of Massachusetts, he has an intense affection for the land of his fathers. Mr. Fitzpatrick is a trustee and director in many institutions, financial and charitable, but he is first and always a good citizen.

Another fine type is James M. Prendergast, a Boston lad who entered a cotton broker's office at seventeen, and is to-day one of the leaders in his business in Boston. He is a director in the Boston Elevated Railroad and the New England Trust Company; a man of forceful character and unblemished integrity, thoroughly imbued with a sound sense of public duty, he enjoys the confidence and respect of business men in Boston. Recently Mr. Prendergast has been created a Knight of St. Gregory by Pope Pius X as a recognition of his worth in his church.

James Smilie Murphy is president of the Stickney & Poor Spice Company, established in 1815. He was born in Charlestown, Mass., and after attending the public schools of that town he went into the commission business in Boston as a young man. Later he became connected with the house of which he is now the head and largest owner, a house which is one of the largest importers and manufacturers of mustard, spices, and kindred products in the country. Mr. Murphy is a man of affairs, a director in banks and commercial organizations, an honored citizen, whose native ability has enabled him to make a broad place for himself in a community cautious in accepting new men. Mr. Murphy was a brother-in-law of that splendid genius and poet, John Boyle O'Reilly.

The Irishman and his children are usually pronounced individualists; while adapting himself to the commercial conditions which created the corporation — the financial commune — his talent and temperament predispose

him to enterprises where his individual abilities count. In such enterprises as the cotton and woolen textile industries, requiring large capital and corporate organization, his conditions made him simply a worker, a soldier in an army, and as these concerns were long managed like German principalities or the Irish estates of absentee landlords, the children of the Irish mill-worker have usually sought other fields. There are Irish-Americans who have made successful managers and administrators of such enterprises, but as a rule the monotony of them repels the man of imagination.

Col. Peter H. Corr of Taunton is an Irish-American who is a mill owner and manufacturer, who has achieved success and wealth in the business; his activities are diversified; generous, genial, and kindly, he is honored and esteemed in his community, and is a man of influence in the councils of New England's greatest and richest industry. His success is the fruit of his own unaided efforts and ability, for he began life with nothing but brains, energy, and courage. In the neighboring city of Pawtucket is the great Dempsey Bleachery and Dye Works, established by the late James Dempsey, formerly of the Lewiston Bleachery Company of Lewiston, Me. These works are now managed by Mr. William Dempsey, son of the founder. The Plunketts of Adams, Mass., are the largest and most successful individual cotton manufacturers in New England.

The shoe industry, with its possibilities for individual effort and ownership, appeals more strongly to the Irish-American, and some of the most successful men in the trade are of that race in Lynn, Brockton, and other cities. James Phelan & Son of Lynn, Alfred Donovan of Abington, and W. J. McGaffee of the T. G. Plant Company of Boston, John Kent and the Barrys of Brockton, Welsh & Landrigan and the Harney Brothers of Lynn illustrate my point. These examples could be multiplied a hundred fold in this and other fields.



THOMAS B. FITZPATRICK, ESQ.,
OF BOSTON

JOHN MADIGAN, ESQ.,
OF HOLTON, ME.

WILLIAM F. DEMPSEY, ESQ.,
OF PAWTUCKET, R. I.

The value of Irish-American individuality in a personally conducted business is well illustrated in the successful career of Roger G. Sullivan of Manchester, N. H., the son of Irish immigrants, born in Bradford, N. H., in 1854. Beginning the manufacture of cigars in a small shop in 1874, he to-day employs nine hundred hands, with a pay-roll of \$700,000 per annum. He is a modest, quiet man, a director in some of the largest banking, insurance, and manufacturing concerns in the Granite State; he eschews public office, and, as far as an Irish-American can, politics. Kindly, generous, charitable, home-loving, he meets the responsibilities and duties of the large wealth that is his; his benefactions are liberal and unostentatious, and humanly speaking he is regarded in a fine way as the first citizen of New Hampshire by his neighbors.

Daniel F. Doherty of Westfield, Mass., is the largest individual manufacturer of whips in the world, and the only real competitor of the so-called "Whip Trust," which offered him a profitable alliance and its presidency only to be refused. He has his agencies in every State of the Union, in Canada and Spanish America and in every country in Europe and Africa.

The Mark Cross Company of Boston, New York, and London, one of the most successful leather goods concerns in the country, importers and manufacturers, is but another name for Mr. Patrick Francis Murphy. Not to know Mr. Murphy, the wittiest and cleverest epigrammist and after-dinner speaker in America, is to write oneself down as outside the regions of real civilization; but the keen wits that delight diners have also built up one of the most prosperous and successful businesses in three capitals.

The blanket business of America is an important branch of industry, and it is a commonplace to say that the firm of Thomas Kelly & Co., of Chauncy Street, Boston, is unquestionably the leading blanket manufacturing and merchandising concern in the Republic. It was founded years ago by the late Thomas Kelly of Boston, and in time passed into the hands and under the control of Mr. James M. Morrison of Boston, who is known in trade circles as the "Blanket King." Mr. Morrison is a shrewd, careful business man, whose splendid success has not spoiled a modest, charitable and fine type of citizenship.

The firms of E. T. Slattery & Co., Houston & Henderson, and the F. P. O'Connor Company are dry-goods concerns of repute and standing, captained by clever Irish-Americans; and the W. S. Quinby Company, the well-known tea and coffee house, represents a high grade of business enterprise and probity. Mr. Geoffrey Lehy of this latter company is as highly esteemed as he is well known as a high-minded, honorable, and public-spirited citizen of Boston.

The individualism and imagination of the race were doubtless the chief factors that led to two of the most important and revolutionary inventions of the age—the submarine boat of Holland and the wireless telegraphy of Marconi, the former an Irish-American, the latter an Irish-Italian.

The greatest corporation of America is what is commonly called the Steel Trust, which while doing an enormous business with an enormous capital, controlling mills, mines, railroads, fleets, and even cities of its own, still excites the fears of parlous patriots. In all its many ramifications the Irish-American is employed from captain to worker, and its president is John A. Farrell, an Irish-American, who began work in a wire mill at sixteen.

The banks of Boston and New England have always opened hospitably to Irish-American deposits and depositors, but they have seldom invited the

Irish-American to become a worker inside the rail, unless his stockholdings made him a director. This, if a narrow policy, is decidedly human; bankers have been wiser and broader in other regions, and have made friends of desirable customers. The policy—or the fact—of exclusion was probably the reason for the organization of new banks in New England in these later years that follow a broader method; money can't afford to indulge in fanciful prejudices, and honesty and integrity are not the peculiar and exclusive possession of any one people. The ordinary savings bank of New England has been transformed into a close corporation, the organizers having become a self-perpetuating body, unwilling to give the depositors representation in the board of trustees. This policy is unwise, leading to the establishment of new institutions, where a wiser policy is followed, and the natural decay of the older institutions, which were long only feeders for national banks.

Joseph H. O'Neil, the president of the Federal Trust Company of Boston, has been a large factor in the success of that institution. Mr. O'Neil was born in Fall River, Mass., and raised in Boston. He has served the city with honor and credit in its Council, in the Legislature, and in Congress, and the zeal and ability he once gave to public affairs he now devotes to the business of banking. Mr. O'Neil is a good citizen, public-spirited, patriotic, and dependable, and he can make a profitable deal for his bank, a speech for an audience, or an occasion for a friend, with equal facility. There are many like him, but as I say, the personalities in this sketch are merely types and illustrations; they can be multiplied a thousand times outside New England.

At bar and bench the Irish-American is honorably and creditably represented throughout the Union from the Supreme Court of the United States down to the modest country practitioner. It is one of the most delightful pieces of Massachusetts pharisaism



HON. JOSEPH H. O'NEIL

WILLIAM F. FITZGERALD, ESQ., OF BOSTON

JAMES SULLIVAN, ESQ.

that our judges are appointed for their intrinsic merits only; they are not, as in less virtuous latitudes, nominated by the bosses and chosen by the voters. The Massachusetts bench is justly celebrated for the character of its judges and for the vigor and vitality and the soundness and sincerity of their opinions; nevertheless, the fact remains that few Massachusetts governors have ever been able to see any virtue or talent in Irish-American lawyers, though their merits were freely acknowledged elsewhere. The coming of Gov. Eugene N. Foss brought a change, and he appointed Patrick M. Keating, John D. McLaughlin, Joseph F. Quinn, John B. Rattigan, and Richard W. Irwin judges of the Superior Court, to fill vacancies, and promoted Judge Charles A. DeCourcy from the Superior to the Supreme Bench. These appointments, when made, met with universal approval,

and the administration of their judicial office since appointment has amply justified them. Its effect on the political and judicial atmosphere of Massachusetts has been wholesome, shattering a tradition based on conditions and opinions not flattering to a supposedly cultured and intelligent community.

Judge DeCourcy was born in Lawrence in 1858. He graduated from the Georgetown University, from which he holds the degrees of A.M. and LL.D. He studied law in the office of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., now justice of the United States Supreme Court, and at the Boston University Law School. He was city solicitor of the City of Lawrence and assistant to the district attorney of Essex County. Gov. W. M. Crane appointed him a judge of the Superior Court in May, 1902, and his talents, learning, and high character waited only the advent of a Demo-

cratic governor to place him on the Supreme Bench.

John D. McLaughlin was born in Boston in 1864, and was educated in her schools; he graduated from Georgetown University — a cradle of judges and churchmen — in 1883, and studied law in the Boston University Law School, graduating in 1886. As an assistant district attorney of Suffolk County and assistant corporation counsel of the city of Boston he had a practice and gained an experience that, coupled with a trained and well-stocked mind, made his judicial appointment ideal.

Patrick M. Keating was born in Springfield, Mass., in 1860, and was educated in the public schools and Harvard University, from which he graduated in 1883. He began the practice of law in 1885 and in 1895 became the law partner of the late Thomas J. Gargan. Judge Keating married Miss Agnes J. Hussey of Boston in 1893, and is the father of three children.

John B. Rattigan was born in Worcester in 1859, and received his education in the schools of that city and in Holy Cross College, from which he graduated with an A.B., and later he studied in, and graduated from, the Boston University Law School as an LL.B. Judge Rattigan has served his fellow citizens usefully on the Worcester School Board, and as one of the founders and trustees of the Bay State Savings Bank from its incorporation in 1895 until his appointment to the bench.

Judge Joseph F. Quinn was born in Salem, Mass., in 1857. After attending the Salem schools he went to the University of Ottawa, from which he graduated with the degree of LL.B. in 1881. He studied law in the Boston University Law School and in the office of H. P. Moulton, Esq., of Salem, and began the practice of law in his native city. He was married in 1898 to Miss Elizabeth Peart. Judge Quinn's personality is attractive, and his musical and literary tastes and acquirements, added to a delightful hu-

mor, have made him an agreeable neighbor and popular companion.

Judge Richard W. Irwin of Northampton is another Irish-American judicial appointment made by Governor Foss. He was for years a leader of the Connecticut Valley bar and a citizen standing high in the esteem of his city and county.

The late Judge William Schofield of Malden was an appointment made by Governor Crane to the Superior Bench of the Commonwealth in 1903, who was translated to the United States Circuit Court by President Taft, in succession to the late Judge Francis Lowell, a descendant of Patrick Tracy of Newburyport. In addition to his judicial duties Judge Schofield was lecturer on medical jurisprudence in the Tufts Medical School, and formerly lectured on Roman law at the Harvard Law School.

John W. Cummings of Fall River, John P. Sweeney of Lawrence, James B. Carroll of Springfield are the leaders of the bar in their respective communities, and Henry F. Hurlburt of Boston is distinctly a leader at the Suffolk Bar. John Mitchell of Concord, N. H., holds a similar position in New Hampshire, and these names can be duplicated in Connecticut and other New England States a score of times.

Wealth and commercial success may be the accompanying circumstances of good citizenship; but they are not the measure of it. Character and conduct that impress the community in life and survive the oblivion of the grave are the higher elements of citizenship, since they carry their beneficent influences beyond death to mould future generations.

"At rest forever in Holyhood Cemetery, sleeping their last sleep, are four men who in life were friends and compatriots, comrades and co-workers; men whose character and achievement made them honored and respected in the flesh; men whose conduct and action were inspired by the principles of honor and justice, loyalty and religion; men whose souls were inflamed by a love and devotion for the

things they believed would make the race better and the world sweeter.

"These four men were John Boyle O'Reilly, Patrick A. Collins, James Jeffrey Roche, and Thomas J. Gargan. They passed from life in the order of their naming. Each in his day and in the measure of his talents contributed his gifts to Boston and America; each lived and worked and died with clean hands; each passed with clean soul to his last accounting, leaving but meager fortune to his heirs, but giving to kin and country the legacy of an unspotted name, a reputation above reproach, and a memory that smells sweet and blossoms in the dust."

These words were written two years ago; time only strengthens their truth; and while other men may have touched higher reaches in their flight and written their names more broadly on the history of their country, no higher or cleaner types of citizenship have graced and sweetened Boston since its first stones were laid. Their influence is still at work; their souls are still marching on; and their names and ideals flame like beacons for thousands of young Irish-Americans growing into manhood. The world has nothing better than our best.

The men of ideals, the men with an urgent sense of duty to their fellows and their community, are numerous among our Irish-American citizens if we will but look for them. I know of no man of any sort or condition in Massachusetts who is doing more real good in the community than Edward F. McSweeney. Able, fearless, persistent, industrious, tenacious, he is filled with a righteous indignation at the waste of human life in this Commonwealth, through the indifference and inefficiency of those appointed and paid to protect public health and arrest private greed. The man is in deadly earnest, and from the vantage point of his unpaid chairmanship of the Boston Consumptives' Hospital he spurs the lazy, flogs the shirking, and flays unfaithful health officialdom until it shudders at his pestilent activity. That such a man is needed

in Massachusetts is beyond question, for the Commonwealth, with all its well-meaning laws, its generosity, and humanitarian traditions and impulses, is held in a state of paralysis by bureaucrats, while dirt, disease, and preventable evils waste the resources of the community. A genuine Celt in his tenacity to his ideals and principles, he will battle with the inertia and stupidity of bureaucracy until it is conquered. He is a man worth watching, an Irish-American citizen inflamed by a high sense of civic duty and a Celtic love of battle,—a hard combination to beat. One man with good red blood, in deadly earnest, full of the sense of his duty to his fellows, his zeal tempered by common sense and his courage proof against sneer and misrepresentation, can do more good in a community than an army of philanthropists with banners.

The State of Maine in olden days produced the O'Briens of Machias and the Sullivans of the country round and beyond Portsmouth, men who practically struck the first blow for American freedom. It still has excellent types of Irish-American citizenship in the Madigans of Holton, the Donworths of Machias,—a family of lawyers and writers,—John Cassidy, a banker, and Matthew Laughlin, a lawyer of Bangor, Charles McCarthy and James Cunningham of Portland, the McGillicuddys, lawyers and orators, and last but not least, Peter Charles Keegan, the lawgiver of the Upper St. John Valley. These are all people of mark in their communities. The village of Benedicta is a distinctively Irish and Catholic community, and the model town of the State,—prosperous, peaceful, crimeless, and debtless.

One of the Revolutionary Sullivans, James, became governor of Massachusetts, and he built the Middlesex Canal, which became a potent factor in the growth of the city of Lowell, founded by Francis Cabot Lowell and Patrick Tracy Jackson, grandsons of Patrick Tracy, a Newburyport Irishman. This Tracy stream of good

blood sweetens a good many Jacksons, Lowells, Cabots, and other "Puritan" families to-day. With them was associated Major George W. Whistler, a son of an Irish father and mother, who came here shortly after the Revolution; and Major Whistler had a famous son, James McNeil Whistler, the artist.

American art has no nobler names on its roll than the Irish-Americans, St. Gaudens, Milmore, McMonnies, Donoghue, and names aplenty in pictorial art and letters, and it will be recalled that John Singleton Copley, the father of American art, for whom stately Copley Square of Boston is named, was an Irishman from Limerick. T. Russell Sullivan of Boston, one of the Revolutionary Sullivan stock, has an honorable place in letters. James B. Connolly's genius has made Gloucester and her fishermen famous wherever the English tongue is spoken, and his brother, Thomas Connolly, has made a worthy beginning in the literature of the day. No man has a securer place in letters than Jeremiah Curtin, either as a translator or as an original writer in the field of folk-lore. Peter Finley Dunne's humor and homely philosophy have kept a nation thinking and smiling for years; and in the lighter lines of the novel and short story, Harold McGrath, Grace Donworth, Rupert Hughes, and a score of other Irish-American names are on the roll.

In medicine the roll is long from one side of the continent to the other. Dr. J. B. Beaver of Philadelphia, Dr. John B. Murphy of Chicago, and Dr. John W. Keefe of Providence head their profession as surgeons in their homes; and Dr. Francis D. Donoghue and Dr. John T. Bottomley of Boston have reputations for surgical skill second to few. Dr. Timothy Leary, of the Tufts College Medical School, medical examiner of Suffolk County, has an enviable reputation as a pathologist and original investigator, and a host of younger men are coming along, who will not be denied. The late James Crowley Donoghue of Boston was without exception the best medical

diagnostician that New England has ever produced, and this while high praise is warranted by the work of a man whose modesty was as marked as his skill and knowledge.

The Irish-American as a citizen is a distinctly valuable asset in American life; his progress from the poverty and obscurity of the famine days of the forties has been an honorable and amazing one. In New England he has received few favors; what he has is his by the divine right of native ability; for the spirit of the land has regrettably not been generous. A new spirit is coming, however; the attitude of grudging recognition is passing; new peoples that seem utterly alien to the Yankee are thronging to the land and crowding him; and it will be the height of folly for him to hold himself aloof from the most virile and lovable race that has landed on these shores. The primacy of the Republic in commerce and letters and political influence which New England once held has slipped from her fingers and passed to other sections, where a broader and more genuine democracy prevails; and the old New-Englander must bestir himself and cut loose from any preconceptions and prejudices which he imagines are traditions and principles if he desires to hold his own in his father's house. The Irish have been here from the earliest days; they helped to conquer and settle the land; they were important factors in winning the independence that made us a sovereign people; they have done yeoman work in building the fabric we possess; their blood is running in millions of veins of our people; it has been squandered freely on a hundred fields that the American experiment might succeed; they have been often tried and never found wanting; they have grown in numbers and influence; and the day is coming when the nation will be tried as with fire, when the strength, loyalty, patriotism, and courage of the Irish-American will be needed, and will be at the service of the Republic. The centuries of blood mixing have brought a kinship that should not be ignored,

that cannot be ignored with safety; and it should be understood that the seventy years of patient trial and preparation of the Irish-American have not been wasted; and here in New England, if one thing more than another is certain, it is this, the twenti-

eth century of Massachusetts belongs to the Irish-American, for the old order and the old shibboleths are passing and a new America and a newer American are in the making. The old and the new will do well to get together.

ON THE COPLEY ROAD

By KATHARINE KEIFE

PATIENCE? I should say as much. A doctor — any doctor — needs to have all the long-suffering patience of Friend Job, and then some, or he's likely to get a gun and commit justifiable homicide.

You are just right. People have no more consideration for us than a hen has teeth. Now last night I was so tired that I pretty nearly fell asleep unlacing my shoes. There's typhoid out in the country, and it keeps me on the jump. I'm waiting to hear from a case now, over the telephone.

Well, I hadn't more than dropped off good and sound, when there came the most fiendish pounding on the side door, right under my open window. I leaped out of bed, only half awake, and yelled down, to know what was the matter. I thought there'd been a murder, at the very least, or an automobile smashup, with a long list of casualties.

Now what do you suppose was the trouble? You'd never guess. The old man Jackson's leg was aching; so he sent his son into town, five miles, to tell me about his troubles; wanted to fetch me out there, in the dead of night, just to hear about it and to rub it with arnica. What did he suppose that an old broken leg would do but ache? They always ache, and people have to bear up under the aching.

Did I go? I did not. I sent him word to rub it, and when he got good and tired rubbing it, he would fall

asleep and forget it; but I'd be willing to bet a pretty that he got his poor old wife to do the rubbing, and so lost the good of my prescription.

Confidences? Yes, I surely do receive a surfeit of them. I get sick to death of hearing about other people's troubles, and I feel sometimes like telling them to ease up, for I've a few troubles of my own. I've had almost everything confessed to me, from eating green apples to poisoning a wife. Most of the stories can't be told, as they are learned under the seal of the confessional, so to speak. A doctor can't keep his tongue too closely to himself; for he is a kind of public servant, to see and hear everything, but tell nothing.

Yes; we learn queer things sometimes. I've always thought that one of the queerest of my experience was the case of the Updykes — old John Updyke and his wife, that used to live out Copley Road, in the gambrel-roofed house with the big porches and the old-fashioned well-sweep. Remember? That was their home.

They were a mighty nice couple, very hospitable in the old-fashioned, comfortable way. No high teas, you understand, and no swell receptions; but they were always for having me up to fried chicken and bacon, when they happened to see me driving by at mealtime; and my horse was always foddered in the shed, while I was being filled up at the table. Good kind people they were, that never let man

or beast suffer for lack of anything if they could prevent it. They weren't old, only along about fifty, maybe.

One day John Updyke came to me in my office here. He was a gentle-spoken man, very quiet and never out of temper. He and his wife were Quakers, and all their people before them, so far as I know; and they took trouble in that solemn, repressed, Quaker fashion.

"Doctor Snow," said he, looking me straight in the eye, "there's something wrong with my breathing, here,"—laying his hand on his chest,—"and I've come to have you tell me the straight truth about it. I want you to make a thorough examination."

Now when I laid my ear against his body I didn't rightly need the stethoscope to help me out. Nevertheless, I took it, and did the job up slowly and very thoroughly, as he had suggested. I'm not a very good liar, and I reckon my face showed a little of what I felt; for as he buttoned up his coat he smiled a right sweet, boyish kind of smile that he had, and slapped me on the shoulder.

"Cheer up, doctor. Spit it right out, and mind you keep nothing back," he said.

So I told him that his heart was badly enlarged, and the action was poor; that he might live for years, and he might pass out any time without a minute's warning; but that is true of any of us when we come to think of it, isn't it? I told him to cut out hard work and avoid excitement. I gave him a heart tonic. He was calm as the clock.

"There's only one thing, doctor. Don't let Ruth know anything about this. We've been married a good many years, and she leans on me. I don't know what she'd do without me. You can't tell how long it's going to be? I'd like to see Hildegarde again!"

Well, sir, it wasn't more than a week afterward, as I was sitting here in the office, after dinner, that Mrs. Updyke came in through that doorway. I was a bit startled, for she had

never been the one to come before, and my first thought was that something had happened to her husband; but no; when she took the chair I had offered she spoke up very calmly.

"Doctor Snow," said she, "I've been meaning to come to see you for some time; but if things are as I think, my delay won't make any difference, for you cannot help me. Will you please see what is wrong about my heart?"

You can judge something of my feelings; but I picked up my stethoscope and went to work, wondering if there could be so queer a coincidence.

When I put up the instrument she said in just her ordinary even voice, "Tell me just how bad it is, doctor. I'd like to know whether I can count on much more time here, in my house on the Copley Road."

"Mrs. Updyke," said I, "we cannot any of us tell how long we have to stay here. You are situated just like the rest of us. You may live for years, and you may forget to wake up to-morrow morning."

"But tell me the whole truth, please."

"There is a bad valvular trouble that affects the action unfavorably. You must have fainting spells occasionally?"

"I do."

"I can give you a tonic that will help those, but some time it will fail to act. Use these, one at a time, after eating and before you sleep. Don't work hard and don't worry."

"Thank you. I know you will be careful not to tell John about this. We have been married so long, and he has grown to depend on me. It almost seems as if the Lord should take him first, but He knows best, and His will be done. I would not seem to question His ways. I'd like to see Hildegarde before I go."

This Hildegarde was the only daughter. There was a son also, who managed the farm for his father. They never seemed to take much thought about Arthur, but Hildegarde was their darling. She had been educated

up to the handle on this side of the water, and then they had scrimped and saved and overworked themselves and Arthur, in order to send her to Europe to study sculpture in France and Italy — and Egypt, for all I know. It always seemed unfair, but I suppose it wasn't. Arthur took it all in good part, worked away with Quaker stoicism, and, like his father and mother, was all wrapped in Hildegarde.

It was in early spring that they spoke to me, and all through the summer they came once in a while for medicine, and it was plain that neither one knew about the other. Occasionally I dropped in to a meal as I drove by, and my heart misgave me that I ought to tell Arthur, for they seemed to forget him. So by and by I did tell him, and he took it pretty hard in his quiet Quaker way, but I presently found out that he wasn't fretting on his own account. He hadn't had time to think about that. He was just naturally worrying about its effect upon the pampered Hildegarde.

Come September they had great news for me. Hildegarde was homesick, and she was coming home to the Copley Road. They would sit and talk about it by the hour. She was to start the twentieth, and they were all in a twitter of joyful expectation.

On the morning of the twenty-third I had been up all night. 'Twas the festive occasion when Taylor's twins were born, and I had to stay right by. Nobody had time to give me any breakfast, and about nine o'clock I was going home fast asleep behind the old sorrel. Many a good feed she had enjoyed in Updyke's shed; so, being hungry, she turned in there now. John Updyke came and unhitched her, woke me up and led me into breakfast. When Mrs. Updyke heard about the twins and my empty stomach, she couldn't do enough for me.

Well, I ate the eggs and bacon, and drank the coffee. Nobody else could make simple things taste like Mother Updyke's.

Then we sat chatting while the old mare was finishing her feed. The

talk was all of Hildegarde. She had started and was on her way across. They had all dreamed of her all night. They were busy reckoning up the very day and hour when she would land in New York.

John Updyke sat in his easychair by the window, with his head against the high cushioned back. From where he sat he could not see the clock, and he called out suddenly, "What time is it now?"

I looked at my watch.

"It's just a quarter before ten, and I must be going," said I, looking across at him, as I slipped the watch into my pocket. His head slid over, and he was dead. Quick as that, sitting right up in his chair.

His wife saw that he was unconscious.

"He has fainted. John!" she cried, and laid her hand on his forehead. Then she realized the truth, sank on her knees beside him, her head against his shoulder, and never moved again. I looked across at Arthur, and he hadn't sensed a thing. He stood there, smiling at the doorway, happy and surprised, with both hands stretched out, as if to grasp something that he wanted very much.

"Why, Hildegarde!" he said. "How did thee ever get here so soon, dear?"

I couldn't see anybody in that doorway, and when I spoke to him he started and rubbed his eyes, like a man roused from sleep.

"That's queer," said he. "I was sure that I saw Hildegarde in that doorway; but I must have been mistaken for she isn't there now. Perhaps I went to sleep and dreamed that I saw her."

I stayed to see that everything was done that has to be done in such cases. The funeral could not wait for Hildegarde, although Arthur worried a good deal in his quiet repressed fashion over her grief for not being able to see her parents again. The queerest part is that when the ship came in, Hildegarde was not on board. She had died of a fever on the third day out. I'm not

much on longitude and time, but Arthur and I figured it out that all three must have passed out at about the same minute; so they need not have been lonesome, for they could take the long journey in good company.

Arthur would never speak again of what he saw in the doorway. He said he was dreaming, and I suppose he must have been, but his eyes were wide open and he looked to be awake. Nobody wants to meddle with this boundary line of flesh and spirit, or the first thing he knows he'll have bats in his belfry. That's the usual end of such researches.

Indeed, he is very much alive. He married, early in October, just a few weeks after the funeral. It seems he

had a love affair of long standing with a neighbor's girl, a farmer's daughter; but they had been putting off their marriage from time to time for the last five years, and saying nothing about their disappointment, so that Arthur could send all his money to Hildegarde.

They have a little girl named for her. There's a John, too, and a Ruth. The baby is named for me; so you see I have a namesake, if I am a crusty old bachelor.

There's the telephone. Just as I thought! Jellison has done his last haying. His fool wife fed him a boiled dinner yesterday, with slabs of fat pork, and he just getting over typhoid! May the Lord give all women good sense!

MAMMY'S GHOST STORY

By JOSEPHINE COMPTON BRAY

"Y' go 'long to Boston! Miss Carline, I 'clare yo' standin' 'roun' heah an' actin' like yo' feared to leave dese chillun. Ain't I heah? What mo' does yo' want? Who is it dat done took de place uv father an' mother all dis time when yo' bof gone off an' lef' um night an' day?" Mammy's tone was not without authority as she spoke to Miss Car'line, who stood looking from the nursery window at the dark threatening sky. Receiving no answer, Mammy affected an air of deepest injury and continued: "Ain't I done nuss all dese chillun? an' didn't I stan' sponser fur um when da wuz christened? I ain't gwine call it baptize, kaze I b'lieves de only way yo' ken wash yo' robes white in de blood uv de Lamb is to go right down in de river whah dyah is plenty uv water to make yo' clean. I done been in twice, once down ole home an' once since I been up North heah, an' I is gwine agin when I gits a chance. Bof uv dem times

when I went under de water, I thought 'bout Jonah an' de whale, an' I mos' give up fur los' but bime by I riz up victorious. It wuz a mighty struggle, but de glory wuz won. I tell yo' what, dat's a gran' day when yo' done make yo' 'lection sure an' fine yo'self standin' on de rock.

"When I thinks uv dat great conflict an' de ragin' waters 'roun', nobody don' know how bad I feels dat dese baby twinzes has been 'posed on by jes sprinklin' little draps uv water on dyah hades. I done spoke my mine 'bout it mo' dan once, an' I ain't gwine never res' till I talks wid dat preacher 'bout it an' has jestic done."

"The twins are listening! Mammy," Isabella said, looking up from her book, "and you know once before when you said they ought to go down in the water we missed them, and after a long search they were found sitting in the bath tub with both faucets running."

"And you had just dressed them in

clean white frocks and new boots!" added Dolly.

"We ain't speakin' 'bout no bath tubs," replied Mammy, evasively, "we is talkin' 'bout de big seas like de one in sight of one down ole home."

"That was the Chesapeake Bay, Mammy," corrected Isabella.

"I don' kere what name yo' calls it by! It mout be dis, or it mout be dat, but I does know it wuz a 'mense ocean uv water, an' I allers b'lieved de very same dat parted 'sunder an' swallowed up Pharoah an' his mighty hos'. Yo' 'members dat hymn dat goes jes so:

'Ole Pharaoh's hos' got drowned!
Got drowned, got drowned!
In de Red Sea.
De Lord tol' Moses what to do,
He smote de rock an' de waters flew
In de Red Sea."

Mammy paused and when she opened her eyes and saw "Miss Car'line" she was reminded that she had wandered from the theme of contention. She cautiously returned to the subject.

"Yo' don' want to say yo' claims de whole uv nobody's chile, but if dese chillun ain't zackly mine da seems mighty nigh to it, an' I is allurs gwine keer fur um an' look out fur um jes as I has in de pas' fur Miss Car'line an' her antecedents. An' now heah Miss Car'line roabin' 'roun' like she can't ease her mine to go nowhere. No! Miss Car'line! dyah ain't nuthin' de matter wid me. If I did tell the milk man dis mornin' I wuz jes tolerable dat don' sisify dat I is sick, but howsomever dat may be, sick or well, I ken allurs take keer uv dese chillun, so yo' an' Miss Isabella go long to Boston, Miss Car'line! If yo' spects rain yo' ken wear yo' suckotashes an' when yo' gits dyah yo' ken take a haddock or some yuther conveyance right at de depot. We ain't gwine to argufy dis matter no mo! I gwine git de dinner ready now, an' after we done eatin' we gwine tell stories till yo' come back."

After they had started, Mammy busied herself getting the table ready.

"Da will git dyah dinner in de city," she soliloquized, "an' people tell me dat da has good things to eat in some uv them fuss class reservations in Boston, an' while da is feastin' we ain't gwine stinge ourselves nuther. I ain't got no live chicken to fry but I gwine open a can an' try dat. De egg pone is gittin' brown, an' de rice is done puff up like a snow drif.

"It looks jes like it did when Aunt Judy used to cook it, an' dyah wan' nobody in Anne Randel County dat could beat her cookin'. I 'members jes like yistid'y when I wuz waitin' on de guests at de table, dat when I used to go out in de kitchen an' tell Aunt Judy how da praise de cookin', she 'low like she allurs did, dat her Mammy wuz cook fur King George an' what mo' could da 'spect but dat she wuz 'bliéged to be a firs' class cook.

"Dat is de truth, an' I 'spects de reason why I is another sich cook is, dat I is a legal 'cendant uv Aunt Judy."

Mammy had placed the last dish on the table, but her thoughts were wandering far away, and her eyes saw only the things that had been.

"Sometimes when I am thinkin'," she went on, "it comes to me dat Aunt Judy mout uv got mixed up in her own mine an' dyah wan' no real human man like King George, but jes' Queen Victory. Miss Car'line don' 'pear to 'member nuthin', but if my ole miss wuz heah she could soon straighten things out. Howsomever —"

Mammy was interrupted from her reverie by a chorus of voices clamorous for dinner.

"De dinner is all repaired an' ready," she said, "yo' all set right down an' I gwine wait on yo' jes de same as if yo' wuz yo' father an' yo' mother."

She helped them bountifully, and put a little frosted cake beside each plate.

"Now 'fore yo' begins yo' muss say grace," Mammy spoke reverently, "every one uv yo' ken take a turn, an' we ain't got to hurry an' cut it off like yo' father does; we ken say de whole dat is in our mines. We ain't haltin' betwixt two 'pinions, we

knows what de Lord has done fur us an' we gwine thank Him fur it. Bow yo' hades down lowly an' Dolly ken begin."

It never occurred to these children to question Mammy's suggestions, and Dolly solemnly repeated her father's usual formula, then hesitated, but receiving an approving nod from Mammy she extended her blessing to her neighbors individually, until she had included the whole community. She then went successfully through the church creed, and began the Ten Commandments, but soon she began to struggle with the waters under the earth and hopelessly whispered to Essie. This little sister bravely came to the rescue, and after Essie had rehearsed her own daily prayers, she concluded with "Now I lay me down to sleep." When she added Amen, there was no response except from Dolly, and looking up they saw that Mammy was fast asleep, and that the twins, whose hunger had overcome their patience, had quietly not only eaten their own dinner, but had trespassed on their sisters', and also had nibbled the frosting from their cakes.

This act of misdemeanor during the hour of solemn devotion caused the indignant Dolly and Essie to give utterance to expressions of severe censure, which plunged the twins in grief and aroused Mammy.

"What yo' makin' all dis fuss 'bout?" she exclaimed. "It don' make no special difference if de twinzes is done 'sposed uv all dyah dinner! dyah is plenty mo'! an' frosted cakes too; I 'clare I does feel scandalized to have yo' call names an' 'spute wid one anothers like dis, an' if yo' don' beg pardons an' forgive an' forgit I done pass my word dat I ain't gwine tell yo' dat story 'bout down ole home."

The prospect of a story from down old home brought speedy reconciliation, and it was not long before they were all in the nursery seated around Mammy with eager expectations.

"What are you going to tell us about, Mammy?" asked Dolly, "possum hunting or harvest day or ghosts?"

"Ghosts! ghosts! ghosts!" the children cried.

"I ain't done settled down on nuthin' yit," Mammy answered, "'sides dat yo' ma ain't home an' she don' 'low me to tell yo' dem scary stories."

"But we will not be afraid," pleaded Essie, "because you said there were no ghosts up North!"

"Dat's so, da ain't got no place up heah to stay in, da likes to hide da selves in dem caves dat de pirates made under de cliffs close to de water, an' hine de panels dat is in de walls uv de ole houses, an' on dem little stairs dat winds up in de darkness."

"The secret stairway, Mammy? the kind that mother has told us of?" asked Dolly.

"Dat's it, jes de same. I wuz raised up wid all dem things, an' when we wuz little we used to play on de stairs an' git skeered, yo' jes have to tech a certain place in de board an' de dc' would fly open an' yo' could see all dem steps goin' up in a roun' place. Couldn't nobody stan' up, but yo' would have to go all de way on yo' han's an' feet, climbin' way up to de garret, den come down backwards. Dese wuz built to guard against King George an' de Ingins. Dyah wuz slidin' panels in de walls too. We wuz allurs 'fraid to climb in dem, kaze ole Miss used to tell how in de fuss war her gran' uncle got inside 'hine de panel to hide frum de redcoats, an' de solgers stayed so long searchin' fur him dat when da had gone an' da slid de panel to let him out, he wuz done smothered to death an' wuz stone dade."

"I 'memrered dis when jurin' our las' war, Mars John run de blockade an' comed home. He had jes got dyah when de house wuz surrounded by solgers. We wuz almos' skeered to death kaze we thought da would capsize him sure nuf. I run to ole Miss an' say:

"'Fur de Lord's sake don' let Mars John git in de wall!' an' she answer, 'No, he ken hide on de stairs.'"

"Den she tell me to keep guard. When de captain walk in bole like

an' ax, 'Whah is yo' marster?' I ac bole too, an' say, 'I is free, I don' know nuthin' 'bout no marster.'

"When da done search an' go out, I stole to de do' an' ax easy, 'Mars John, is yo' dade?' an' he whisper, 'No, I is all right; don' yo' speak,'"

"Did he get out again, Mammy?" asked Dolly, anxiously.

"Certny, but ole Marster wuz mighty skeered 'bout havin' him come home kaze if de solgers come agin an' katch him da would 'stend de blame to ole Marster an' confisted de plantation an' everything on it, so ole Marster sade, hard as it were, an' he de onliest son he had, he couldn't risk him nary night, an' so Mars John had to steal 'way in de mid hour uv de night wid Uncle Jake, who had two horses ready, tied in de woods.

"Uncle Jake tole all we afterwards dat da run de blockade an' he rowed Mars John safe to de yuther side, an' when he got back to de stable it were yit a hour 'fore daylight an' he done ride so fas', dat dem horses wuz jes as wet as if da had pulled de boat 'cross de river daselves."

"Was he killed in the war, Mammy?" asked Essie.

"Mars John! no indeed! He is yit a livin' down ole home 'monst his own chillun an' yuther intermittent frens. De las' time I seed him his hair wan' as white as mine is."

"I wonder, Mammy," Dolly said, "that you were not frightened all the time with both war and ghosts."

"We wuz dat!" Mammy positively asserted; "but twixt de two de ghos'es wuz de wus, and dat's de story I is comin' to.

"One night in dem ole time days all de family, scusin' de two younges', wuz invited to a great grandacious weddin'. Miss Lizabeth an' Miss Virginia wuz jes in dyah teens, an' had on short frocks, so da had to stay home. Didn't none uv de servants sleep in de manor house but me an' Tilly, but ole Miss plan to have Sally Ann stay too dis time, kaze people didn't live in one another's yards down dyah like da does heah; dyah wan'

nobody nigher dan de colored peoples' quarters, which wuz far off as yo' could see. Ole Miss knowed dat me an' Tilly wuz scary an' dat Sally Ann wan' 'feard uv nuthin'. Da had to go mos' twenty miles to git dyah, an' da wouldn't git back till pas' de midnight hour. But de young ladies wouldn't 'gree to Sally Ann stayin'. Da wanted her to go 'long wid um to fix um all right when da got dyah, kaze she wuz a mighty tasty waitin' maid. Ole Miss give in an' da all dressed up in white silks an' velvich an' royal garments, an' when da started de sun had gone down 'hine de firmament.

"Den Aunt Judy hurry up de supper, an' Milly an' Crissy locked up de house an' tol' all we to go to bed now an' have a good res'. Den da go off to de quarter.

"Miss Virginia sade, 'We ain't 'fraid uv nuthin', but we better take suthin' upstairs to use in case uv 'mergency.'

"So we went out in de big hall where de fox tails an' huntin' jackets an' shot bags an' guns an' yuther things wuz hangin' on de wall.

"Is yo' gwine to take Mars John's gun?' I ax.

"Oh, no indeed! Miss Lizabeth answer. 'We ain't gwine take no kine uv weapons; but jes one horn an' de big bell.'

"We sot um down on de table upstairs; an' when me an' Tilly done undress Miss Virginia an' Miss Lizabeth, an' tuck um in bed, we fotched our pallet an' spread it on de flo' an' lay down an' all went to sleep.

"Me an' Tilly didn't know nuthin' mo' till we feel suthin' pullin' an' shakin' us, an' Miss Virginia whisper loud, 'Git up! git up!' We try to wake, an' den she shake agin an' call: "We hyah curious noises an' don' know what da is.'

"Den we jump up mos' scared out uv our senses. 'What is it?' we ax.

"I don' know,' she answer. 'I don' think it is hin de panels nor on de narrer stairs. It sounds like it mout be in de gable en' uv de house.'

"We all listened wid our teeth



DOORWAY OF THE SALEM CLUB

chatterin' out uv our hades. Sure 'nough dyah it went. Bing, bang! rickety ring, bang! bang!

"'I has been hearin' it a long time,' Miss Virginia sade, 'an' now we is all 'wake we mus' wait a little while an' see if it don' stop.'

"Still it were a goin' an' seemed wosser dan ever. When de win' come sweepin' 'roun' de house it 'peared like it moaned an' groaned jes like it were comin' to a funeral."

The twins drew closer to Mammy, and Dolly's and Essie's eyes grew large as Mammy went on.

"Tilly, she wuz hearin' her han's an' cry, 'Oh! Miss Lizabeth, what we gwine do?' Miss Lizabeth shake her hade an' answer easy, 'Wait little longer.'

"Den Tilly roll her hade up in de blanket so she can' heah nuthin', an' I crawl under de bed an' cry too, kaze de house wuz 'ginnin' to shake jes like de tempes' in yo' soul when yo' is seekin' 'ligion.

"When she seed sich tumulcious goin's on, Miss Virginia sade we better blow de horn an' ring de bell fur some uv de people at de quarter to come.

"Da leaned out de winders an' Miss Virginia blow'd de horn an' Miss Lizabeth ring de bell, an' me an' Tilly hol' on to um behin', kaze we wuz too skeered to move. Way up yonder in de sky de full moon sail 'long in de firmament an' hide herself 'hin' de angry lookin' clouds. Den she peep out agin jes like she know'd suthin' wrong wuz goin' on, an' bime by she light up de whole plantation an' shine down like day on de orchard; an' way down de hill cross de meader to de fores' where de peoples' cabins was. We could see de fires burnin' outside de do's all long dyah, an' suthin' seemed to move while we watched. De moon, she slipped under de cloud agin. In dat darkness everything wuz silent. All de fowls an' yuther beas'es done gone in a trance, even de pack uv hounds don raise a howl.

"Miss Virginia stop blowin' de

horn an' say, 'I ken see de torches movin', somebody mus' be comin'.'

"Me and Tilly fall down on our knees an' thank de Lord. Presently Miss Virginia tell all we da is mos' heah an' soon we heah um talkin' an' look out an' see all dem torches blazin' under de winder.

"'What's de matter up dyah?' Aunt Judy call. 'Is somebody bin took sudden sick?'

"No,' Miss Lizabeth answer, 'but we is all frightened, we heah sich strange noises, an' it don' stop. We ken heah it now.'

"Sure 'nough dyah it were continuin' to go like nuthin' wan' never gwine stop it.

"'Dat ain't nuthin' oncommon,' ole Aunt Polly say, 'yo' ken heah curious noises any time when yo' gran'father takes it in his hade to riz up, kaze he wuz allers a fussy man when he wuz livin', an' when yo' heah him yo' may be sure dat suthin' done gone wrong somewhere.'

"'Is gran'mammy an' Uncle Jerry down dyah?' Miss Virginia ax.

"'Yes, honey, we is bof heah. We ain't gwine let nuthin' hurt yo'. We is comin' in to stay till de res' come home.'

"Jes den we heah kerrige wheels rollin' 'long de gravel circle an' stop an' let down de kerrige steps. Soon de door knocker soun' loud! Miss Virginia an' Miss Lizabeth clap dyah han's an' say, 'Da is come! da is come!' and da run downstairs.

"I try to keep um back but da wouldn't listen."

"Did they find out what the noise was, Mammy?" timidly inquired little Essie.

"No, da didn't. But da did search 'roun', an' Mars John say it were de big mirrow hangin' on de wall in de guest chamber dat de win' keep blowin' backwards an' forwards. Ole Miss an' de res' jine in an' laugh too, like da all b'lieve it were so, but me an' Tilly knowd better."

THE GUARDIAN*

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER X

WHERE THE STARS JUDGE

NAT was helpless. In a sad little pile she squatted at his feet, moaning and shrinking away from him. He felt responsible for her unhappiness, though he couldn't, for the life of him, tell how. He stared blankly at the gathering clouds, but they offered no solution. He looked down at her again, but, from the silky hair at her temples to her shy boots, she was a mystery — a deep, unfathomable, lovable mystery. He concluded that she was tired. He blamed himself for that too. He shouldn't have let her come. But she had wanted to come. He slowly shook his head.

The gray of the sky line had deepened to black. Already a few dark masses had detached themselves and were sweeping higher, where, caught by the sun, they were transformed into big white balls, like corn which has popped. The brisk breeze which always blew over the summit was stiffening. It looked probable that they might get caught in a shower. He glanced down to see if she had stopped crying.

She had raised her head and was staring, as though in fright, at the deepening gloom in the east. The on-creeping rim of black dazed her. It was as though she were witnessing some great tragedy. Tired and excited as she was, the storm took on tremendous significance. It was as though she were standing by 'Gene's side on shipboard, helpless to make him see or hear that she was there in his hour of peril. She covered her face from the sight, and, trying hard to control her sobbing, gulped spasmodically.

The clouds continued to gather. They appeared almost miraculously, as though born in the blue itself. They swept up from two points of the compass in great rolling puffs like smoke from cannon. From a distance, sounding as if from a thousand miles away, a muffled, rolling roar tumbled to their ears.

Nat stirred about uneasily. He would know what to do with a dog or a horse, or even a man, but such experience didn't help him any in the present emergency. He couldn't pat her head, though in that way he had steadied many a colt and pup through moments of panic; he couldn't even rest his hand upon her shoulder, though this had been enough to calm many a drink-crazed woodman. She shrank away from him every time he moved. Staring at the black storm squadrons now maneuvering for battle, he finally spoke.

"Julie."

She did not answer.

"Julie, we must get out of here."

"Why didn't you hurry? Why didn't you hurry? Why didn't you get up here before the clouds came?" she moaned.

He faced the wind, which was fast increasing to a hurricane, and his mouth hardened.

"There's a cave down below," he answered. "We'll have to reach it before the storm strikes."

She made no reply, but rocked back and forth. The sight went to his heart.

"Come," he said.

"Go away," she answered.

He hesitated a second, and then, stooping lightly, touched her shoulder. She shrank back from him, and though the act was like a blow across his face, he repeated his command:

"Come."

"Don't touch me! Don't come anywhere near me!" she cried.

"Come," he said for the third time.

She held her breath in a final effort to contain herself. Then, to her surprise and indignation, he stooped and lifted her into his arms. Losing all control she struck at his face. He never even drew back his head, but accepting the patter of blows as he would the preliminary sprinkling of a shower, started down the crest. She tried to squirm free, but his arms held her without effort. They tightened about her firmly but gently, so firmly and gently that she soon ceased her struggling. It seemed as foolish to protest against that hold as against fate. Indeed after the first shock she didn't feel so much that she was in his arms as in the power of some outside impersonal force. It wasn't necessary even to hold on. She was being moved without either physical or mental effort on her part. Dazed and exhausted, she relaxed completely, and closing her eyes allowed her head to drop to his shoulder. She fell into a sort of dreamy swoon, conscious of nothing except a sense of welcome relief from all further personal responsibility in the matter.

When Nat stopped, Julie opened her eyes. He lowered her to the ground before a heavy clump of bushes growing on a sharp incline. He left her there and striking a match disappeared into the clump. As she lost sight of his broad shoulders, she sat up. Pride alone prevented her from calling him back. She felt deserted. The black sky overhead and the deep shades among the pines terrified her. She fell upon her hands and knees and started to crawl, though the pain in her ankle was now acute. She was about to shriek his name when he appeared again.

"You oughter stayed where I left ye," he said.

The distant rumbling, which had been coming nearer and nearer, now broke over their heads in a terrific crash.

"I — I — couldn't," she trembled, "I was frightened."

"Nothin' to be skeered of," he answered. "Thar's a cave in there, dry and warm."

He stooped to lift her again, and this time she did not shrink away.

He bore her into the cave. It was pitch dark.

"Now," he said, "just sit here quiet-like till I get some wood for a fire."

"You're going to leave me alone?"

"Long nuff to get some dry wood afore it rains," he answered.

He went out, and for a few seconds she heard him stumbling over the rocks. Then she heard no more of him. She had never felt so absolutely alone. Now and then a flash of lightning illuminated with lurid green the cave mouth. Then followed a silence as of the grave; then a dull muffled boom upon boom, which left her quaking and stifled. Her acute personal fear drove out all thought of the mock danger she had conjured up for 'Gene. This was not so peculiar, because that had been only an hysterical nightmare bred of the moment, but it was odd that now, in time of her own need, she herself did not turn to 'Gene. He was as remote as though he did not exist. The situation was one which Nat alone seemed made to handle. His steady eyes, his grim serious mouth, his big back and arms were designed to cope with the wind, the thunder, and the dark. He was akin to the elements. He reminded her of a hundred-year-old pine.

So she lay flat on her back, with her attention centered upon catching the first sound of his returning footsteps. Not another thing occupied her thoughts. She feared no physical harm. She did not need him to shield her from the storm, but from an overpowering sense of isolation — as though they two were alone in this vast world. She gave herself up to every passing humor. She grew almost primitive; she was just a woman waiting in this cave mouth for the companionship of her man. In this

mood no man could so well answer that need as Nat. Whatever the passion was which had swayed her on the mountain top it had now vanished utterly. She did not even recall it. She heard a rattle of loose stones and sat up. Nat staggered to the opening with one arm piled high with wood. He carried also the lunch pail filled with water. He had been all the way back to the spring to get this. She greeted him with a glad cry.

"All safe?" he asked.

She fell back without answering. Yes, she was all safe now. She watched him as he piled up his wood in a farther corner of the cave, where a narrow aperture to the surface, made by a rift in the rocks, formed a natural chimney. He started out once more.

"You aren't going — again?" she exclaimed.

"I left some more wood out here," he answered.

He was back in a minute, and she watched him kindle the blaze. The suction of the wind overhead made a draft which carried off the smoke. The flames flooded the cave with mellow light and instantly drove the storm a hundred miles away.

He worked in silence. She watched every motion with as much interest as though she had never before seen him.

With the light and the warmth her nerves steadied down and her thoughts became calmer. Except for the throbbing pain in her ankle she was now languidly at ease. For the first time in a month she relaxed completely. This was made possible as it had been when she was in Nat's arms, by the realization that she was in the grip of a fate beyond her control. Only this time it was a gentle fate. The situation appealed to her love for adventure, and the setting, to her craving for the romantic. Her tired body brought a delicious drowsiness that numbed her brain and left her still more a creature of sentiment. She was a cave woman, and this big-bodied companion some cave man.

Nat worked over his fire until it was

burning to suit him. Then crossing two heavy sticks above the flames, he hung his water pail from the center and threw in a handful of coffee. This done, he turned back to Julie.

"Hungry?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"You ought to eat something just the same. When the coffee's don, we'll have dinner."

"All right," she answered meekly.

"Ankle hurt?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"You ought to put hot water on it. Soon's we've had our coffee I'll heat some."

She flushed.

"I'll wait till I get home," she answered.

"You can't wait," he answered.

"It ought to be soaked and then tied up."

She knew in the end that he would probably make her do this, but she drew her feet farther under her skirts. He returned to the fire and stirred the coffee with a stick. He went about getting ready this meal as naturally as though this were his home. He made the ordinary accessories of civilization seem superfluous. He stripped life down to a simple standard that just now appealed strongly to Julie. She had never thought it possible that she should like him as she did at this moment.

When the coffee was boiling he brought the bread and butter, the hard-boiled eggs, the pie and doughnuts to her side, and arranged them within easy reach. He removed the pail, threw some more wood on the fire, and squatted near her.

"Now," he said, "eat as much as you can."

The thunder was still rumbling, but the heart of the storm had passed over the mountain and was now raging above the valley. Up here a steady downpour had taken its place.

"I don't feel at all hungry, Nat," she protested.

However, just to please him, she nibbled at the bread. But she really enjoyed the coffee, bitter and un-

sweetened as it was, for it both warmed and stimulated her.

"You're tired?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, very tired."

"I'm sorry. I guess I hadn't ought to let you come."

She laughed a little at that.

"No," she agreed, "you shouldn't have."

A twinge of pain in her ankle made her fall back with a gasp and brought him to his feet.

"We'll have to care for that foot now," he said. "I'll go down to the spring and get some more water."

He seized the pail and disappeared once more into the storm.

CHAPTER XI

THE CAVE WOMAN

AS soon as he had left, Julie crouched for warmth and comfort as close to the light and heat of the flames as possible. It made a big difference whether or not he was here with her. But the knowledge that he would soon be back again calmed her fears. In the waiting itself she found a certain excitement which sharpened the illusion that she was living in some by-gone day when men and women stood stark in their relations one to another. She felt as primitive as any of the roving things wandering among the trees here on the mountain top. In this particular situation the rest of the world seemed to play no part whatever. The episode was isolated from all the rest of her life. It was now just he and she, and it was he who was responsible for this. He looked so big and self-confident by and in himself alone that it seemed possible for them to live on here indefinitely. He would hunt and fish for her, bring her water and make her warm with fire, and lead her among the pleasant places in the sun-lighted forest. It gave her a sense of delightful vagabondage, and in the intensity of this gypsy emotion she lost herself completely.

Her hair had fallen about her face,

and now she quite calmly took it down. It was heavy and black and reached below her knees. Instead of putting it up again she braided it in a single full braid. Then she stretched herself out languidly, but with ears alert to catch the first sound of his return. Nat seemed like a new man to her up here, where his fearlessness and his physical strength became his most dominant characteristics. He had never before shown her the positive side of his nature. She had known him merely as a shy good-natured fellow, who in his attentions to her had brought forth nothing but the commonplace. Now for the first time she saw him as he really was, big and primitive as a savage. She thrilled with the power of him. She felt that it was impossible to fear anything with him near, either wind or dark or wild beasts or spirits. Most significant of all, he relieved her of all responsibility to herself. She had no need of remaining on guard.

With her eyes half closed she pictured him fighting his way down the rugged slopes to the spring; saw him stoop and fill his pail and then scramble up the heights again. She saw his broad back and the ease with which he handled himself — details she had never noticed before. But those things now counted to her as a cave woman.

The rattling of stones at the cave entrance made Julie sit up with a glad leap of her heart. Then she heard a low snorting grunt and saw a fat furry body press through the opening, followed by a second and larger form. For a moment they seemed like apparitions, but in a second she recognized them as a big black bear and cub. Attracted by the heat and the scent of food, they too had sought shelter here. She crouched as far back as possible, with her eyes glued upon them, hardly daring to breathe.

The cub continued towards the flames, but the mother stopped to sniff and blink through tiny black eyes at the other presence here. Then, with a low growl, she ambled on towards the food which had been left in the frying-

pan on the ground. Slow and clumsy though she was, she revealed power in every lumbering movement. With a quick blow of one of her forefeet she sent the pan spinning across the cave and summoned her cub to share in the scattered contents. So for a moment they busied themselves, shying away from the fire.

Julie watched them. She knew that the slightest sound would attract the brute in her direction, and that, cornered, the bear wouldn't hesitate to attack. A single blow of one of those forefeet with their two-inch claws would be fatal. The girl found herself repeating Nat's name over and over again in a sort of prayer.

In a moment or two he came, as she knew he would.

He crowded into the cave before she could shout a warning. At sight of the bear he gave a startled cry.

"Julie."

"Nat," she answered.

Darting to the right to escape the growling attack, he first made his way to her side. He seized her in his arms.

"Are you hurt?" he choked.

In the deep agony of that cry she learned how much her man he was in very truth. She learned how much her man he was, and the revelation, even in this moment of danger, smothered her.

"I — I'm not hurt," she gasped.

The bear, still growling, faced the two uncertainly. Pressing the girl to his side, Nat waited a second, made delirious by the warmth of her young body against him.

Then in a flash he snatched from the fire a burning log as thick as his arm and rushed forward. Thrusting the hot coals in the brute's eyes, he forced her back, and as she began to retreat rained blow after blow over her head. Roaring with rage, the cub whining at her heels, the bear backed to the farther end of the cave. Doubtless she would have gone out had it not been for the cub, who at this moment stumbled off to one side. The mother followed her young, and then turning suddenly charged and snapped at

Nat's leg. He escaped by the fraction of an inch, but in keeping himself in front of the girl he dropped his weapon.

Julie, who had remained spellbound by the contest, uttered a cry of horror at this. Then, as though a new spirit had been born in her, she seized another burning stick from the fire and made her way to Nat. He swung her to one side just in time to save her from a return rush.

"Back," he cried, "stay back!"

But she had thrust the stick into his hand, and with it he bullied the bear once more to the cave entrance. Then he dropped his stick and, grabbing the cub almost from beneath the mother's nose, lifted it high and threw it bodily out of the cave. He paid for his rashness with a sharp clawing blow upon the leg, but that didn't matter, for the bear instantly turned her attention to the whining cub and ambled out.

Through the smoke that filled the cave the girl limped forward to Nat's side again. Quite unconsciously he placed his arm about her to steady her.

"You didn't get hurt?" he asked anxiously.

"No. But your leg — see, it's bleeding."

He glanced down at a long blood-soaked rent in his trousers.

"That's so," he answered, and then dismissed the incident from his mind. What did the matter of a torn leg count to him in the face of the fact that she was safe and here by his side?

He drew her to the cave mouth, where the air was fresher. They were both half blinded by the smoke.

"I shouldn't have left ye alone, Julie," he apologized.

"You didn't," she answered quite simply. "I knew all the while that you were close by."

The rain was now falling with a rhythmic steadiness that promised to continue through the night. It was already fast growing dark, and yet these facts, which ordinarily would have disturbed them, apparently escaped their notice. As far as Julie was concerned this whole affair was still too unreal to be judged sanely. This man had

just fought for her life against a forest creature and had conquered. Shoulder to shoulder by his side, she stared out at the dark with him and was content. As for him, he knew only that she had clung to him and that when he had taken her in his arms she had not resisted. He knew that here this second she was close to him, and that because of what he had done she thought well of him.

When the cave had cleared of smoke, he rekindled the fire and turned his attention to his leg. It was a deeper cut than he had thought, but he bound it up without letting her see it, and then started to heat the water with which she was to bathe her ankle. When it was hot, he bade her use it as warm as she could stand it.

She obeyed, and the heat instantly brought the blood to the skin. The ankle, however, was really badly swollen. When she came to bandage it with the strips he had cut from the lining of his coat, she found the task impossible.

"I can't do it, Nat," she said weakly. "All right," he answered, "I'll do it."

He had been sitting back to her at the cave mouth and now came to her side. She thrust out her ankle, and he knelt and bound it as tightly as he could. He handled it as gently as a surgeon.

She fell back after this to rest, every muscle in her body drowsy with fatigue. For a moment he studied her and then said with determination:

"Julie, either we must start now or wait till mornin'."

"Then," she answered sleepily, "I guess we'll have to wait."

He made no comment, but at once went out and began to gather firewood for the night, breaking over his knee sticks as big as his arm as easily as though they were twigs. After this he gathered a half-dozen armfuls of springy boughs which he piled up in one corner close to the fire.

"What are those for, Nat?" she asked drowsily.

"A bed for you," he answered.

It was long after dark before he finished his labors, and then he insisted that she lie down at once and go to sleep.

"I believe I can sleep," she answered.

He assisted her to the fragrant couch, and she found it very comfortable. The heat from the fire struck the length of her tired body and enveloped her as in a blanket. He wanted to throw his coat over her shoulders, but she would not allow this.

"You must get some rest yourself," she said solicitously.

"Don't worry 'bout me," he said as he squatted the other side of the fire.

"You must get yourself some boughs and lie down," she insisted sleepily. "You must lie down. You must—"

But her eyes had already closed. He smiled, and settled back comfortably where he could watch her.

She woke up several times during the night when he was obliged to fix the fire. But each time it was only for a minute. Generally she just smiled at him, stirred into a more comfortable position, and closing her eyes fell asleep once more. Towards morning it grew colder. He piled on more wood, and removing his coat, gently laid it over her shoulders. The cave was fairly warm, but when he did feel a bit chilly he roused himself and paced back and forth with a remarkably soft tread for so heavy a man.

That was a wonderful night to him. With his long arms crossed over his knees, he watched her face and dreamed big dreams. When the first streak of day drew back the dark curtain from over the cave mouth, he went out, and pressing aside the bushes saw that the sky was clear. He listened there for the morning songs of the birds, and when they came, at first sleepily and then with a brisk chirp that awoke the whole world, his heart was filled to overflowing. He took his pail and went down to the spring for fresh water, moving through a woodland paradise. When he came back he found that she had limped outside and was waiting for him under the trees. She had just finished rearranging her

hair and was coiling the last black strand about her head.

"Good morning, guardian," she greeted him.

"Mornin', Julie," he answered out of his full heart.

"Nat," she exclaimed, "for a maiden in distress I slept disgracefully well."

"I'm glad."

"And how did you sleep? Every time I woke up I saw you bending over the fire."

"'Cause you woke up every time I fixed the fire," he explained.

She studied his fresh face, rosy from the sting of the spring water.

"You *look* rested," she said.

"I am," he answered, "rested all over."

"And now what are you going to do?"

"Get breakfast."

"And then?"

He drew a deep breath.

"Take you back," he answered.

She looked puzzled.

"I'd forgotten all about going back," she said.

"We've got to get back before the folks miss ye or —"

"Well?" she hesitated.

Then her face grew scarlet.

"The folks," she said, half to herself, as though she just remembered them.

Who were the folks! There were the Millers, there were her mother and father, and there was — 'Gene. She caught her breath. The stark morning sky forced her thoughts along a straight line with brutal insistence. There was 'Gene. She stared at Nat as though he were an apparition. There was 'Gene. She rose to her feet. Nat took a step towards her, but she drew back. She passed her hand over her forehead and eyes. There was 'Gene.

"Nat," she said, "I guess I won't have any breakfast. We must get back. Why — we must get back right off."

She sank to the rock upon which she had been sitting while combing her hair.

This was just such another morning

as that on which she had risen at dawn and gone down the road to bid her lover Godspeed. She had stood by his side, and he had taken her in his arms — on just such a morning as this. She had pledged her troth to him and promised to wait for him, and so he had gone on his adventurous journey with a cheerful heart. He was just such a man as this other, only — he was 'Gene. He was not Nat, he was 'Gene.

She covered her face in confusion. How did it happen that she was here? How did it happen that for a moment she had forgotten him? In shame and contrition she pressed her hands against her hot cheeks.

"You don't know how I hate to take ye back, Julie," Nat was saying. "Somehow it seems as though you belonged up here. Seems as though we both belonged up here."

She lifted her head and faced this other man. He had made her forget. Her mouth grew hard.

"We will start at once," she said.

"I don't suppose there's anything else to do," he admitted reluctantly.

He gathered his things together and then approached her as though meaning to carry her. But she drew back quickly and started off ahead of him. Though the swelling had subsided, her ankle was still sore and lame. She found it impossible to rest her weight upon it, and though indignant at the necessity was forced finally to ask him for help.

"Ye'll let me carry you?" he asked eagerly.

"Certainly not," she exclaimed.

"That would be easiest."

"Let me take hold of your arm. That — that's all I want."

He extended his arm, and she placed her own through it. In this way they stumbled on for perhaps ten minutes. Then again she stopped. She was almost in tears.

"Oh, it hurts. It hurts dreadfully," she moaned.

"Why won't you let me carry you?" he asked gently.

She did not answer. She hid her face again. She would be too com-

fortable in those strong arms. She deserved the pain. For 'Gene's sake she must endure it. This was a just penance. But when she rose again to continue, her ankle crumpled up beneath her and she fell prone. Without a word he bent over her and picked her up. He adjusted her in the hollow of his left arm as he might a child. For a moment or so she protested weakly, but he gave no heed and strode on. At the end of a half hour he put her down in a bed of moss and rested. Neither of them spoke. Then he picked her up again. In this way they went on in silence along the side of the brook to the old wood road, along this to the highway, and so to the foot of Hio Hill and up to the little red schoolhouse.

It was here that she awakened again as though from a spell. In a panic she suddenly squirmed free of his arms. Once on the ground she turned upon him like a little fury.

"Go home!" she cried. "I don't need you any more!"

He watched her for a moment, trying to fathom this new turn. The best solution he could give was that she was tired. Women acted queer when they were tired.

"So," he said gently. "Jus' ye sit down an' rest a jiffy. It won't take us five minutes to climb the hill."

She trembled in the grip of her passion. She would die of shame if she were forced to pass the place where she and 'Gene had stood — in this man's arms.

"Go," she choked.

He placed his hand on her shoulder.

"Steady, steady," he warned.

She shrank back from him. She sank down on the grass.

"Oh," she moaned through her teeth, "how I hate you!"

"Hate me?" he gasped.

"Hate you! Hate you! Go away and leave me," she stormed.

It was so she had spoken on the mountain top. It didn't worry him so much this time as it had at first. He waited until she should recover herself. Sitting on a rock a little way

from where she lay sobbing, he passed his hand again and again over his hot red forehead.

He himself was beginning now to feel the strain of the last twenty-four hours. For the first time in his life he was conscious of physical fatigue. His left arm was almost numb and his wounded leg throbbed with pain. As the sobbing died down, he rose stiffly.

"Ye mustn't lie thar," he said.

"Come. We'll soon be back."

"Aren't you going?" she demanded.

"No," he answered steadily. "Not till I get ye back."

She sat up.

"Nat," she exclaimed, "if you don't leave me this minute, I — I'll never speak to you again."

For a moment he looked worried. Then he answered, "I can't help it, Julie."

"Then you aren't going?"

"No."

She staggered to her feet.

"Don't you understand that I want you to go?"

"Yes," he said without moving.

"And you won't?"

"Not till I get ye back home."

Her lips were white.

"If I was a man, I'd hit you," she raged.

"Yes, Julie."

"I'd hit you as hard as I could."

"You can do it now if it'll help ye any," he answered.

She staggered forward. He picked her up again with a quick movement which took her off her guard. She struck at his face and neck while he went on with her. As they passed the place where she had stood with 'Gene, she crowded both hands over her eyes with a dry sob. He went on to the very door of the Miller house with her. They met no one. Even the Millers were out of sight. He set her down on the doorstep.

She lifted her face as white as marble.

"Will you go now?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. "Now I'll go 'long."

CHAPTER XII

THE UNFATHOMABLE

NAT lived the rest of that day in a stupor. In the late afternoon he saw Deacon Miller drive out of his yard with Julie beside him and with her little leather trunk in behind. He watched anxiously to see if she would turn up to the house to say good by, but without even so much as a look behind she disappeared down the road towards St. Croix. That night Nat did all the chores without knowing very much what he was about. He went to bed immediately afterwards. But he didn't sleep. Not only was he tortured by the memory of those last five minutes when with hate in her eyes she had struggled to get free of him, but he was made restless by much more material pains. He ached from the crown of his sandy head to the tips of his big feet. He had something of a fever and coughed a good deal. In the morning a dull ache in his chest had developed into a cutting stab which made it difficult for him to breathe.

In spite of this he rose at his usual hour and limped around the barn until he had fed the stock and finished milking. Then without eating breakfast he shut himself up in his room again. He went over the whole trip, from the climb to her queer actions on the summit. Then the night in the cave. This made him almost forget his aches. She had been very good to him there. She had smiled at him and had trusted him and seemed glad that he was there. But some change had taken place while he had gone to the spring for water the next morning. He reviewed everything he had said or done, but this did not account for it. It must have been some clumsy thing he did unconsciously. Yesterday his thoughts had been so much centered on the one necessity of getting her back that he had not questioned her about this. At the time the cause of her attitude didn't matter. She was only

a tired child, and his duty lay solely in getting her home. Now it mattered a great deal. When he saw her drive away it had seemed to him that his whole future was at stake. He must know what it was he had done, and make her see that he had meant no harm. Harm to Julie? Why, the smallest finger on her little hand was dearer to him than his whole life. He paced his room in a frenzy of eager love for her. After that night when he had had the merest taste of what it meant to care for her, to guard and toil for her, he knew that so far as his own life went, it must always be towards this goal. All his hopes and ambitions centered in her. There was nothing else, could be nothing else, but Julie.

So for an hour the big fellow tried to fathom the unfathomable; so for an hour he pitted his simple, direct mind against that most complex of all mysteries—the whimsical passions of a very young woman. It might have been comedy had he not been so loyal and earnest. He was like some sober philosopher trying to range into laws the wayward moods of an April day. He was in a still more absurd position because, in his case, there was a second mystery of which he did not even suspect. He flung himself prone upon his bed. He heard his father's voice.

"Hain't ye goin' t' harrer that south field ter-day?"

He roused himself. This was Monday. He had forgotten the regular routine of his life. His daily work seemed a very trivial matter. He staggered to his feet, weak and dizzy.

"All right," he answered.

For three hours he followed his horse over the field, but his arms were as weak as a child's. He did nothing but stumble behind the well-trained team. It was as much as he could do to handle his feet. Every now and then he was seized by a chill which shook his whole frame. This was usually followed by a fever. The reins hung loose from his hands at these moments, and he stumbled over clods no larger than an apple.

At noon he made up his mind to



THOMAS DOLIBER

IN Mr. Thomas Doliber's decease the Mellin's Food Company of North America suffers the loss of its able chief and an associate respected, honored, and loved. His large-heartedness, gracious ways, and kindly deeds endeared him to all his friends and acquaintances, and his high character, comity, probity, and ability won him the place of esteem and confidence held by him throughout his business career. Mr. Doliber was the founder of the Mellin's Food business in North

America, and for nearly two score years devoted his time and energies to its conduct and successful promotion.

Mr. Doliber's early life was devoted to pharmacy. He was a member of the first class to graduate from the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, and always retained an interest in, and gave his best efforts to, his alma mater, serving many years on the Board of Trustees and as a trustee of trust funds. He was also a life member of the American Pharmaceutical Association.



drive to St. Croix and see the doctor. This would give him an opportunity to pass Julie's house. He might catch a glimpse of her; he might even stop and ask how she was. His brain was just giddy enough to make him act impulsively.

His mother protested and his father called him a blamed fool, when they saw his condition, but he didn't hear much of what they said. He held his mind to the one idea. He must see Julie

again. The more he dwelt upon this, the more urgent the necessity seemed. He harnessed the colt with feverish haste. His father offered to go with him, but he refused to allow it.

"I'm all right," he said over and over again.

His mother made him drink some hot tea and helped him into a heavy overcoat with her eyes brimming tears. Then he headed the horse towards St. Croix.

(To be continued)

THE ROAD CALLED STRAIGHT

THE Boston Elevated Railway spells safety, comfort, and rapid transit for Greater Boston. A congeries of independent roads in 1898, the consolidation into the "L" system brought order and coherence out of jarring interests, and began improvements and extensions for the benefit of Boston and its suburbs that by 1915 will have aggregated some \$115,000,000. These improvements include the subway system, the East Boston, Cambridge, and Washington Street tunnels, the Forest Hill and East Cambridge extension, and the splendid Charles River viaduct.

These and other improvements have been accompanied by the latest and most commodious types of cars and numberless minor things that add to public comfort. In fact, the keynote of the company's policy is courtesy in treatment, comfort in accommodation, safety and rapidity in transit, and honorable effort always to earn the good will of the public and com-

mand the appreciation of its patrons. The important fact—as the reports of the Boston Transit Commission illustrate—that the increase in patronage has far outrun the increase in population is proof that the policy has been sound and the public responsive.

The success of any great transportation enterprise is dependent on the character, skill, and physical fitness of its employees. The "L" road workers are selected with peculiar care; their health and habits are keenly scrutinized, since these are the bases of efficiency and safety; and to-day the road is proud of its army of well-dressed, well-trained, polite, efficient workers, loyal to its interests and attentive to its patrons; and the road has promoted this *esprit de corps* by organizing and financing beneficial agencies which provide for the days of sickness and stress.

Safety is a *sine qua non* to success in transportation. The "L" road utilizes the best engineering skill; the

latest and best safety devices are used; the strictest discipline is maintained, and the defects of the human equation are minimized by constant supervision and good work, stimulated by training and rewards of merit.

The future of rapid transit in Greater Boston is assured if the Boston Elevated Railway can count on the intelligent co-operation of the public with it, and a sympathetic understanding of their mutual responsibilities and in-

terests is cultivated. The prosperity of both will be helped by mutual good will, and while the company is naturally concerned in protecting its chartered rights from unwarranted invasion, it cordially welcomes helpful suggestions and constructive criticisms from its friends and patrons. Its sole aim is to deal openly with the public and serve it efficiently, effectively, and in a manner to earn its appreciation.

THE SQUARE DEAL

THIS is an age of emotionalism, hysteria, discontent, and grouch. When the American is hard up he is cheerful and hard-working; when he is prosperous he has a grievance,—shadowy, perhaps, but still a grievance; and when he is well off he believes he isn't well off. To-day when harvests are good and business is booming, the American is full of grouch and pessimism; every man without an auto and a country residence wants one; everybody who has one or both is called a malefactor and a public enemy; and every noisy demagogue in the land yells through a megaphone that the people are oppressed and plundered; and yet for an oppressed and plundered people we seem to be pretty well off.

The fact of the matter is we are growing to be envious of our neighbor, jealous of his good fortune and discontented with our own share of the good things of life. We quote the Declaration of Independence solemnly, which says, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal," etc., etc.; but we seldom stop to analyze that beautiful sentiment, which is a fine, glittering generality and the purest of poppycock. No two things in nature, men, beasts, plants,

or aught else, are created equal in talent, ability, or opportunity; and the measure of success which we achieve in later life will never be equal. The best we can expect, and this we have a right to demand, is that all men and all combinations of men will give every other man and combination a Square Deal. Those who regulate their conduct, frame their policy, and manage their business upon a basis of the Square Deal are entitled to the respect and honor of their fellows; and to misrepresent and vilify such is to write ourselves down as unfair and un-American.

The fact is the American liver is out of order; we need a blue pill and a restricted diet; we need to be normalized and brought down to brass tacks; and when the American does recover his old-time healthy condition he will look back upon this year of 1912 with considerable sheepishness.

To-day all wealth is denounced that is not in our name; all success is suspected except our own; manufacturers are called malefactors; bankers are termed boodlers; brokers are bandits; merchants are mean and malicious miscreants; commissionnaires are criminals; a bank account creates suspicion; clean linen is an offence; and only

orators and office-seekers are honest. We are certainly in a bad way; but we will probably get over it.

However, let us turn to a more cheerful subject; let us discuss a concern whose motto is "The Square Deal," which lives up to its motto year in and year out, and which has been denounced, vilified, and misrepresented because it refuses to budge from the Square Deal.

Let us talk about the United Shoe Machinery Company, which an impulsive public — the people and press egged on and misled by interested and none too scrupulous outsiders — has booted and belted for years.

The United Shoe Machinery Company of Beverly, Mass., is, as its name implies, a company engaged in the manufacture, lease, and sale of machinery used in the shoe industry, a peculiarly New England industry, prosperous, enterprising, and individualistic, which employs the best paid and most intelligent class of operatives in the country, and which, owing to the inflexible attitude and Square Deal policy of the United Shoe Machinery Company, continues to be carried on by a large number of independent manufacturers instead of a great Shoe Trust. Nearly every other industry in the country has by stress of fortune, power of circumstance, and ability to control supplies and markets, been driven into great combinations called Trusts; the little fellows have been gobbled up and driven to the wall; but the shoe industry still continues to be in the hands of a numerous class of active and independent manufacturers — some twelve hundred and odd concerns employing about two hundred thousand hands. There are rich and powerful shoe concerns that are eager and willing to drive out, or swallow up, the little chaps; but the United Shoe Machinery Company stands like a lion in the path and says firmly and decisively, "Not while I am in business. All manufacturers, big and little, look alike to me; no one's gain shall mean another one's loss, as far as I go. The United Shoe Machinery Company

stands for the Square Deal, the old American doctrine — fair play for all, special privileges for none.

Originally and before consolidation in 1899, the United Shoe Machinery Company consisted of the Goodyear Shoe Machinery Company, The Consolidated & McKay Lasting Machine Company, and the McKay Shoe Machinery Company, each was making its special and patented machines and other necessary and supplementary machines for manufacturing its own particular type of shoe; each had its mechanics to keep its leased machinery in condition and each was duplicating much of the service of the others. This lack of unity was expensive and wasteful and gave no relief to the shoe manufacturer; he was dealing with three concerns and wasting time; he was purchasing machines outright, employing machinists to keep them in order and tying up capital needed in his legitimate business; and he was worried by new inventions, expensive to experiment with and dangerous to be without.

The consolidation put the shoe machinery business into one central concern; the manufacture of inefficient machinery ceased; the employment of unnecessary mechanics was stopped; the maker of shoes found he did not have to do business with more than one company unless he wished to; he no longer had to concern himself with inventors and experimenters in new and untried machines; he was no longer compelled to sink his capital in machinery of doubtful value; he found he could rent on royalty and lease at reasonable terms all the equipment necessary for his business; he was spared the expensive breakdowns, cessation of work and hiring of mechanics which the old system imposed on him; and he knew that the new company, the United Shoe Machinery Company, was constantly at hand to keep his equipment in good running order and to save him a thousand annoying and expensive interruptions of his business. He found that every manufacturer, rich and poor, was on the same basis in the

consideration of the United Shoe Machinery Company; he found the poorest man paid no more for royalties and rentals and the materials that entered into the making of a shoe than the richest; he learned that the money hitherto sunk in machinery could be put into the shoe business; and that he had come to do business with an enterprise that was not a trust, but a concern which, respecting all men's rights, favored the special interests of none.

The organization of the United Shoe Machinery Company was a Declaration of Independence for the shoe industry; it meant that a man with skill, brains, and limited capital could enter the shoe business with an assurance of success; and that the brutal power or united millions and the strength of great combinations could not defeat him, if he had energy, honesty, resolution, and knowledge of his special work. The day of the Square Deal had come; and the shoe industry of America had been placed on a safe and sane foundation. It was a demonstration of the American idea, a free field and no favor, equal opportunity for the strong and the weak, a concrete application of the doctrines of the Declaration hitherto believed to be merely altruistic philosophy; not that all men are created equal, but that opportunity in the shoe business had for all men been made equal. In spite of opposition, persecution, misrepresentation, and the treachery of trusted ones, the idea has remained

and triumphed; the United Shoe Machinery Company has succeeded; the shoe industry is free; competition is unhampered; and the great majority of the shoe manufacturers of America are its most loyal friends. To-day its machines in the United States alone represent a sales value of \$40,000,000; it has a force of five hundred mechanics in this country whose entire time is spent in the factories of its lessees keeping their machinery in order; it turns out of its shops in Beverly some twenty-five thousand finished machines annually and some nineteen million parts of machines; it employs some five thousand workers and pays out \$75,000 every week; and it can say proudly it has the best paid, best cared for, best housed, best treated, most intelligent and highest skilled workers on the American continent. This is the fruit of the Square Deal. There are people who define a trust as something to distrust and who stigmatize every great corporation as a trust. Here is a corporation which has proved its right to live and flourish, a corporation which is trusted and has proved its right to be trusted, which is a monument to fair treatment, honest policy, and the Square Deal.

When the American people recover their normal poise, when they forget their imaginary troubles and psychological pessimism, they will lose no time in recognizing that the United Shoe Machinery Company and the Square Deal are synonymous terms.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A KICKER

By F. D. D.

THIS is the confession of a kicker who has been converted, who feels that his open confession is good for his soul and may be a poultice for the soul of some other kicker who has not yet been brought to the stool of repentance.

The privilege of kicking is dear to the American heart; to kick vigorously,

variously, valorously, early and often is a right guaranteed by the Constitution and endorsed by the common law; and as a rule the kicker kicks the wrong person and the wrong thing. Kicking—with the tongue, not the toe—has become an American institution; we kick corporations, politicians, umpires, weather depart-

ments, laws, rules, regulations, national institutions, and the political parties and principles we do not subscribe to; and the less we know about a thing the more joyously we kick it. If our watch runs down we do not kick ourselves; we kick the watch, we kick the jeweler who sold it, and the company that made it; but it never occurs to us to wind up the watch and ring ourselves off. If our train is late we call the railroad corporation inefficient and lazy; if we are late for the train we use language unfit to print about a railroad that won't wait for its patrons. If the furnace goes wrong we kick the furnace maker, the quality of the coal, and the morals of the Coal Trust. The kicker is always right, always infallible; but he forgets to fix the furnace.

This cap may not fit you; but it used to fit me until my head shrunk and I reformed. The fact is we are a fine, splendid, parlous, passionate, short-tempered people, who leap before we look, and talk before we think; we have more pepper than salt in our blood; we are a nation of kickers much given to spouting and shouting, damning and denouncing; yet our bark is worse than our bite, and we don't mean half that we say.

As I have said I now merely am an ex-kicker; I am converted and reformed; I am studying the art of keeping my mouth shut and eschewing the practice of going off half-cocked. I have learned that

"Ev'ry vocal movement has a meaning all its own,
Ev'ry noisy kicker has his private megaphone."

Hereafter I am a disciple of silence and discretion.

Acting upon the wisdom of the ages, which is the accumulated experience of the centuries, whenever any trouble arises the French say, "Find the woman." Sitting on the stool of repentance, I will admit the cause of my chastened spirit and changed condition is a woman — a telephone girl — and a telephone.

I had no telephone in my house, but one day I listened to the siren voice of a friend, who was long on sense and short on speech, and whose business motto was, "Silence is the secret of success," and who was that strange, abnormal, American product, a man who never kicked. He said to me: "No telephone in your house and this the twentieth century? Get one at once. The telephone is the last word in progress and civilization; it is the saver of time and money, the killer of waste and worry. It enables you to meet and do business with men without that physical contact which so often spells irritation and failure. It keeps appointments and avoids disappointments; it outraces trains, trolleys, and taxis; it outflanks the errors and delays of the mails; and it enables you to sit in the peace of your home, annihilate time and space, and transact your business and pleasure without danger and discomfort. A home without a telephone is a mediæval dwelling, an anachronism in the twentieth century."

I put in a telephone; it was all he said it was; but I was a kicker; I kicked early and late; I swore at the receiver; I shook my fist at the transmitter; I knew the girls in Central took a delight in balking and annoying me; and I was firmly convinced that until I took hold of things personally telephone service never could be satisfactory and efficient. There are three things a kicker can do better than any one else on earth,—run a hotel, a newspaper, and a telephone exchange,—since he is not handicapped by knowledge or spoiled by experience.

I met my friend "X," who was in charge of the exchange and I unloaded all my accumulated wrath on him; my outburst neither surprised nor annoyed him; he was patient, pleasant, and philosophical; he congratulated me on my mildness and self-restraint; he acknowledged he spent much time receiving kicks and straightening out kinks; and then he said, "Suppose you walk down to the exchange and look it over. Perhaps when you have looked

the thing over and watched it in practical operation you may be able to give us some ideas that will improve it."

I accepted his invitation, went down to the building, and was taken up on an elevator into a big room, around which ran an immense switchboard, full of plug holes laid out in panels, repeated from one end of the board to the other, in front of which sat a brigade of girls, each apparently indifferent to all but the business before her. Each girl had a receiver over her ears, a breast-transmitter, shaped like a powder-horn, hanging from her neck, and her hands full of plugs adjusting them here and there in the board, as the signal lights went up and the call came to her ears. Behind the seated girls walked the supervisors, watchful to help out the operators, correct mistakes made, and keep the system constantly on the move. With all the rapid succession of calls and answers there was very little noise, each girl speaking softly into her own transmitter, her ears devoted to her own particular callers and making her connections; and there was never an idle moment for the operator.

"You will note," said "X," "that these girls have not much spare time to annoy or irritate any one. With a constant succession of calls coming in, they have little time for individuals; in fact their business is to make connections with the least friction in the quickest time. Your troubles are not of her making, and not one of them knows you from a side of sole leather."

It was rather startling to find that I was not the principal item in the telephone scheme, that I was merely one of thousands, and that most of my irritations were of my own making.

"These girls," said "X," "are the pick of hundreds who are tried and tested; their health and hearing must be good; their voices must be of a certain quality; their temper and temperament must be grouch proof and beyond nervous disturbance. They are taught and drilled in their business and given many weeks of trial and probation to

cure them of unsteady nerves before they are given regular operating work. The telephone company puts its trained and taught operators, who are constantly under control and supervision, at one end of the wire; and the untrained and impatient subscriber is at the other; but he is an important item with the system. He pays his money and uses his voice recklessly or otherwise, in accordance with his temperament. The operator hears all the kicks of the customer, but she is too well trained to do more than listen and answer politely, and too busy to do other than transfer the grumbler to the supervisor."

I found a good deal of my case against the company slipping away from me; but I was growing interested. I was impressed with the intricate machinery of the system, the thousands of miles of tiny wires united in cables and carried to the switchboard to produce the results I had deemed so simple. I saw men working quietly attaching, fixing, and arranging wires and cables back of the switchboards; I saw the arrangements for preventing damage from storms and interruptions and breakages from other causes; and I concluded that I never saw simplicity produced by such elaborate, complicated, and painstaking detail. A telephone exchange and its exterior system is as delicate and complicated as a fine watch; and the man who looks at it to learn the time has as much to do with its accuracy as a subscriber has to do with the system he growls about, although few of us seem to realize that fact. However, I wasn't going to pull down my colors yet; I was still a kicker; I was from Missouri and wanted to know.

"See here, 'X,'" I said,—but not so cockily,—“explain why that girl who doesn't know me gives me the 'line is busy,' and why I am so frequently and so calmly told, 'They don't answer,' when I know my friend is in and waiting. Just explain that, my son."

"X" smiled and said: "You watch this division. A light flashes up and

a call comes. She starts to plug the connection, swiftly but surely. As the plug rests on the edge of the hole or jack she hears a click, which tells her some one else is using the line. She will try again and again. If no click comes, all she has to do is to push that plug a half inch farther, and you're connected. It is easier for her to give you connection when you call, if she can; if not her work is doubled, sometimes quadrupled. If there's any joke in the matter, it is on her, not on you. Now as to why they don't answer. Remember that in warm weather people are out in their gardens where they may not hear the telephone bell's first or second call; or perhaps you're lying in the hammock, and you say, 'They'll ring again if they really want me.' Then when you do take down the receiver, you find that the one who called has hung up and you are connected to your regular operator, not the one who called you. In fact, the operator assigned to answer your calls may not, and probably does not, know that you have been called. Consequently all she can say at the moment is, 'There's no one on the line now.'"

"Well," I said, "I can see your point, and can see where the joke is on me. Ignorance is the father of grouch; but when I call Jackson on State Street, why do I get some chap out in Roxbury?"

"I guess it's on you again," grinned

"X." "You know Jackson pretty well. You know his number and dicker in the market. You know his number so well that you don't bother to look in the book. Instead of calling 2307 from memory, you call 3207 or 2370. Naturally the wrong man called is huffy and you are huffy, and the girl gets slanged. It's done a hundred times a day and the system is — well, the system is wrong. Try the book next time."

So we went. "X" had me every time and I was talked to a standstill; but he was as smiling and smooth as a well-fed cat. I was humble and quiet when we went down the elevator and I told him the smokes were on me.

"X" only smiled and shook his head. "You are only one of a thousand," he said. "Kicking is a part of the telephone game. We'd get lonesome if it wasn't for the kicker. He doesn't know; that is all. We smooth him down and explain; but you might as well keep cool and whistle up the north wind, for he's at it again next day."

Perhaps! But not yours truly. I'm done. I'm converted. No more forever for me. I kick on other things, but slowly and after consideration; but on the telephone game — no, thank you.

They say "God Almighty hates a quitter," but not a quitter who quits kicking.



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